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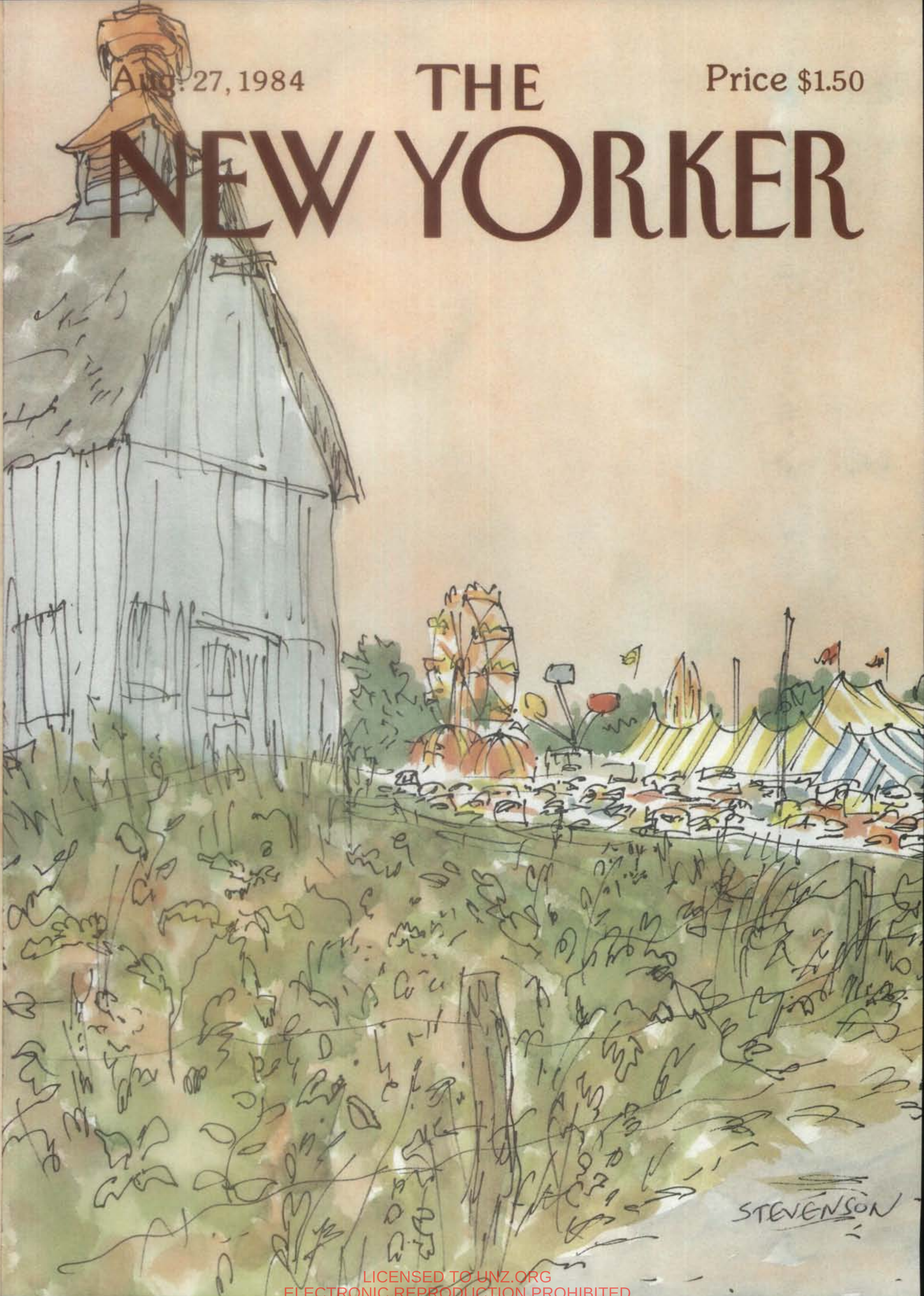

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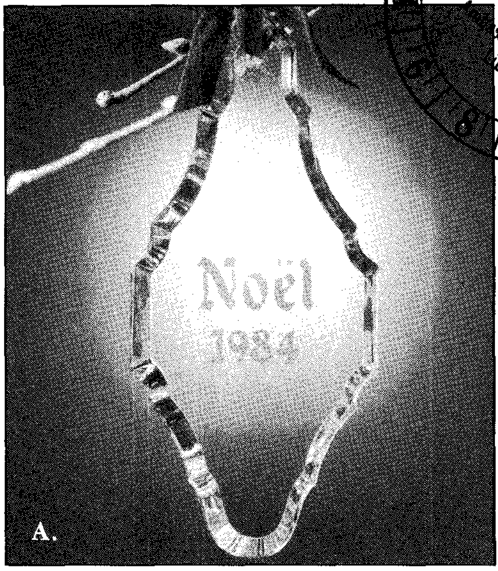
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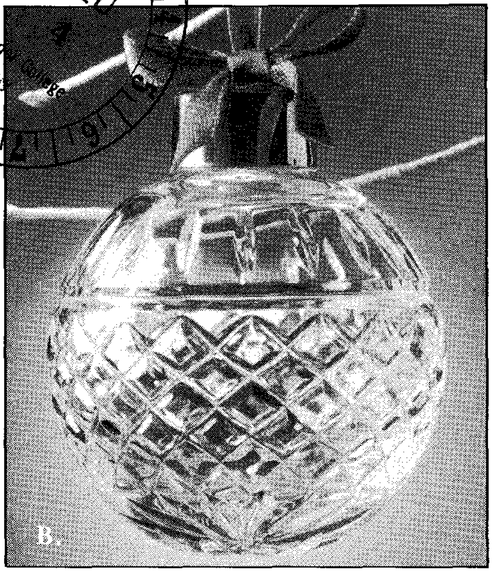
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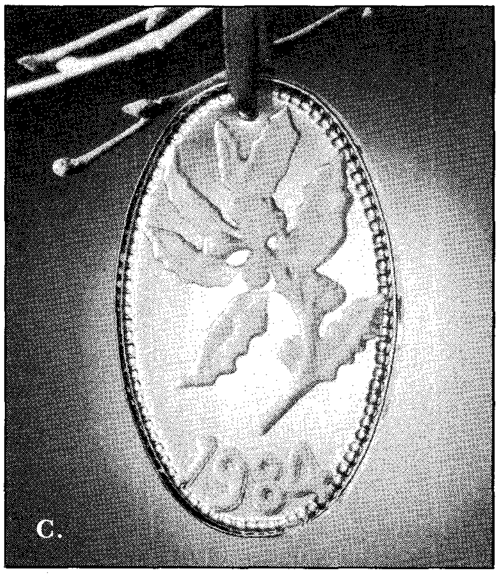
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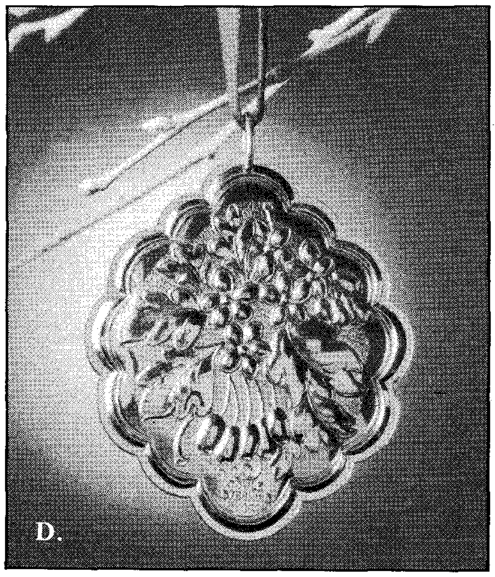
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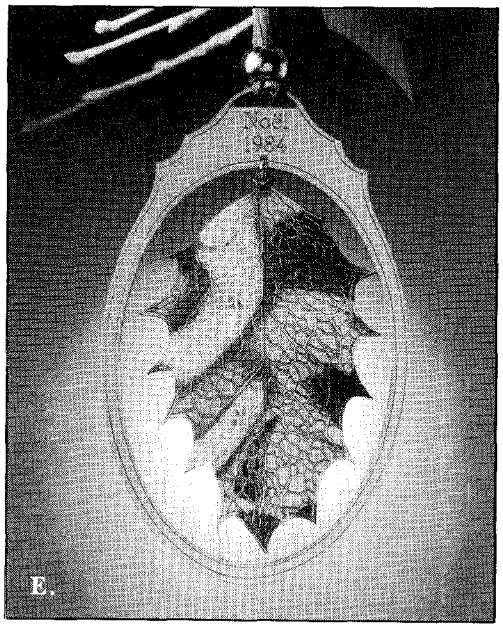
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Kate Hopkins. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Anne Swift, Frank Converse, and Raul Julia, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Marge Kotlisky, Alan Rosenberg, Nicholas Hormann, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 25.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. The playwright's mistress and eventual wife proves to be even more selfish than he is. An

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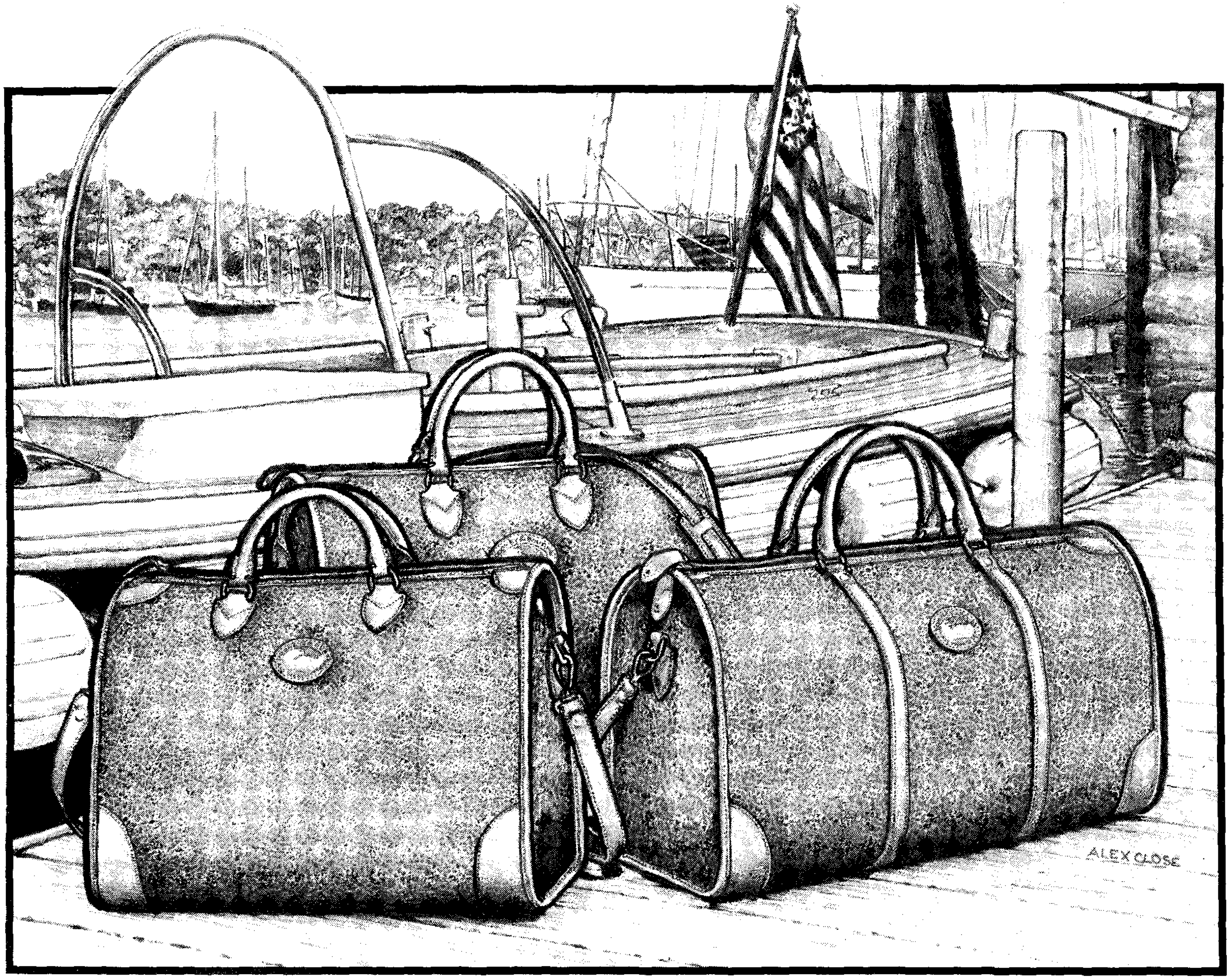

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Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

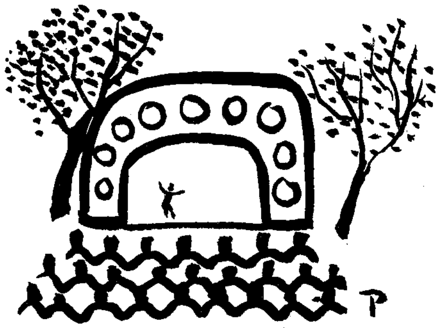
Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Keith Michell as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,120 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** —A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Nureyev and Friends—Final performances of a program that includes "Songs of a Wayfarer," "Apollo," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 23-24, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 26, at 3.)

Susan Foster—Performing "A Lover's Discourse" and "Repetition and Difference." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz on the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, the Tim Horner trio will be on board, and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, hard-bopping pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will work with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 22, Frank Porter, Louie & the Obscure Music, and the Embraces; Thursday, Aug. 23, Bedrock, G-Jam, and Crystal Blue; Friday, Aug. 24, the Greg Trooper band, Boys with Toys, and the Backbones; Saturday, Aug. 25, Au Touch, Faz, and the Igloos; Sunday, Aug. 26, the Lucky 7; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 27-28, comedy nights; Wednesday, Aug. 29, Nuvana, Rebel Angel, and the Nervous Soldier; Thursday, Aug. 30, Splurge, On the Edge, and Vinyl Virgin; Friday, Aug. 31, Holy War, the Toasters, and Foreign Legion; and Saturday, Sept. 1, T. L. Courage, Accent on Travvel, and 4-Way Ping. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** heads up a quintet through Sunday, Aug. 26; Monday, Aug. 27, will be claimed by singers Frank Noviello, Patricia Laing, Sabrina Carnesi, Karen McPherson, and Fred Cabey; and on Tuesday, Aug. 28, **STEVE ALLEN** will begin a week at the piano. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday, and starting Saturday, Aug. 25, flutist **HERBIE MANN** will preside over a Latin-jazz matinée, at five and seven in the evening.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 22, Steve Morse, with Rod Morganstein and Jerry Peek; Thursday, Aug. 23, Blotto; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, Warren Zevon and the Legendary Wid; Wednesday, Aug. 29, Johnny Maestro & the Brooklyn Bridge and the Tokens; and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2, Tower of Power. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RUFUS REID** through Sunday, Aug. 26, and **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Monday, Aug. 27. Music from nine-forty-five.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Aug. 22, the Bandables and Bicycles for Afghanistan. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout

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doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 22, Sean Keane; Thursday, Aug. 23, Zenska Pesna; Saturday, Aug. 25, Main Line Express; Wednesday, Aug. 29, the Haydown Treaders; and Saturday, Sept. 1, Out to Lunch. Mondays and Fridays are Irish-music nights, too. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet plays Thursdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Aug. 26, pianist Lance Hayward and his quartet, which will feature Percy France on saxophone, will drop in. Mondays and Tuesdays Ed Polcer's quintet performs, and on Wednesdays a hot-jazz combo is present. Music from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR,** who has had a loyal radio following for a couple of decades, is here with his trio through Sunday, Aug. 26; on Tuesday, Aug. 28, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a flame-thrower of a tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, will move in with his quartet. Mondays are claimed by guitarist **LES PAUL** and a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 22, Pianosaurus and David Massengill at nine and eleven; Saturday, Aug. 25, the Aztec Two-Step at eight and eleven; and Wednesday, Aug. 29, Elodie Lauten and Arthur Russell at nine and eleven. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving young bebop and Latin-tinged pianist, through Saturday, Aug. 25; Monday, Aug. 27, Kuni Mikami and Paul West; Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 28-30, pianist **JOHN HICKS;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY.** Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; on Mondays pianist Judd Woldin teams up with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. Tuesdays through Saturdays, you can see (and hear) stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** and on Sundays and Mondays, **BEN ARONOV** takes over the piano bench. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Thursday, Aug. 23, C. & W.-ists **MOE BANDY** and **JOE STAMPLEY;** Sunday, Aug. 26, **ALBERT COLLINS,** a moving, modern blues singer and guitarist; and Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 27-29, rock singer and songwriter **MARTY BALIN.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

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Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—a simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. The Duke Ellington Society presents the **DUKE'S MEN,** featuring **JAKI BYARD** on piano and **NORRIS TURNEY** on sax, through Sunday, Aug. 26. On Tuesday, Aug. 28, pianist **MC COY TYNER,** intense and rhythmic as ever, will arrive with his quintet. Monday's feature is the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI—LEW TABACKIN NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and pianist **ROSE MURPHY** has moved in and performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

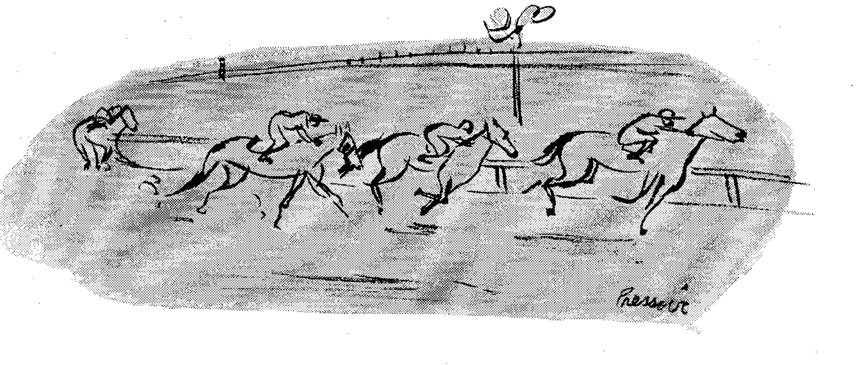
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The R. & B. and jazz lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, the Michel Camilo sextet; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Monday, Aug. 27, **JUMP STREET,** an able and stirring young outfit; Tuesday, Aug. 28, Nelson Rangell; Thursday, Aug. 30, Jey Montreal; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Aug. 24, Crossfire Choir, and Saturday, Aug. 25, East of Eden. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Bob January and his Satin Swing Orchestra perform Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at eight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Soul singer **TINA TURNER** is here Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, after ten; on Friday, Aug. 24, Sparks will perform; on Saturday, Aug. 25, the very fine English rock singer **ERIC BURDON** will be present; and Wednesday, Aug. 29, will belong to Kick Axe and TNT. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.



Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The lineup: Future Funk through Thursday, Aug. 23; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 24-26, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN'S QUEST;** Monday, Aug. 27, the Michael Dolan band; Tuesday, Aug. 28, singer **GRACE TESTANI;** Wednesday, Aug. 29, three hot young New York jazzers, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS,** guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS,** and drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE;** Thursday and Friday, Aug. 30-31, Marcus Miller; and starting Saturday Sept. 1, showboating electric bassist **JACO PASTORIUS.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Aug. 22, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees; Thursday, Aug. 23, Indigo; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 28-30, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** is in charge of his swinging octet until Sunday, Aug. 26, and on Tuesday, Aug. 28, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will bring in his quintet. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Aug. 27, Percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his orchestra and **MANGUARÉ** will be on hand, along with fluttist **DAVE VALENTIN.** On Friday, Aug. 24, alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE & JUMP UP,** his avant-reggae band, will trade sets with baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT'S ENSEMBLE,** beginning about ten-thirty. . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** perform piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS** (Wynton's brother) heads up his own combo through Sunday, Aug. 26; on Tuesday, Aug. 28, trumpeter and flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will descend the stairs with his quintet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The musicians: Joe Ruddick and Frank Jolliffe on Wednesday, Aug. 22; pianist Ted Chavis Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 23-26; and pianist Leslie Pintchik Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 22, the great salsa bandleader **RAY BARRETTO;** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25, Django's Music, a hot-jazz septet; Sunday, Aug. 26, a benefit for radio station WKCR-FM; and starting Monday, Aug. 27, Two Tenor Boogie, guided by blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Piano-bass duos in a townhouse restaurant: Armen Donelian and Dean Johnson through Saturday, Aug. 25; Bill Mays and Tony De Capri beginning Tuesday, Aug. 28; and Jim Roberts and Brian Torff on Mondays. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 28-31, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 1, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Sept. 2, at 3 and 7:30.

THOMPSON TWINS—With Berlin. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8 and midnight.)

NEW JAZZ AT THE PUBLIC—Four benefit concerts to be given on Sunday, Aug. 26. In the ANSPACHER THEATRE, at 4: John Cage, the Butch Morris Ensemble, John Giorno's rock band, the John Zorn Ensemble, and Nana Vasconcelos. . . . At 8:30: Robert Ashley, Don Cherry, the Eric Saltzman Ensemble, Henry Threadgill & Rashied Ali, and Peter Gordon's group. . . . ¶ In the NEWMAN THEATRE, at 4: Arto Lindsay's group, Scott Johnson, the Son of Lion Gamelan, Ilhan Mimaroglu, and Andrew Cyrille & Milford Graves. . . . At 8:30: Carla Bley, Fred Frith's Skeleton Crew, David Borden's group, Joe McPhee, and David Moss & Jamaaladeen Tacuma. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEPH GOLINKIN (1896-1977)—Watercolors and drawings of sports, as well as lithographs which won the artist an Olympic Gold Medal in the 1932 Olympic Fine Arts Competition. Through Thursday, Aug. 30. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Fridays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER AND FRIENDS—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (John Malpede on Wednesday, Aug. 22; Peter Gordon on Sunday, Aug. 26, and Wednesday, Aug. 29); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. For information, call 571-2206.)

GROUP SHOWS—At ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 20 W. 57th St.: Among this year's highlights in the annual Old Master print show are ten etchings by Rembrandt and engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . MARISA DEL RE, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by thirty-one artists, from Arman to Warhol. Through Friday, Aug. 24. . . . FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GETLER-PALL-SAPER, 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . SPANIERMAN, 50 E. 78th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by American expatriates, including Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, and Elihu Ved-

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der. Through Sept. 17. (Closes at 3 on Fridays.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statue of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Sept. 14. (Open Saturdays.)

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Various prints. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's entire collection of ancient Greek and Roman gold and silver plate, including cups, pitchers, bowls, vases, and a nearly complete silver table service, is now on permanent display. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A recently acquired collection of color photographs, mostly done since the late seventies, has been installed in the Edward Steichen Photography Center. Young photographers such as John Harding, David Graham, and Lorie Novak, together with established ones—Jan Groover, William Eggleston, Lucas Samaras, and others. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a group of sculptures taken from the collection, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A second selection from the collection, this one of drawings by twentieth-century European artists, including Chagall, Klimt, and Kirchner. Through Oct. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Contemporary color prints. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Sunday, Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Damask fabrics, including Arabic woven silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. . . . ¶ A display of tea services which pays homage to the variety of designs over the centuries, ranging from the standard appliances used, say, by readers of "Bunting's Breakfast Beverages" to unusual teapots by such contemporary designers as Matteo Thun, Arne Jacobsen, and Mario Bellini. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 setback zoning law on the city's skyline. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade: scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

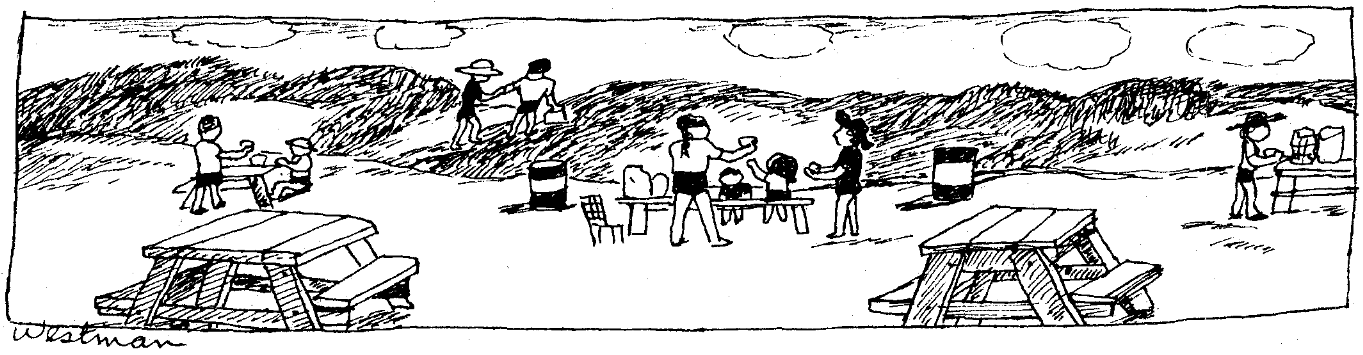
THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Twenty wood sculptures by Martin Puryear, including painted circular works executed recently and reconstructed pieces whose original versions were lost in a fire at his studio. . . . ¶ David Ireland's environmental installation, designed as an extension of the gallery space, is in part a three-tiered structure that wraps around the gallery's columns. Both shows through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8, when there is no admission fee after 5; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela South, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Robert Galbraith; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Maria Spacagna, Alteouise DeVaughn, Jerry Hadley, and Brent Ellis; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Stephanie Sundine, Cynthia Rose, Harry Theyard, and



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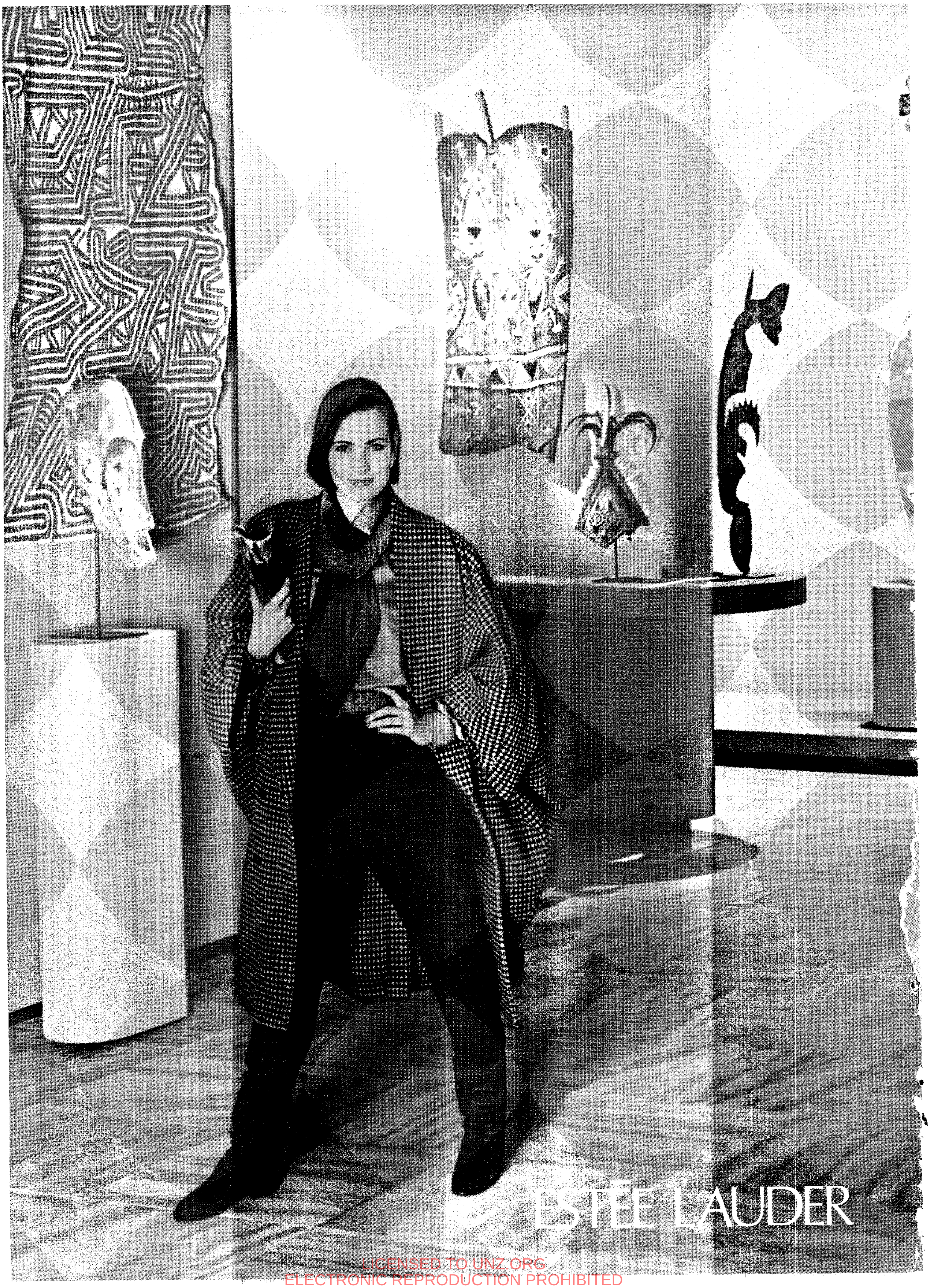
ESTÉE LAUDER

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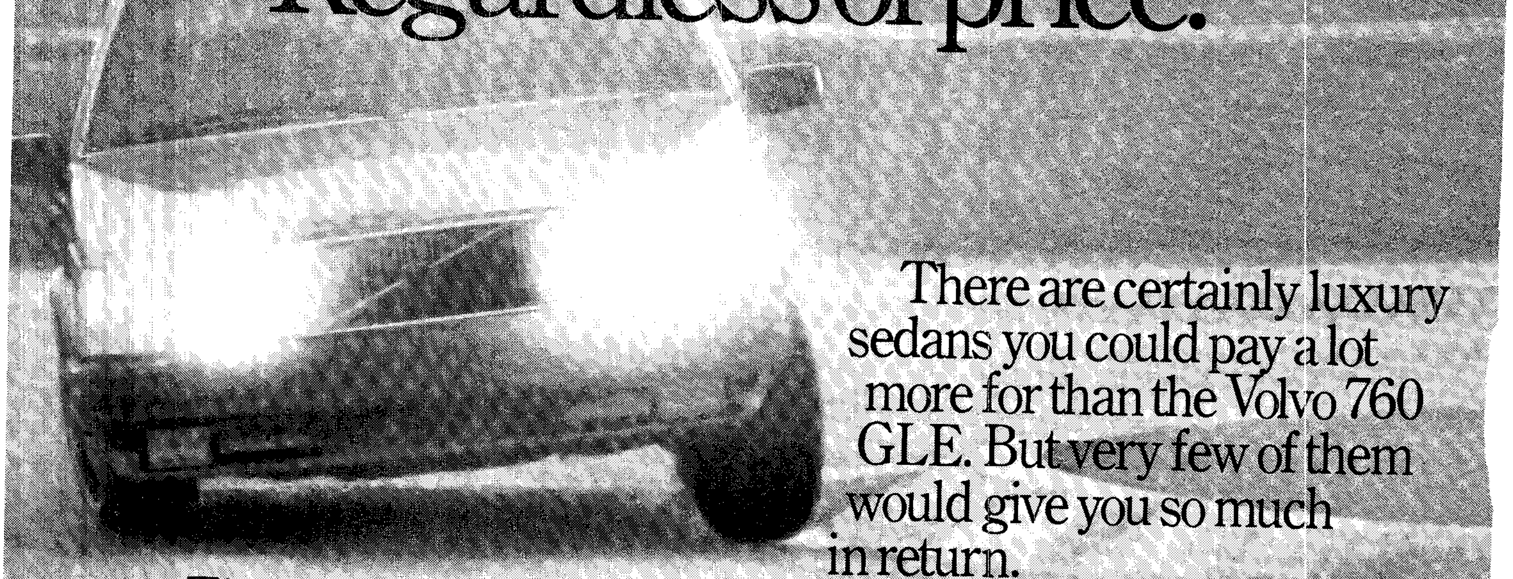

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Louisa Jonason, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 7: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Maryanne Telese, Jacque Trussel, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Delores Ziegler, Michael Cousins, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Maria Spacagna, Alteouise DeVaughn, Jerry Hadley, and Brent Ellis; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela South, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Stephanie Sundine, Cynthia Rose, George Gray, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 22: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Nancy Allen, harp; and Pamela Coburn, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Pinchas Zuckerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano, in an all-Mozart program. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the orchestra, with Menahem Pressler, piano, and Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

CONCERT ROYAL AND THE NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY—James Richman directing performances of Gluck's 1762 opera-ballet "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Julianne Baird and Joyce Andrews, sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; and the Stonewall Chorale. The production has eighteenth-century staging and choreography, and the music will be performed on original instruments. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 23-24, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 26, at 3; and Tuesday, Aug. 28, and Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8. Before the performances on Aug. 23-24, Howard Schott will give a lecture on Gluck, starting at 6:45. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 7: The Cleveland Orchestra String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 9: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting the Cleveland Orchestra in a Mendelssohn-Brahms program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a Ruggles-Lalo-Dvořák program, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a Mozart-Beethoven program, with Mr. Rampal. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Youri Egorov, piano, in a Schumann-Chopin program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Wednesday, Aug. 22: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Dvořák program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Ravel-Stravinsky program, with Michel Beroff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24: John Williams conducting a program mostly of his own music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25: Robert Irving conducting, with dancers Merrill Ashley and Sean Lavery. . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS:** Sunday, Aug. 26: The Everly Brothers. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 27: Yes. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 28: Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 29: Rod Stewart, with Jeff Beck. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31: Herbie Hancock & the Rockit Band and Steel Pulse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1: Frank Zappa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 3: Willie Nelson. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final programs of a season of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Fred Strickler, David Bowen & the New Breed, Keith Terry & Lynn Simonson, and the Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 1: The Flying Karamazov Brothers. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Friday, Aug. 24, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); *Saturday, Aug. 25, at 7:35; and Sunday,* Aug. 26, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 27-29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheaders).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Miami vs. Auburn, in a benefit game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Aug. 27, at 9.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 27. The Seneca Handicap, Thursday, Aug. 23; the Delaware Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25; the Hopeful, Sunday, Aug. 26; and the Spinaway, Monday, Aug. 27. . . . **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 29, through Monday, Oct. 22. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 29, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 1. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:19.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, Aug. 25.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, *the Meadowlands:* Cosmos vs. Argentina Jrs., Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 28, through Thursday, Sept. 6, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-26.)

ET ALIA

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION—Continues in Dallas, through Thursday, Aug. 23.

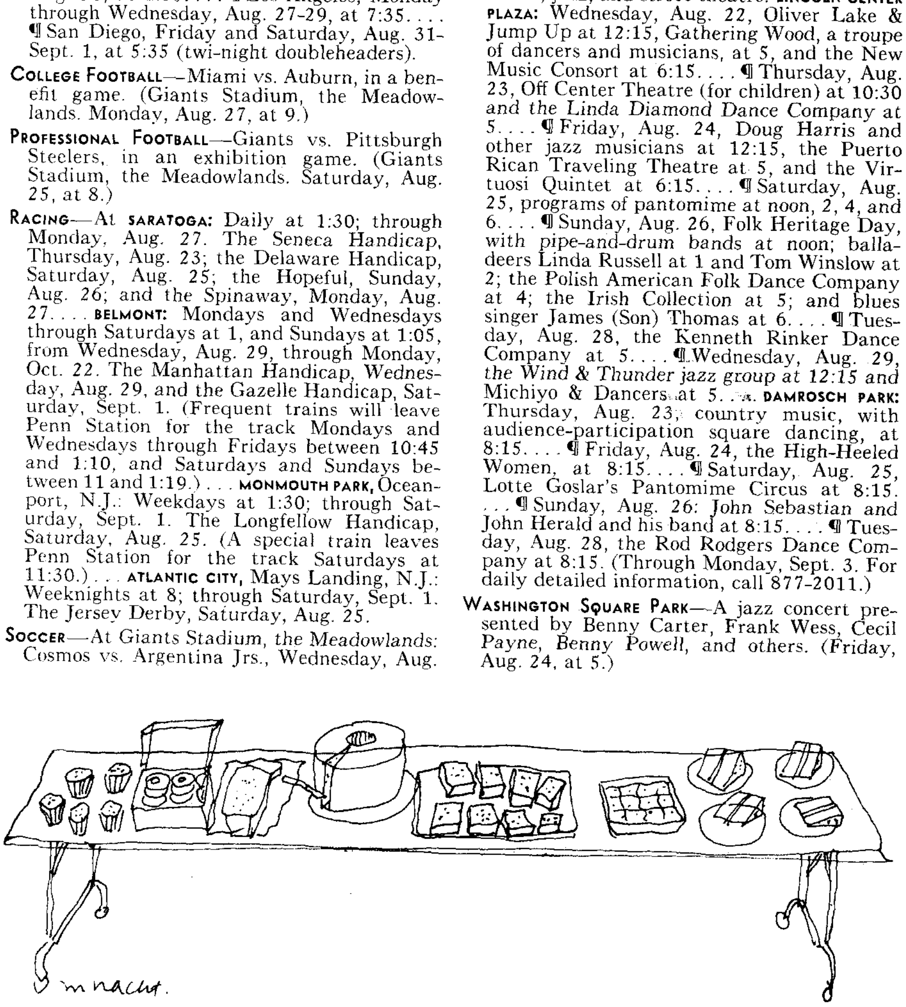
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of H. Leivick's "The Golem," with F. Murray Abraham and Randy Quaid. The second of two plays presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summertime concert series. Friday, Aug. 24: Utopia. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25-26: Frank Zappa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 29: Jean-Luc Ponty. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30: Herbie Hancock & the Rockit Band and Steel Pulse. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

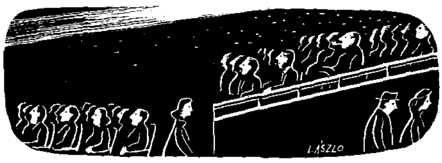
LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 22, Oliver Lake & Jump Up at 12:15, Gathering Wood, a troupe of dancers and musicians, at 5, and the New Music Consort at 6:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, Off Center Theatre (for children) at 10:30 *and the Linda Diamond Dance Company at* 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, Doug Harris and other jazz musicians at 12:15, the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 5, and the Virtuosi Quintet at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, programs of pantomime at noon, 2, 4, and 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, Folk Heritage Day, with pipe-and-drum bands at noon; balladeers Linda Russell at 1 and Tom Winslow at 2; the Polish American Folk Dance Company at 4; the Irish Collection at 5; and blues singer James (Son) Thomas at 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 28, the Kenneth Rinker Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 29, *the Wind & Thunder jazz group at 12:15 and* Michiyo & Dancers at 5. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Thursday, Aug. 23, country music, with audience-participation square dancing, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, the High-Heeled Women, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26: John Sebastian and John Herald and his band at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 28, the Rod Rodgers Dance Company at 8:15. (Through Monday, Sept. 3. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—A jazz concert presented by Benny Carter, Frank Wess, Cecil *Payne, Benny Powell,* and others. (Friday, Aug. 24, at 5.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
Through Aug. 23: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (†); and two short films—"His Trysting Place" (1914) and "Caught in the Rain" (1914).
Aug. 24-26: Four short films—"Sunnyside" (1919), "A Day's Pleasure" (1919), "The Idle Class" (1921), and "Pay Day" (1922).
Aug. 28-30: Five short films made in 1914—"Tillie's Punctured Romance" (six reels), "Dough and Dynamite," "His New Profession," "The New Janitor," and "Those Love Pangs."
From Aug. 31: "The Gold Rush" (†); and four short films made in 1914—"Mabel's Busy Day," "Between Showers," "The Star Boarder," and "A Hot Finish."

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Purple Rain" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 23: "Best Defense" (directed by Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy; and "Racing with the Moon" (†).
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 24: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 23: A retrospective of Richard Burton films.
From Aug. 24: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Purple Rain" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts. From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani. From Aug. 24: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Bostonians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman. From Aug. 24: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen. From Aug. 24: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of *Doom*" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 23: "Phar Lap" (Simon Wincer), with Tom Burlinson.
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 30: Matinées only: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz); evenings only: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).
From Aug. 31: "Footloose" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts. From Aug. 24: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 23: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Half a Life" (1982; directed by Romain Goupil; in French). From Aug. 29: "Phoenix Bird" (Jon Bang Carlsen); and "Your Neighbor's Son: The Making of a Torturer" (1982; Joergen Flint Pedersen and Erik Stephensen; in Greek).
Theatre 2: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Secrets" (Gavin Millar). From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "Eréndira" (†). From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 23: "Under the Volcano" (†). From Aug. 24: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 23: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 23: "Under the Volcano" (†).
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 23: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Aug. 24: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
Theatre 3: "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Vittorio Gassman.

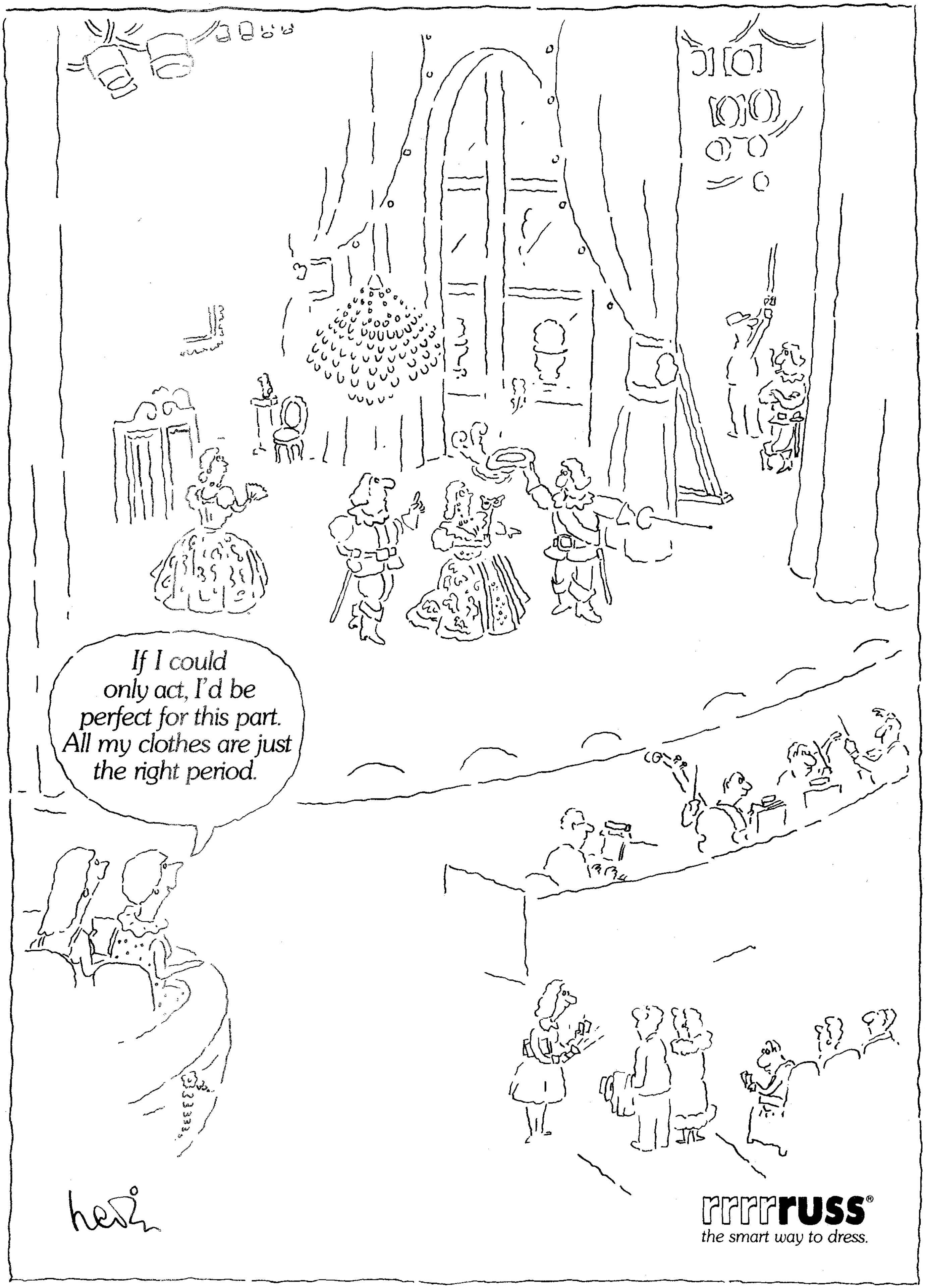
Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary. From Aug. 24: "In the White City" (Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 24: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver).
Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 23: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold. From Aug. 24: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.
Theatre 2: "Under the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman. Aug. 24-30: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. From Aug. 31: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 23: "Meatballs Part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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

II" (Ken Wiederhorn). From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (directed by Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 3: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 4: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 23: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Aug. 24: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Theatre 6: Matinées only: "The Muppets Take Manhattan (Frank Oz). Evenings only: "Bachelor Party."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 23: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†). From Aug. 24: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. From Aug. 24: "The House That Dripped Blood."
Theatre 4: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts. From Aug. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Aug. 23: "Splash" (†).
From Aug. 24: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn). From Aug. 24: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.
Theatre 2: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

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R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 22: "A Married Woman" (1965; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril; and "Le Bonheur" (1966; Agnès Varda; in French).
Aug. 23: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
Aug. 24-25: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella.
Aug. 26-27: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance, a French silent film).
Aug. 28: "Nana" (1926; Jean Renoir; a French silent film), with Catherine Hessling and Werner Krauss; and "La Chienne" (†).
Aug. 29: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Aug. 30: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Marken.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 23: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis.
From Aug. 24: A twelve-day program of jazz films.

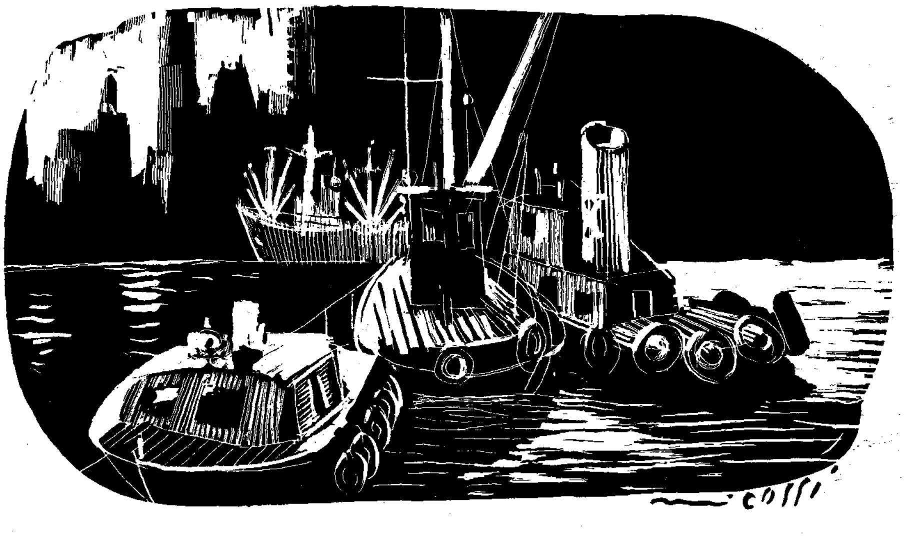
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 22: "Basileus Quartet" (1982; Fabio Carpi; in Italian); and "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.
Aug. 23: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
Aug. 24-25: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.
Aug. 26-27: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Aug. 28: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi; and "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
Aug. 29: "Padre Padrone" (†); and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Aug. 30: "Trash" (†) and "Going Places" (†).
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 23: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, and Irene Papas.
Aug. 24-28: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.
Aug. 29-30: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972; Woody Allen), with Allen.
From Aug. 31: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Aug. 22: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.
Aug. 23-25: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Aug. 26-27: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Aug. 28-29: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "The Anderson Tapes" (†).
Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 23: "The Jazz Singer" (1980; Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier; and "Yentl" (1983; Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Mandy Patinkin, and Amy Irving.
Aug. 24-25: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "Tim" (1981; Michael Pate; an Australian film), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.
Aug. 26: "Woman of the Year" (†); "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Jean Hagen, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (1952; George



Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray.

Aug. 27-28: "The Lonely Lady" (1983; Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora; and "Star 80" (†).

Aug. 29-30: "Against All Odds" (†); and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Last Wave" (†); and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Aug. 22: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi.

Aug. 23: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Aug. 24: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Aug. 25: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.

Aug. 26: "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

Aug. 27: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Lonely Hearts" (†).

Aug. 28: "Muddy River" (1983; in Japanese); and "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

Aug. 29: "To Catch a Thief" (†); and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

Aug. 30: "L'Argent" (1984; Robert Bresson; in French); and "Une Femme Douce" (†).

From Aug. 31: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 22: "Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "No Way Out" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier.

Aug. 23-25: "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine.

Aug. 26-27: "Five Fingers" (1952; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, and Michael Rennie; and "People Will Talk" (1951; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.

Aug. 28-29: "Double Wedding" (†); and "My Dear Miss Aldrich" (1937; George B. Seitz), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Edna May Oliver.

Aug. 30: "The Keys of the Kingdom" (†).

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Honey Pot" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 22: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.

Aug. 23: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Hurd Hatfield, and Judith Anderson; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre.

Aug. 24: "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese); and "Flowers and Serpents" (1974; in Japanese).

Aug. 25: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau and Maurice Ronet.

Aug. 26: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Aug. 27: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 28: "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard; and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand.

Aug. 29: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden); and "Personal Best" (†).

Aug. 30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "The River" (1951 †).

Aug. 31: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983); and two Firesign Theatre short films.

Sept. 1: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 22: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, and Betsy Palmer; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

Aug. 23: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (1962; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas.

Aug. 24-25: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Aug. 26: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis, Claude Rains, and Walter Abel; and "Old Acquaintance" (1943; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, John Loder, Dolores Moran, and Gig Young.

Aug. 27: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Aug. 28: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937; William Keighley), with the Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains.

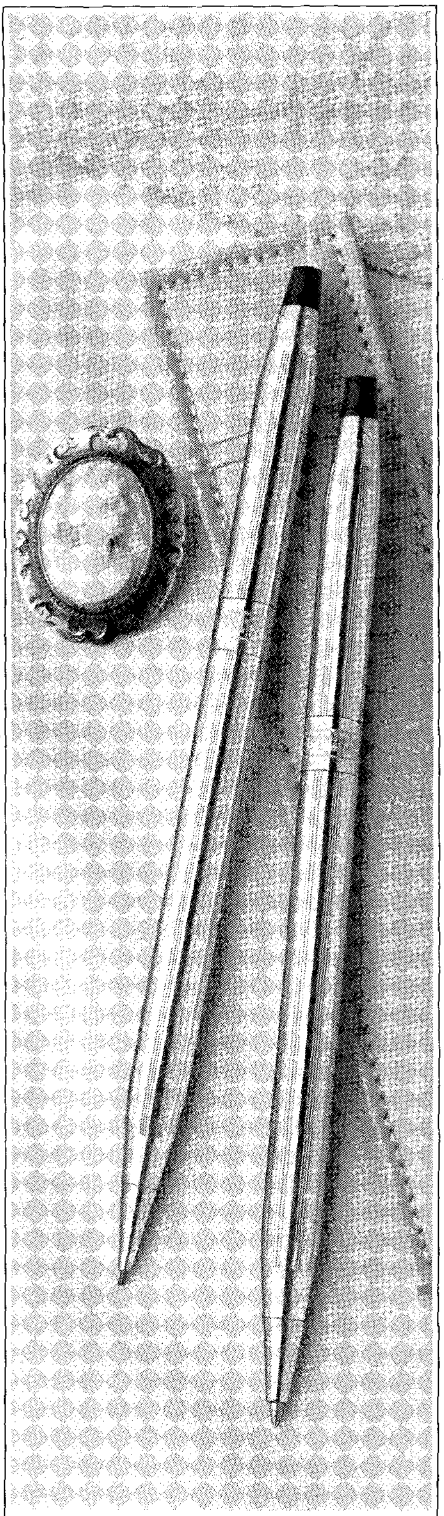
Aug. 29: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Aug. 30: "Summer Stock" (1950; Charles Walters), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, and Eddie Bracken; and "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Vera-Ellen, and Ann Miller.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 23 at 2:30: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1967; directed by Warren Sonbert) and "Divided Loyalties" (1975-78; Warren Sonbert; a silent film). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Above Us the Earth" (1977; Karl Francis). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Farewell Etaoin Shrdlu" (1980; David Loeb Weiss; in Gaelic and English, with English subtitles) and "The Shepherds of Berneray" (1981; Jack Shea; in Gaelic and English, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Black Five" (1968; Paul Barnes) and "Loving Memory" (1969; Tony Scott). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5: "Angel in the House" (1979; Jane Jackson) and "The Life Story of Baal" (1978; Edward Bennett). . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "The Wetback" (1974; Danny Lyon; in Spanish, with English subtitles) and "The Abandoned Children" (1974; Danny Lyon; in Spanish,



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with English subtitles).... ¶ Aug. 26 at 5: "Farewell Etaoin Shrdlu" and "The Shepherds of Berneray."... ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Hot Stuff" (1971; Zlatko Grgic) and "Going the Distance" (1979; Paul Cowan).... ¶ Aug. 27 at 6: A program of six short films. ... ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: "The Owl Who Married a Goose: An Eskimo Legend" (1974; Caroline Leaf), "Animation from Cape Dorset" (1973; Solomonie Pootoogook, Timmun Alariaq, Mathew Joanasie, Itee Pootoogook, and Pitaloosie), and "You Are on Indian Land" (1969; Mort Ransen).... ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: A program of four films.... ¶ Aug. 30 at 2:30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Divided Loyalties."... ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: A program of six short films.... ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "Black Five" and "Loving Memory." ... ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: A program of five short films.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 2:30: A program of four films.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 5: A program of six short films. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL RETROSPECTIVE—The final performances in a series of forty-five international films originally shown during the second ten years of the Festival (1973-82). Aug. 22 at 6:15: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.... ¶ Aug. 22 at 8:30: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.... ¶ Aug. 23 at 6:15: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti.... ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:15: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" ("The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.... ¶ Aug. 24 at 6:15: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian). ... ¶ Aug. 24 at 9: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill.... ¶ Aug. 25 at 11:30: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.... ¶ Aug. 25 at 3:30: "Best Boy" (1980; Ira Wohl), with Philly Wohl.... ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.... ¶ Aug. 25 at 9: "The American Friend" (1977; Wim Wenders), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz.... ¶ Aug. 26 at 2: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.... ¶ Aug. 26 at 4: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau.... ¶ Aug. 26 at 6:30: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.... ¶ Aug. 26 at 9:30: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carment. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGAINST ALL ODDS—Suggested by the 1947 Jacques Tourneur suspense film "Out of the Past," this revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. With a plot that borrows from "Chinatown" and "North Dallas Forty," it has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (played with considerable cool by Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static, and some sequences—such as the lovemaking set in the ancient Mayan steam house at Chichén Itzá—should earn their place in the annals of camp. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz, who has only two or three minutes onscreen (as a lawyer's secretary) but gets a relationship going with the audience; she's the only member of the cast who doesn't seem to have been pulped. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 29-30.)

THE ANDERSON TAPES (1971)—An energetic but coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. As the gang leader, Sean Connery manages to rise above the material; most of the rest of the cast play in a broad style, and there have rarely been so many small, sleazy performances in one movie. (They're so bad they stand out.) A lot of time is spent on a gimmick—everybody's conversations are being recorded—which turns out to be totally irrelevant to the plot. Some may be willing to call this irony. Directed by Sidney Lumet; screenplay by Frank R. Pierson, from a novel by Lawrence Sanders. With Martin Balsam, Dyan Cannon, Alan King, Ralph Meeker, Christopher Walken, Garrett Morris, Val Avery, Dick Williams, Richard B. Schull, Margaret Hamilton, Anthony Holland, Max Showalter, Stan Gottlieb, and Conrad Bain. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 28-29.)

THE BOSTONIANS—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (8/6/84) (Cinema I.)

LA CHIENNE (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Aug. 28.)

A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG (1967)—Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. Sometimes funny, but distressingly heavy. Marlon Brando plays an ambassador, using a neat, tight voice and spasms of silent-comedy spryness. Sophia Loren is the Countess, enjoyable for her beautiful sea-lion walk and her considerable comic powers. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 23.)

DOUBLE WEDDING (1937)—Myrna Loy and William Powell can't redeem the foolishness about a vagabond painter, taken from a Molnár play. Directed by Richard Thorpe. (Regency; Aug. 28-29.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

ERÉNDIRA—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 23.)

UNE FEMME DOUCE (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoyevski's "A Gentle Creature"—Bresson's first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of Bresson's big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort s'Est Échappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 30.)

FOOTLOOSE—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing—a piece of neo-Andy Hardyism, with plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." (Footloose is what they're not.) The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another. This will probably be the only rock musical ever made in which every single character is white Protestant. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter, Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed, and Jum Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. There's an exhilarating title sequence, a good brief scene with a little boy asleep in church, and an entertaining passage in which Bacon teaches Penn to dance. And despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (72nd Street East; starting Aug. 31.).

THE 4TH MAN—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

GHOSTBUSTERS—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

GOING PLACES (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl (Miou-Miou) whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise in the film. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—He enters "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this work as the second-greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and with Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; Chaplin later added music and a narration. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 31.)

GREMLINS—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

THE HONEY POT (1967)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz wrote and directed this movie, based on Frederick Knott's play "Mr. Fox of Venice," which was adapted from Thomas Sterling's novel "The Evil of the Day," which was based on Ben Jonson's "Volpone." And the movie feels at that far a remove from the play (which was filmed by Maurice Tourneur in French in 1939, starring Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet). In this overcomplicated, talk-infested Mankiewicz version, set in the pres-

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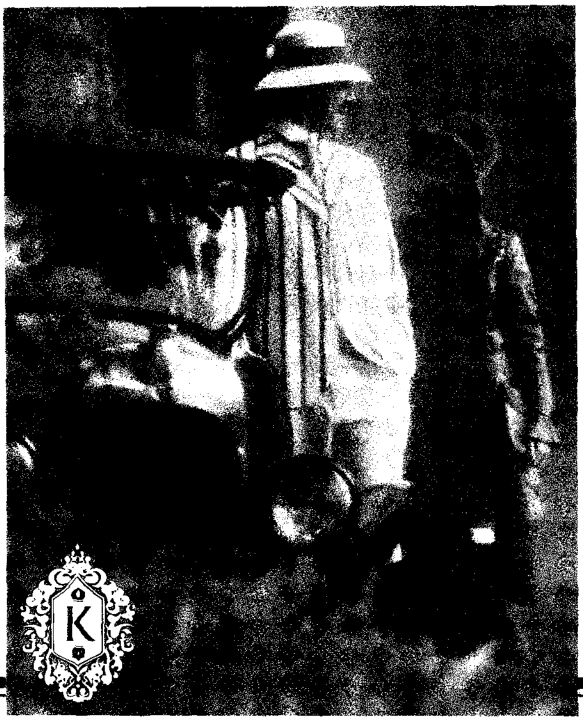

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ent day, Rex Harrison is Cecil Fox, reputedly a millionaire, who lives in Venice. After attending a performance of "Volpone," he decides to trick three of his ex-mistresses (Edie Adams, Capucine, and Susan Hayward) into believing he's dying. The story then plunges into conventional twentieth-century mystery, complete with a corpse, a bungling detective, misleading clues, locked attic rooms, and flickering electric lights. Even Mankiewicz may have wondered how he was going to get out of the whole damn thing. Maggie Smith is also around, and Cliff Robertson, Adolfo Celi, and Herschel Bernardi. Originally it ran a hundred and fifty minutes, but it was cut to a hundred and thirty-one minutes; count your blessings. Cinematography by Gianni di Venanzo. (Regency; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Keys of the Kingdom (1944)—Hollywood at its most virtuous. This account of the adventurous life of a nineteenth-century Scottish priest—a missionary in China—is like an ad for piety. The humble hero keeps telling people what an uninteresting sort of man he is, and with Gregory Peck in the role we believe it. His saintliness comes across as lack of imagination—utter sterility. How did Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson get trapped into writing the script, which is based on A. J. Cronin's novel? (You couldn't find two writers less suited by temperament to inspirational moviemaking.) The director, John M. Stahl, sets a slow, sanctimonious pace and holds to it, with Peck's beautiful, uncharismatic face lighted "from within." (He glows, hollowly.) This is perhaps the most dignified and sexless performance ever given by a rising young male star. With Cedric Hardwicke, Edmund Gwenn, Thomas Mitchell, Peggy Ann Garner, Roddy McDowall, Rose Stradner, Anne Revere, Ruth Nelson, Benson Fong, James Gleason, Sara Allgood, Edith Barrett, Abner Biberman, Vincent Price, Ruth Ford, Richard Loo, and Arthur Shields. Music by Alfred Newman. Mankiewicz produced, for Twentieth Century-Fox. (Regency; Aug. 30.)

The Last Wave (1977)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties; and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides apparitions holding sacred stones, frog noises in the night, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is overdeliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. He keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. His toes act in his shoes. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is very casually strung together. It's an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction—it moves from one small slapstick diversion to the next. As the timid, sexually repressed heroine, Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. The core idea is moist, but the film's humor is dry and sometimes darting and sneaky. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. You have to settle for the flyspeck jokes and the acting; it's all mildly satirical, mildly romantic, and mildly engaging. With Jonathan Hardy as the piano tuner's amiable, innocent brother-in-law and Jon Finlayson as the flamboyant director of an amateur theatrical group. (10/3/83) (Metro Cinema; Aug. 27.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg has a talent for eerily soft, ambiguous sex—for the sexiness of passivity. In this movie, the forlorn, limp hero (David Bowie), a stranger on Earth, doesn't have a human sex drive. He isn't even equipped for it; naked, he's as devoid of sex differentiation as a child in sleepers. When he splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger has come to Earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, and then is so damaged that he can't return. Although Roeg and his screenwriter, Paul Mayersberg, pack in layers of tragic political allegory, none of the layers is very strong, or even very clear. The plot, about big-business machinations, is so uninvolving that one watches Bowie traipsing around—looking like Katharine Hepburn in her transvestite role in "Sylvia Scarlett"—and either tunes out or allows the film, with its perverse pathos, to become a sci-fi framework for a sex-role-confusion fantasy. The wilted stranger can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to. Roeg can charge a desolate landscape so that it seems ominously alive, and he photographs skyscrapers with such lyric glitter that the U.S. (where the movie was shot) seems to be showing off for him. And his cutting can create a magical feeling of waste and evil. But the unease and the sense of disconnectedness between characters also disconnect *us*. Roeg's effects become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. With Buck Henry, Candy Clark, Bernie Casey, and Rip Torn as a scientist—perhaps his least convincing role. Based on the novel by Walter Tevis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept.1.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last

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examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

PADRE PADRONE (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed the film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Though made in 16 mm. for Italian television, this extraordinary work—pungent and carnal, and in faintly psychedelic Romanesque color—took the two top prizes at Cannes, the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize. With Saverio Marconi, Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, and Ledda, as himself at the beginning and the end. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

PAULINE AT THE BEACH (1982)—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with exquisite control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit has nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Film Forum.)

PERSONAL BEST (1982)—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story nonverbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (Thalia; Aug. 29.)

PURPLE RAIN—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. The son of a self-pitying black man who beats his white wife, because he blames her for his failure to achieve success as a composer, the moody Kid is a tortured soul. When he falls in love with Apollonia (the overpoweringly sultry Patty Apollonia Kotero), he begins to repeat the pattern, but, of course, the love that is the source of his torment is also the source of his redemption. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. And his instinct is right: if he had performed the role more realistically, the picture would be really sodden. This way, his impudent pranks make the audience laugh and his musical numbers keep giving the picture a lift. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. When the giggling Day and his handsome sidekick, Jerome Benton, dance to The Time's funk rock they have a loose, floppy grace. There's also a good straight performance by Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

RACING WITH THE MOON—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 23.)

REPO MAN—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

THE RIVER (1951)—Jean Renoir's first color film, made in India, in English, was adapted from

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Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India and shot along the banks of the Ganges by the director's great cinematographer nephew, Claude Renoir. It's a poetic study of the contact of two civilizations. Renoir does not usurp the position of an insider; he sees India with Western eyes—eyes so sensitive and highly trained that his vision of India is a mythic poem set in the midst of the Indian river of life. This river encompasses death (the goddess Kali episode, the holy cobra that kills the child, etc.) in a way that American audiences tend to find disturbing. Rumer Godden's themes and story line are part of the texture, interwoven with the ritual feasts, the festivals, and the rhythms of native music; some people, accustomed to films edited for dramatic crescendo, dislike the serene flow—so much is going on that they feel nothing happens. There are static patches of dialogue, and some of the casting is questionable, but the theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With the dancer Radha, Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen. Adapted by Renoir and Rumer Godden. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street; through Aug. 23.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on Teresa Carpenter's "Death of a Playmate," in the *Village Voice*, and other accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, a pimp and a two-bit promoter, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Paul Snider, Eric Roberts uses a wet, mushy voice here, and he makes you feel the man's squirminess and rage. He gets the film's central idea across: that Paul Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. But Fosse keeps Roberts shouting and sweating and twisting his face for what seems an eternity. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse must believe that he can make art out of anything—that he doesn't need a writer to create characters, that he can just take the idea of a pimp murdering a pinup and give it such razzle-dazzle that it will shake people to the marrow. He uses his whole pack of tricks—flashbacks, interviews, shock cuts, the works—to keep the audience in a state of fixated dread. He piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, who, as Dorothy's mother, manages to suggest that the woman has some substance; Josh Mostel as a private detective; and Cliff Robertson and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 27-28.)

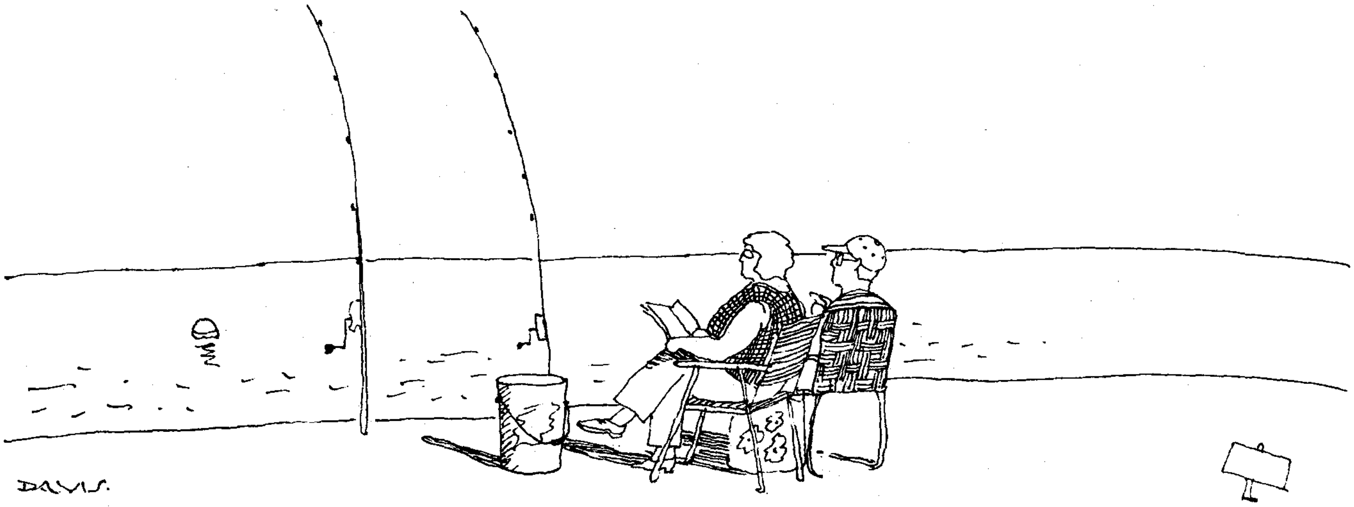
Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Embassy; through Aug. 23.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she actually looks animated, and she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot (reprised in the 1974 "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. The screenplay by John Michael Hayes is based on a novel by David Dodge. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, whose intensity amidst the general dejection is crazily—and entertainingly—incongruous. The wife's highest aspiration is to get on welfare, and to accomplish this she pretends to be pregnant, but the welfare investigator (Michael Sklar) wants the fabulous-forties shoes that the wife found in a garbage can, and she refuses to give them up. The picture is steeped in a sense of grotesque parody, though most of the time it's as enervated and limp as its hero. The knocked-out couple do their put-on of marriage, and we are invited to laugh at their outcast status and their meaningless lives and to feel sorry for them. This Andy Warhol production was directed by Paul Morrissey, who lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair. With Jane Forth as the indolent housewife in the modern apartment that the hero tries to burglarize. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Festival; through Aug. 23.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great, but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 26.)



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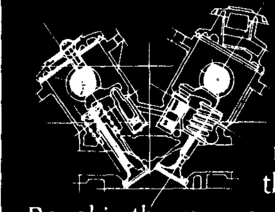

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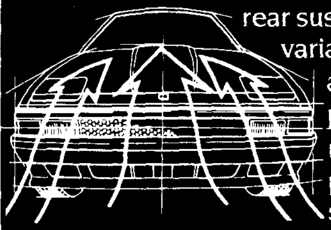
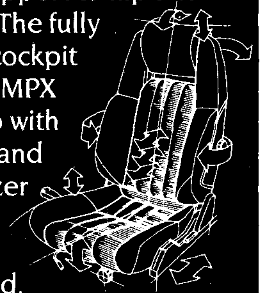


Unrelenting evolution has created the ideal driving environment inside, too. Supra's famous 8-way adjustable driver's Sport Seat has every conceivable adjustment, from lumbar support to hip and thigh bolsters. The fully instrumented cockpit has an AM/FM/MPX cassette stereo with 5 speakers, 7-band graphic equalizer and power antenna also.



OH WHAT A FEELING!

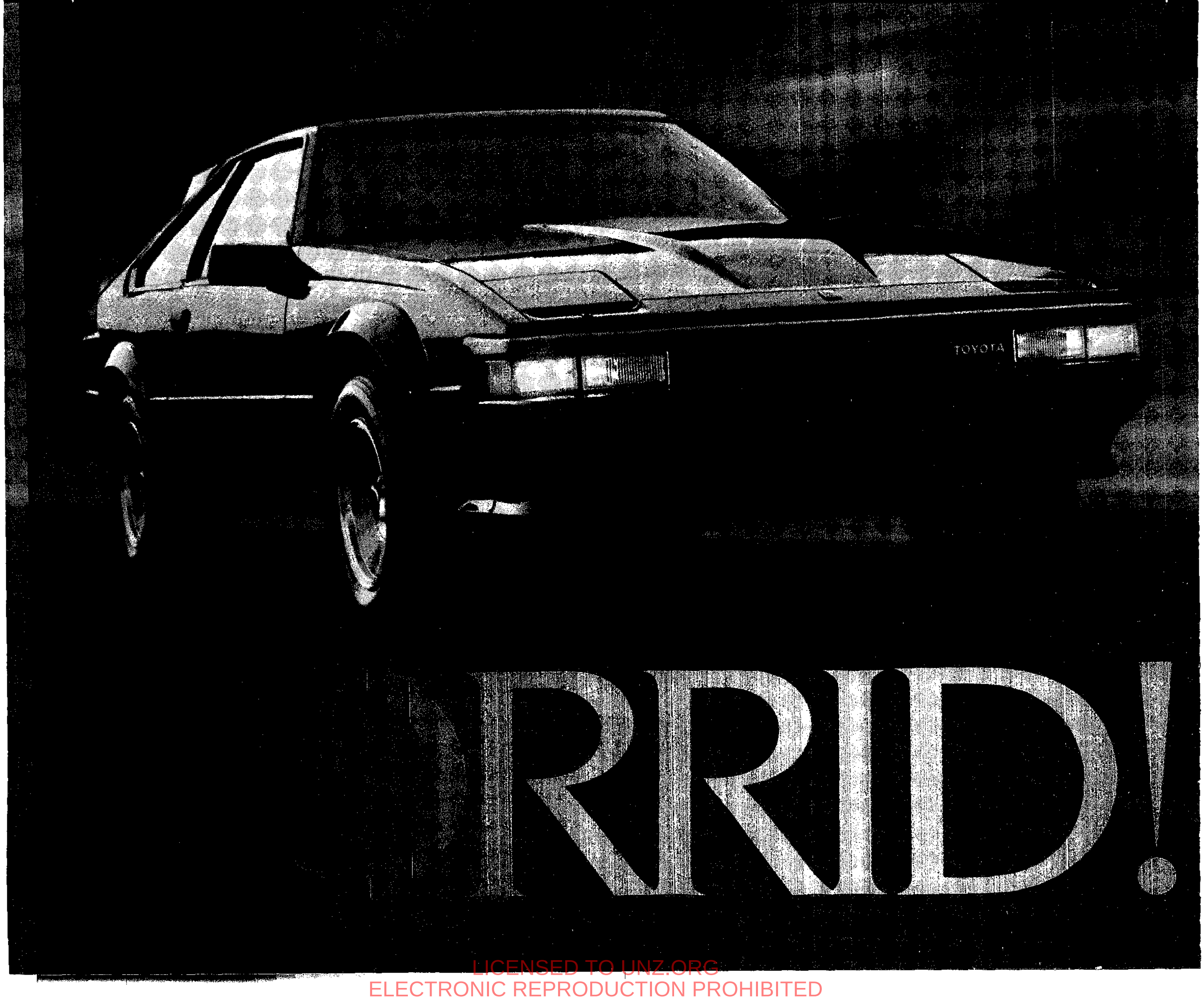
TOYOTA

Look around.

Isn't there a road you'd like to own?

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

IS A CAR
CAN OWN THE ROAD.
OTA SUPRA.



THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

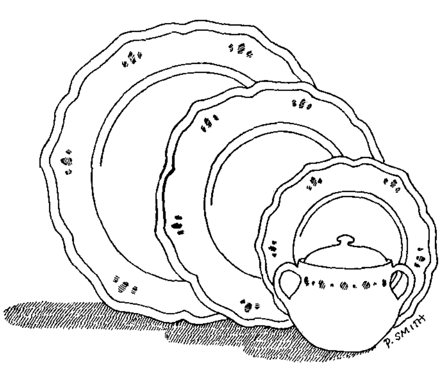
Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

In the few years since my graduation from college, I have begun to earn some money and begun to understand liberalism. The two events are wed; always before, in the years when my parents were supporting me, liberalism seemed too hypocritical to bear. I disdained a "philosophy" that, among other things, seemed to say, on the one hand, that everyone should be free to follow his or her ambition to great wealth and, on the other hand, that everyone, even those who had failed, deserved a share of society's wealth—enough, at least, to subsist. If people cared so much about the poor, then they should take note of the statistics showing thirty-five million Americans living in poverty, and do something more dramatic than go along with our patchwork of welfare programs. Or if they cared more about getting rich they should stop setting up a façade of social concern and just admit they were money-grubbers. The contradiction still seems clear, but I am beginning to understand how people bear it. For, except in vacuums like college, very few of us arrive at our politics through some process of rigorous, rational deliberation; rather, as in so many things, we fall into what feels best. And for many people, especially people in the class of educated, relatively well-off Americans, which I belong to, what feels best is liberalism. Not necessarily Democratic Party liberalism—just that moderate state between self-sacrifice and reckless aggrandizement. It satisfies two cravings of ours—to live *the* good life, full of bay windows and summer vacations and dinner out whenever, and to live *a* good life, at peace with ourselves, not so troubled by the thought that others are left out of our good fortune. In fact, most Americans are, in the broadest definition, liberals of some degree: there are very few who want to share everything, and not many more who believe in absolute survival of the fittest. People differ in their political opinions—they may be left-wing or moderate or conservative or apolitical—but in outlook they are liberals, unable to choose either pure possibility.

Periodically, some thinkers insist that liberals will have to choose between their two natures: in order to allow for real social justice, they will have to sacrifice some of their freedom to earn riches, or, in order to stave off the tax collector, they will have to give up some of their ideals. A recently published book, "Liberalism Reconsidered," contains a number of profound essays, many of them along these lines, although they are speaking about a somewhat narrower band of liberalism—the sort long associated with the Democrats. Michael Williams, an associate professor at the University of Maryland, writes, "The complaints from the left and right share considerable common ground. Socialists and conservatives would both like to see liberals decide where their deepest loyalties lie." Socialists and conservatives, in that case, had better hunker down for a good long wait.

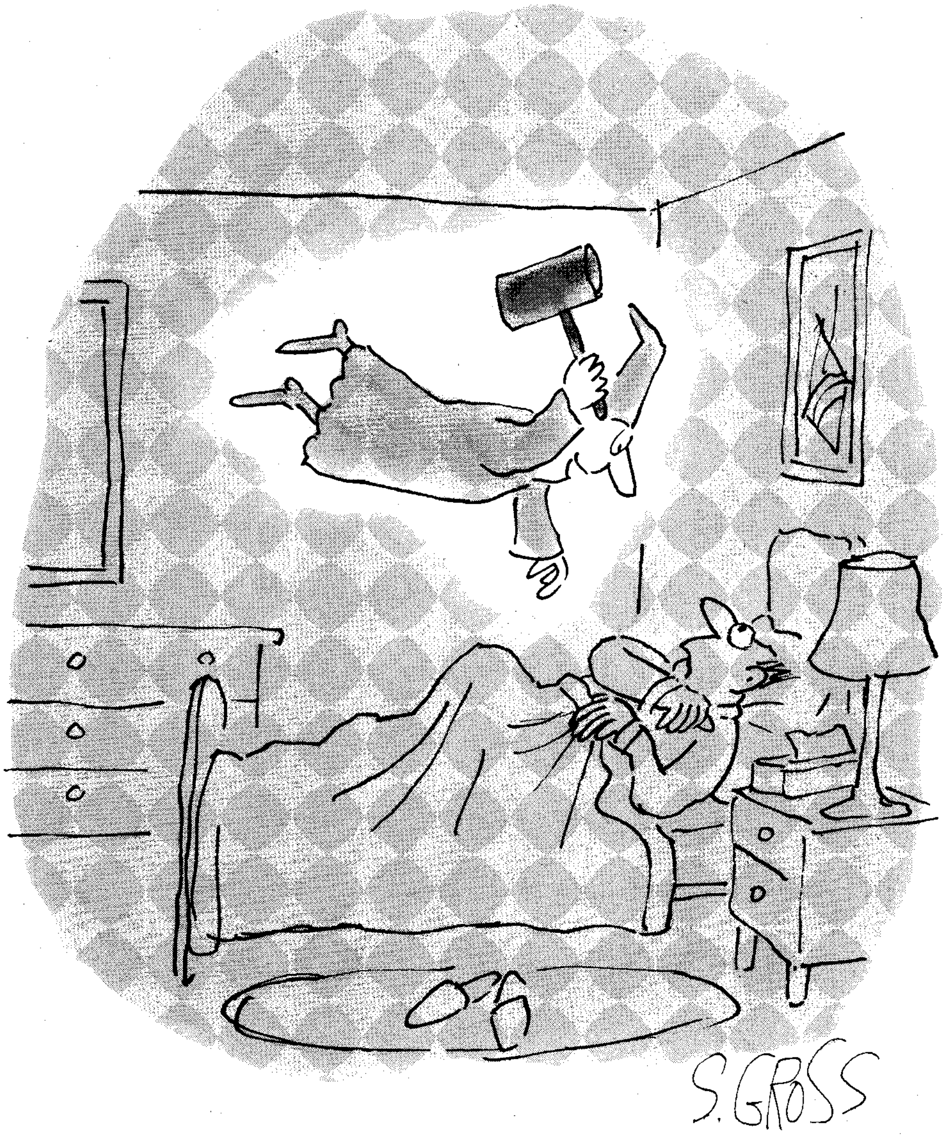
For one thing, the alternatives to liberalism, at least for a young person with some semblance of a social conscience, are not enticing. One could be a saint, but probably not. Sacrificing selfishness altogether to benefit others lacks a certain crucial something for children of the seventies—and, it appears, for children of any decade. Mother Teresa spoke during commencement week at my college; almost everyone was upset that the college hadn't got someone *more interesting* to speak—someone like Rodney Dangerfield, who had spoken a few years before. In earlier generations, a certain percentage might have opted for the organized left, joining some sectarian group. Even among those of my acquaintances who were most concerned with social justice, however, almost no one took this path. If we are cynical about some things American, we are triply cynical about things Russian or Cuban, or whatever: to us, Communism means Brezhnev and Andropov, Poland and Afghanistan, a wheezing, geriatric dogma, and not some brave new possibility for brotherhood. A few years ago, Susan Sontag gave a speech in which she attacked Communism, and the speech kicked off a ruckus in certain quarters. The uproar, and not the speech, shocked the people I knew; what she had said seemed bizarre only in its obviousness, as if she had given a speech explaining why polio should be eradicated. Anyway, either sainthood or unhypocritical socialism seems to demand sacrificing one's standard of living, and that is—well, hard. I have money in the bank, which I know in both my heart and my head that other people need more than I do: if I wanted to, I could give it to them. But I don't do that—not in any substantial way. I'm not sure why. The third and fourth alternatives, becoming a true conservative or milling aimlessly about the banner of apathy, draw bigger crowds, but not *so* big. The tail end of the civil-rights movement, the campaign against the war in Vietnam—



events like those informed our earliest view of the world. Now we live in cities and take subways and see poor people. Politics unconcerned with the miserable feels bad, binds a little at the waist. We don't want to feel bad.

One way to take the measure of liberalism's continuing importance is by seeing how hard people work to preserve it as an option. The neo-liberalism exemplified by Gary Hart, with its emphasis on economic growth as essential to continued social justice, represents an attempt to postpone, perhaps forever, the need to choose between private gain and public good. Several of the contributors to "Liberalism Reconsidered" suggest that only the economic expansion of the last few decades has allowed liberalism to multiply its cake, like the loaves and fishes, so that now there is lots for us and some for them. If the economy goes into a decline, they say, liberals will have to choose. Perhaps that will be true if we fall over some precipice—the early nineteen-thirties seem like one of the few periods in American history when large numbers of people actually changed their minds. More likely, though, any decline that may appear will be a gradual one, and those people who are liberals will shift their opinions only subtly and slowly. This horse whose front and hind legs point in different directions will continue to hobble up to the starting gate, and even to win his share of the races.

Is this avoidance of choice a good thing or a bad thing? If people were forced to choose, which side would they fall on? Good questions, but a little beside the point, perhaps. Liberals don't so much care whether the avoidance is a good thing or a bad one (though they usually sincerely believe it to be the former); it is, in a subconscious way, a device for living, accommodating all sorts of psychological and economic needs. It allows me to walk down the street past some sad derelict pawing through a trash can and not have the encounter spoil my dinner. People can insist, rightly, that we should decide, should choose coherent politics for ourselves. If we made such a choice, there might be only radicals and conservatives and people living in monasteries and convents. (Mostly, there would be conservatives.) People choose their own politics for their own reasons, however, and we have two conflicting personal desires, and, damn it, we will fulfill them both, coherent or not. Tolstoy, in his moving reflection on the Sermon on the Mount, "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," writes, "The antagonism between life and conscience may be removed in two ways: by a change of life or by a change of conscience." Tolstoy's greatness was so large that he had to choose—and he chose conscience, and lived like a peasant. But most of us—or, at least, it's true for me—seem able to stand the chafing between conscience and our way of life more easily than we can face the choice.

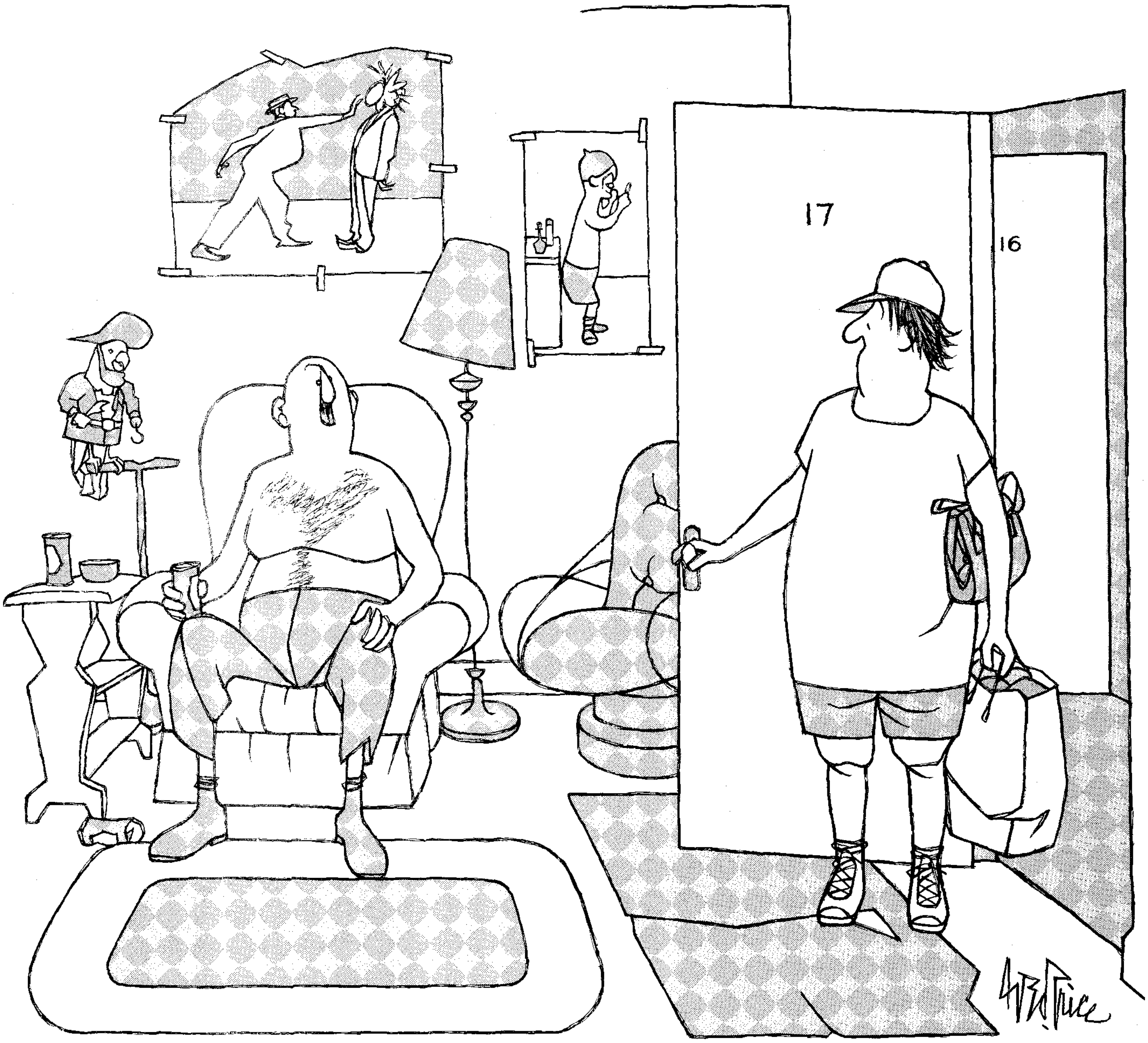

S. GROSS

"Sorry about this, but I just ran out of sand."

• •

Screens

TO give you an idea of what it was like, it was like the TV showroom of a major department store. The guys serving the drinks and the guy with the shrimps on toothpicks and the guy with the miniaturized ham sandwiches—ignore them. Except for them, and the very loud music, and the name tags all the people were wearing, it was just like a TV showroom, except that none of the TVs were for sale. Private Eyes is New York's newest, hottest—only—video night club. It has thirty-four screens. The night we were there, they were all showing a new Bette Midler concert film, "Art or Bust!," that is being shown on Home Box Office through the end of the summer. On every one of the screens, all over the room, Bette sang up a storm and pulled pranks. We were happy there, as we always are around TV. We embrace TV, and TV embraces us back, full of longing and fond regard. It's a lot of give and take, our affair. We see "Dynasty" and "The Twilight Zone" and other regularly scheduled programming, but once in a while, because of our long exposure, we look at TV and see other stuff—stuff that's not actually there, stuff we've remembered. Also some stuff that's just weird. The



"Oh, it's you. I thought I heard the rustle of silk."

• •

other night, at Private Eyes, we saw thirty-four screens of Bette Midler, the way everyone else did. But we saw more, too. We saw:

Screen 1: Robert Shalom. Robert Shalom, at the age of twenty-five, owns Private Eyes. The projectors at his club come from Holland, he is saying, and are water-cooled, just like a nuclear power plant. He is jazzed up about owning a club. "We are family here," he says. "It's like my living room here."

Screen 2: A computer list. Private Eyes has hundreds of thousands of feet of film to show while music is playing. It is arranged in categories, accessible categories. The categories begin with Africa and end with Xmas, and in between are Insipid, Money, Sunset, and many more. "If we want to have a night where everything is red, we can do that," Shalom says. "We're building an audio and visual library. We've got clips from nineteen-thirties beauty contests where they come out of the *bathhouse*."

Screen 3: A woman from Home Box Office, a publicity woman, looms up out of the screen at us—it's frightening. "All you need to remember is three letters—H, B, O," she says.

Screen 4: Screen 4 is blank, but the audio portion of our programming is working; that's because we're in touch with 1929, and two radio announcers in airplanes have just taken control of the Columbia Broadcasting System, broadcasting music from the Paramount Hotel on West Forty-sixth Street. They are part of an experiment to prove that even when you fly you can listen to the radio and also that broadcasters can reach you while *they're* flying.

Screen 5: It's the Olympics. Some Americans are winning gold medals. All their years of hard work have paid off.

Screen 6: A rakish gent, watching Bette Midler. He seems so bored with it all. It turns out there's a good reason. He's the director. He's seen it a time or two already.

Screen 7: Robert Shalom again. (These are his screens; he paid a lot of money for them, and he shows up often.) He's explaining the economics of a club. "If we play the right stuff, the room just gets so hot. Everyone dances for about twenty minutes non-stop, and nobody buys any drinks. So then we slow it down a little, and it sends them all back to the bar."

Screen 8: A tight-lipped Private Eyes waiter in a paint-splattered blue smock, carrying a palette of pâté on toast. "Why are you dressed like that?" we say to the screen, softly, so no one will notice. " 'Art or Bust!' It's thematic," he says.

Screen 9: Joan Crawford, looking just the way she looks in "Possessed" at the moment that Clark Gable turns to her and says, "If you're interested in money, I'm what's known as a very rich man."

Screens 10 through 31: All these screens just have Bette on them—nothing more. Bette does a whole series of different musical numbers. One is in questionable taste. Should we leave?

Screen 32: Robert Shalom, describing a party that will take place at Private Eyes sometime soon. "It's going to be very sophisticated, very black-and-white, with classical music for the first hour, and classy movies—Bogart, Holden. Then, all at once, the colored lights will go on, and the waiters will reverse their dinner jackets and have on these big, bright colors, and it'll be rock and roll. It'll all take fifteen seconds tops, which is great, because the party's for . . . I can't tell you who it's for."

Screen 33: Graham Kerr, The Galloping Gourmet, is here. He's preparing something. Delicious.

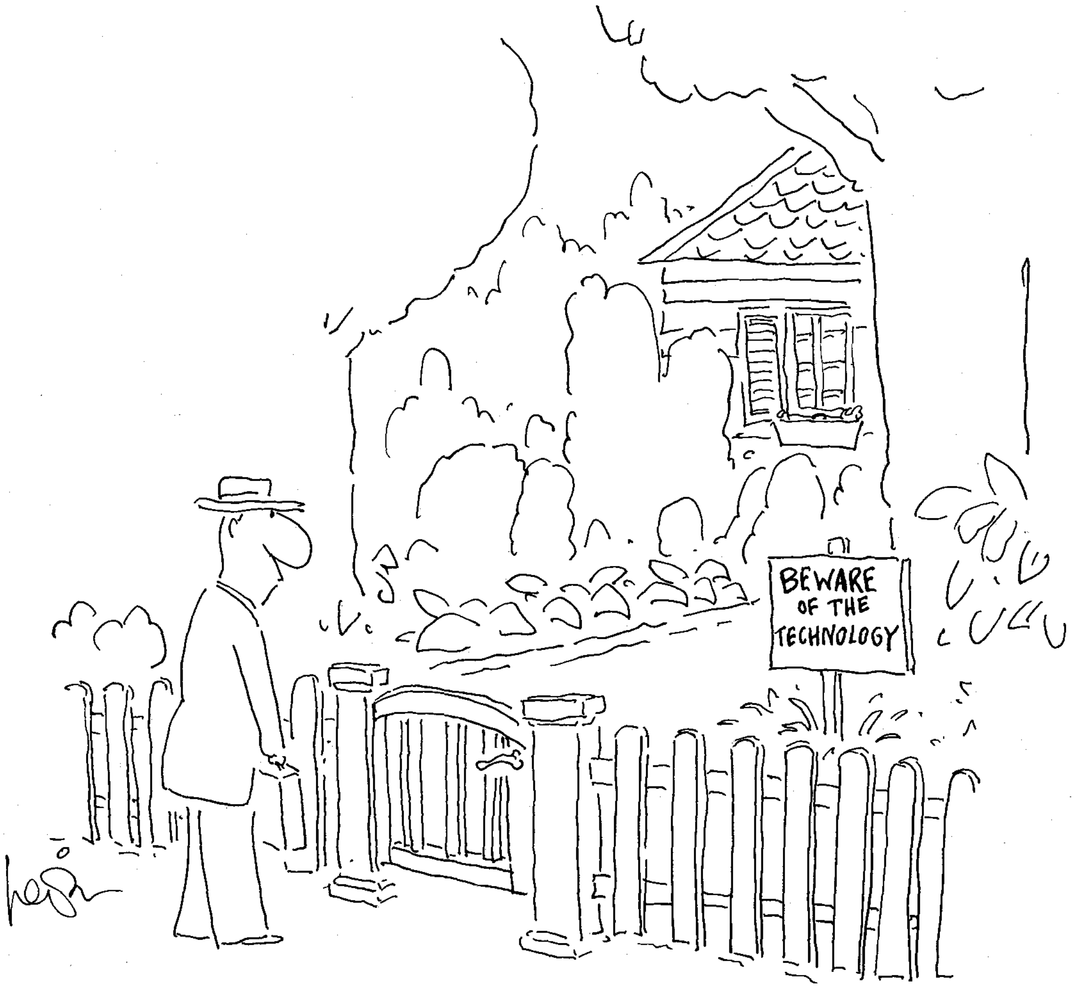
Screen 34: Robert Shalom once more, dancing. "People in my club can dance anywhere," he says. "They don't feel like 'I have to go to the strobe-light area.' "

Busy

508
708
719
908
909
917

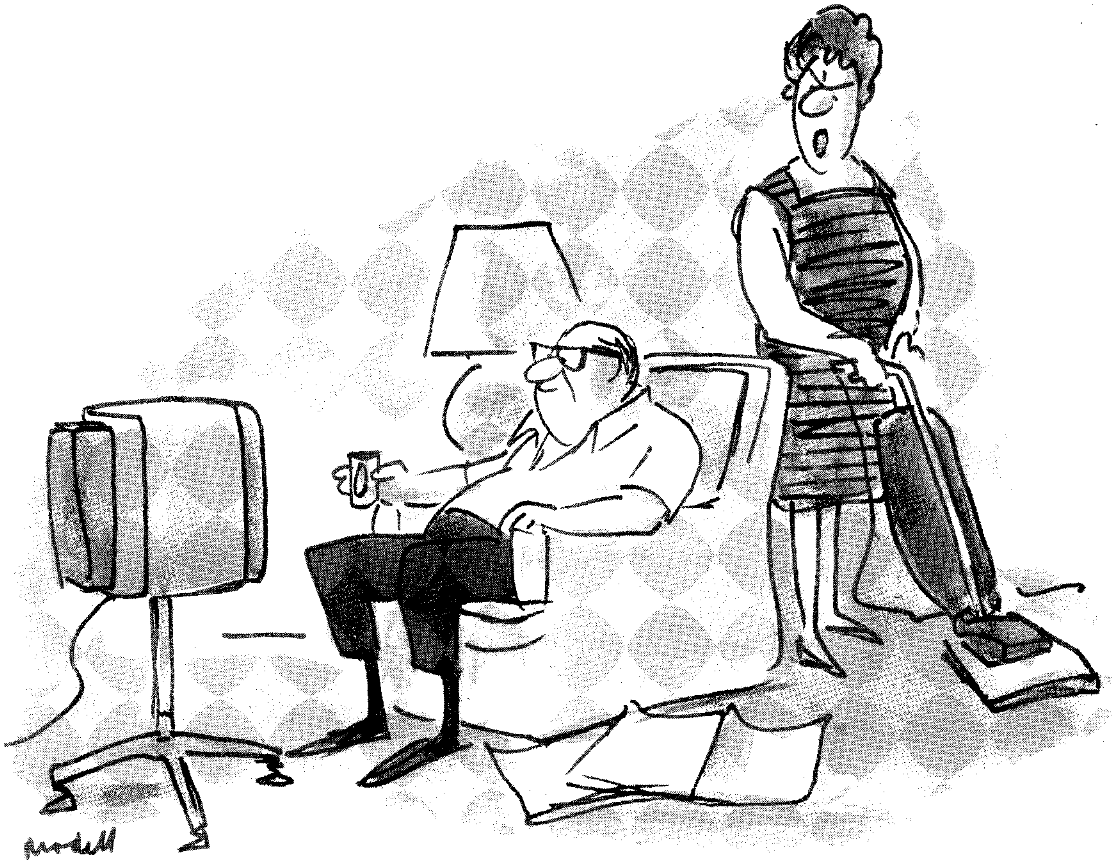
LOOK at those numbers for a minute, with a bittersweet, autumn feeling for what might have been. And then just steel yourself and walk away. Put them behind you. Because those numbers are going nowhere. Those numbers were the bridesmaids, the Miss Congenialities, the possibilities considered and rejected by a New York Telephone committee charged with deciding on the new area code that will go into effect September 1st for Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. The committee has made its final decision. Too late now to point out how easily 909 might have been remembered, since it was in that year (A.D.) that England's Edward the Elder defeated an army of invasion-minded Danes. (For that matter, 508 saw King Clovis establish Paris, formerly Lutetia, as the Frankish capital, following his impressive vanquishing of the Visigoths.) Too late now to say, "Heck, multiply the three numbers in 708 together, and what do you get? Zero, that's what. A nice round number." No, it's all over, and, from next month on into the great unknown, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island will be 718. "None of the numbers left on the North American Dialing Plan were outstanding, but 718 had certain plusses," Charles Herndon, a spokesman for the phone company's 212-718 committee, told us last week. "One thing we felt was that seven plus one equals eight, and that seemed good."

Our last brush with the 718 question came a year or so ago, when, at a public hearing, Mr. Louis Powsner, the owner of a Coney Island drygoods shop, declared his opposition in these terms: "Let the people save their fingers! Let the people save their fingernails!" The state's Public Service Commission, however, eventually overruled Mr. Powsner and many other opponents, agreeing with the phone company that no alternative to a new area code existed. "The reason we are doing it is, literally, to keep from running out of new phone-number opportunities," Mr. Herndon said. "We would have been out of numbers by the end of this year. We would have had to put new customers on a waiting list—when someone died, you might have got a phone. Can you conceive of a new apartment building—the doorman, the high ceilings, the big windows looking out over the Park. Only one problem—no phones. In some ways, the phone company is a prisoner of



its own reputation. People think we can do anything, and, to tell you the truth, we pretty much can. But we can't invent new numbers where none exist."

So now the change—which will not increase the cost of a call from one area code to the other—approaches with tied-to-the-tracks inevitability. The technical work is mostly done, Richard Kosack, a company engineer, told us. "What we're trying to do now is educate the public," he went on. "Some people were opposed, but some people are opposed to any change. I strongly feel it's going to give Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island an identity. It's like when you were in the service and you said, 'I'm from Brooklyn,' everyone would say, 'You must root for the Dodgers.' Like on the old quiz shows, they'd introduce someone, and if he said he was from Brooklyn he'd get even more applause than if he said he was from New York. I myself live in Jersey, in area code 201, which I feel is great. Automatically, when I give someone my phone number they say, 'You live in north Jersey.' Not that I dislike the south. It's just that this way people know. The way I look at it—and not just because I'm working on this project—if you live in a 718 area you're going to be getting a unique distinction, and for free. I even played 718 on the lottery. I didn't win, but hey."



"Too bad they don't give a gold for hanging around the house."

• •

The Ideal

SOME might contend that morality and menswear are best discussed separately. We don't disagree, but neither do we shrink or fade from challenges. We went to the swimming pool at a midtown hotel earlier this month because the Thomson Company had invited us to the unveiling of a new line of pants—Thomson Perfect Pants. Perfection, amateur metaphysicians know, is the cup of clear, cool water forever dangling in front of one's lips. The minute that one reaches out to drink of it, however, the cup vanishes, for in the act of grabbing one has admitted, if only to oneself, how close to perfection one has come. And that—that is the vice of pride.

Such reflections seemed not to bother the manufacturers of Thomson Perfect Pants. Elliott Lightman, a Thomson executive, who is in many ways the father of the Perfect Pants (if something perfect can be born of man), could not cover the hint of a boast in his voice as he showed us ordinary cotton trousers and Perfect Pants, which are also cotton, each after five washings. "Ordinary cotton pants look mottled; the leg is rounded," he said. "But Perfect Pants, thanks to two confidential processes involving the elongation of fibres and the application of resins, retain their crease virtually forever."

Stephen Leslie, Lightman's associate, added, "Polyester has always had a memory. Now cotton can have a memory, too. Retailers look at these pants and they say 'Oh my God!' "

Jack Neff, the chief of the Thomson Company, went on in the same vein. "Consumers will no longer suffer the miseries of all-cotton pants—the wrinkles, the vanished creases," he said. (Incidentally, he couldn't tell us where pants creases originated, but he did know that the bow on the inside of a hat comes from the time when sailors wore a bow on the outside of their caps.) "The Perfect Pants are the biggest innovation in the industry since permanent press," he concluded.

So that others could see the halo that girdled their trousers, the Thomson executives arranged a little demonstration. Three handsome young men stripped down to their Perfects, dived into the pool, and swam to the shallow end, where they climbed out and were led away. They were given new pants, and their wet pairs were tossed into the dryer, to prove that the pants would hold their crease. A few minutes later—a very few minutes later—a public-relations woman emerged bearing the pants, which were dry and looked like new. Since our experience with drying involves finishing long paperback novels while the clothes spin, we asked the P.R. woman how it was that these had dried so quickly. "Actually," she said, "we did these pairs earlier in the day." This is precisely the sort of trouble one can get into when messing around with perfection.

SINDBAD

The Beach: Sindbad, drowned animal, clutches at the sand of still another island shore.

His right hand, marvellous upon the pianoforte, opens and closes. His hide is roasted red, his beard white with crusted salt. The broken beam to which he clung to escape his shattered vessel lies nearby.

He hears waltzes from the trees.

He should, of course, rouse himself, get to his feet, gather tree fruits, locate a spring, build a signal fire, or find a stream that will carry him toward the interior of this strange new place, where he will encounter a terrifying ogre of some sort, outwit him, and then take possession of the rubies and diamonds, big as baseballs, which litter the ogre's domains, wonderfully.

Stir your stumps, sir.

Classroom: It's true that the students asked me to leave. I had never taught in the daytime before, how was I to know how things were done in the daytime?

I guess they didn't like my looks. I was wearing shades (my eyes unused to so much light) and a jacket that was, admittedly, too big for me. I was rather prominently placed toward the front of the room, *in* the front of the room to be precise, sitting on the desk that faced their desks, fidgeting.

"Would you just, please, leave?" the students said.

The chair had asked me, "How'd you like to teach in the daytime? Just this once?" I said that I could not imagine such a thing but that I would do my very best. "Don't get carried away, Robert," she said, "it's only one course, we've got too many people on leave and now this damnable flu . . ." I said I would prepare myself very carefully and buy a new shirt. "That's a good idea," she said, looking closely at my shirt, which had been given to me by my younger brother, the lawyer. He was throwing out shirts.

Sindbad's Wives Look Back: "I knew him, didn't you know that I knew him?"

"I didn't think that a person such as you could have known him."

"Intimately. That's how well I knew him. I was his ninth wife."

"Well of course you were more in the prime of life then. It was more reasonable to expect something."

"He treated me well, on the whole. In the years of our intimacy. Many gowns of great costliness."

"You'd never know it to look at you. I mean now."

"Well I have other things besides these things. I don't wear my better things all the time. Besides gowns, he gave me frocks. Shoes of beaten lizard."

"Maybe jewels?"

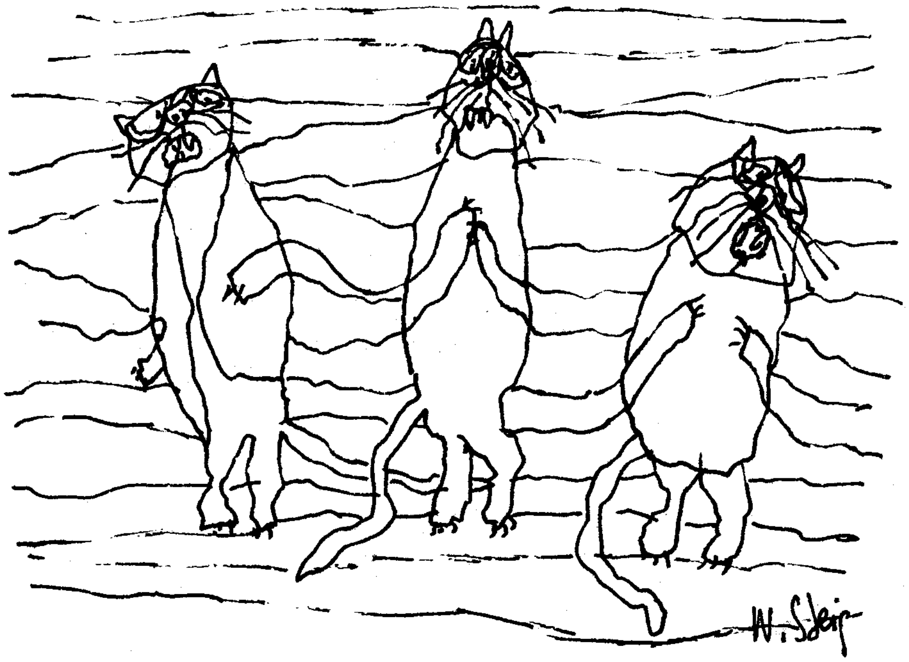
"Rubies and diamonds big as baseballs. I seem to remember a jewelled horsewhip. To whip my horses with. I rode, in the early mornings, on the cliffs, the cliffs overlooking the sea."

"You had a sea."

"Yes, there was a sea, adjacent to the property. He was fond of the sea."

"He must have been very well off then. When I knew him he was just a merchant. A small merchant."

"Yes, he'd begun as a poor person, tried that for a while, didn't like it, and then ventured forth. Upon the sea."



Scaredy-Cats

The Beaux-Arts Ball: At the Beaux-Arts Ball given by the Art and Architecture Departments I saw a young woman wearing what appeared to be men's cotton underwear. The undershirt was sleeveless and the briefs, cut very high on the sides, had the designer's name ("EGIZIO") in half-inch red letters stitched around the waistband.

"Who are you?" I asked.

She raised her hands, which were encased in red rubber gloves. "Lady Macbeth," she said. Then she asked me to leave.

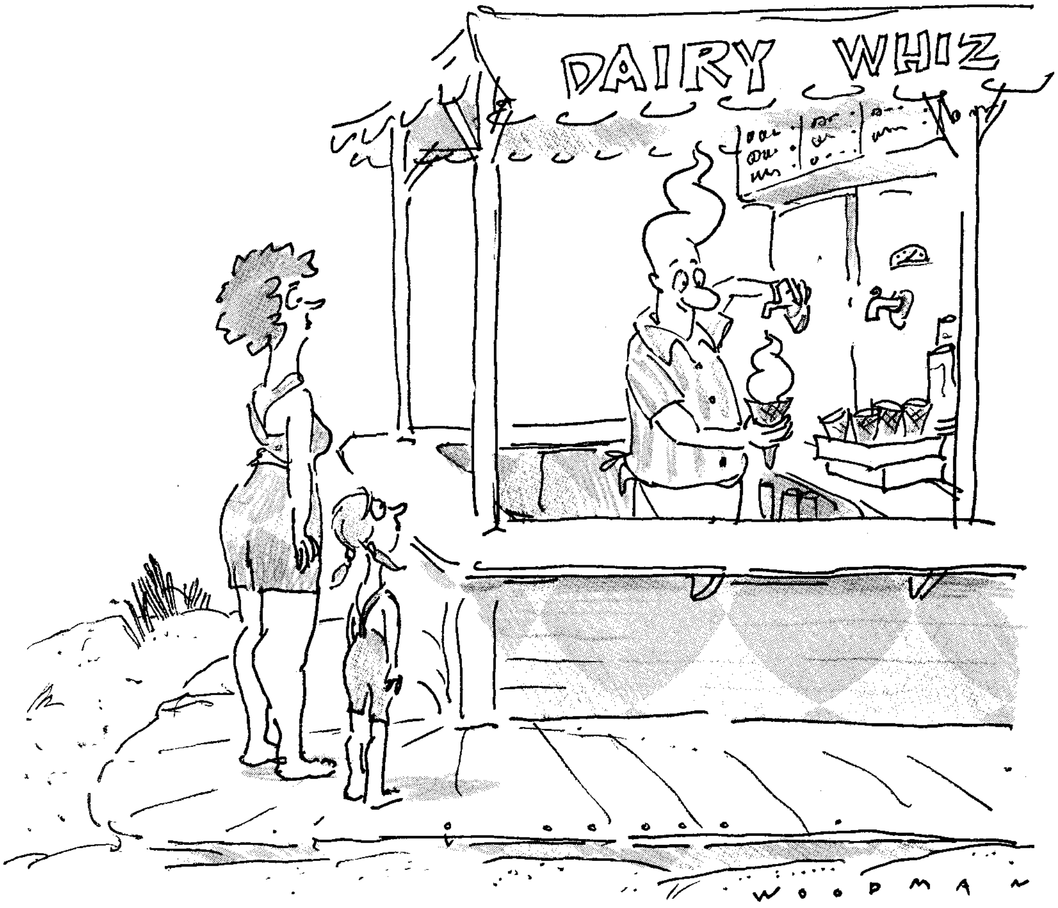
So I went out into the parking lot carrying my costume, a brightly polished English horn. If anyone had asked me who I was I had intended saying that I was one of Robin Hood's merry men. One of the students followed me, wanted to know if I had a wife. I answered honestly that I did not, and told her that if you taught at night you weren't allowed to have a wife. It was a sort of unwritten law, understood by all. "You're not allowed to have a wife and you're not allowed to have a car," I told her honestly.

"Then what are you doing in this parking lot?" she asked. I showed her my old blue bicycle, parked between a Camaro and a Trans Am. "Do you have a house?" she asked, and I said that I had a room somewhere, with a radio in it and one of those little refrigerators that sit upon a table.

Sindbad's First Emporium in Baghdad: When we opened Sindbad's we did not anticipate the good results we obtained almost immediately.

The people leaped over the counters and wrested the goods from our hands, and from the shelves behind the counters.

Stock boys ran back and forth be-



tween the stockrooms and the counters. We had developed patterns of running back and forth so that Stock Boy A did not collide with Stock Boy B. Some warped, some woofed.

We had always wanted a store and as children had played "Store" with tiny cedar boxes replicating real goods. Now we had an actual store, pearl-colored with accents of saturated jade.

Every day, people leaped over the counters and wrested goods from the hands of our brave, durable clerks. Our store was glorious, glorious. We had total integrity. We refused to sell culottes, that most inelegant of garments.

The simple finest of everything, that was what we purveyed. Often people had been wandering around for years trying to find the finest, lost, uncertain. Then they walked through our great bronze doors resonant with humming filigree. There it was, the finest.

Even humble items were the finest of their kind. Our straight pin was straighter than any other straight pin ever offered, and pinned better, too.

Once, a little girl came into the store, alone. She had only a few gold coins, and we took them from her, and made her happy. We had never, in our entire careers as merchants, seen a happier little girl as she left the store, carrying in her arms the particular goods she had purchased with her few, but real, gold coins.

Once, a tall man came into the store, tall but bent, arthritis, he was bent half-double, but you could tell that he was tall, or had been tall before he became bent, three or four lines of physical suffering on his forehead. He asked for food. We furnished him with foodstuffs from Taillevent in Paris, the finest, and not a centime did we charge him. Because he was bent.

In our pearl-colored store we had a pearl beyond price, a tulip bulb beyond price, and a beautiful slave girl beyond price. These were displayed behind heavy glass set in the walls. No offer for these items was ever accepted. They were beyond price. Idealism ruled us in these matters.

THE STUDENTS: "Would you please leave now?" they asked. "Would you please just leave?"

Then they all started talking to each other, they turned in their seats and began talking to each other, the air grew loud, it was rather like a cocktail party except that everybody was sitting down, the door opened and a waiter came in with drinks on a tray followed by another waiter with water chestnuts wrapped in bacon on a tray and another waiter with more drinks. It was exactly like a cocktail party except that everybody was sitting down. So I took a drink from a tray and joined one of the groups and tried to understand what they were saying.

TENNIS: Yes, he could do this sort of thing all day. Something he can go home and talk about (assuming he gets back to Baghdad alive), how he played tennis with two ogres tall as houses and brought them to their knees. Each has a single red eye in the middle of his forehead and a single wire-rimmed lens framing the eye. He can sucker the one on the left out of position merely by glancing at the one on the right before he serves, and anything placed to the left of the one on the right is invariably missed, the one on the right has no backhand whatsoever. So how-he-played-tennis-with-two-ogres will be added to the repertoire, two more ogres following the game intently, their two great heads with the wire-rimmed single lenses, now dark-hued for the tennis, turning right, left, right, left, the sun bursting off the lenses like the beams of two lighthouses. . . .

AT NIGHT: At night, the Department's offices are empty. The cleaning women make their telephone calls, in Spanish, from the various offices, from Professor This's office, from Professor That's office, taking care of business. The parking lots are infernos of yellow light.

Sitting one night on the steps of the power plant I saw a man carrying a typewriter, an I.B.M. Selectric III. I judged him to be one of those people who stole typewriters from the university at night. "Can you type?" I asked

"Look, I'm tired of things being true 'by extension.'"

• •

him. He said, "Naw, man, don't be a fool." I asked him why he stole typewriters and he said, "Ain't nothin' else worth stealin'." I was going to suggest that he return the typewriter when another man came out of the darkness carrying another typewriter. "This mother's *heavy*," he said to the first, and they went off together, cursing. An I.B.M. Selectric III weighs approximately forty pounds.

The students, no doubt, whispered about me:

"I hear this is the first time he's taught in the daytime."

"They wouldn't *let* that sucker teach in sunlight 'cept that all the real teachers are dead."

"Did you get a shot of that coat? Tack-eeee."

I stood in the corridor gazing at them from behind my shades. What a good-looking group! I thought. In the presto of the morning, as Stevens puts it.

EXPERIENCE: Sindbad learns nothing from experience.

A prudent man, after the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh voyages, would never again set foot on a ship's deck. Every vessel upon which he has ever embarked has either headed for the bottom not two days out of port or marooned him, has been stove in by a gigantic whale (first voyage), seduced into distraction by jubilant creatures of the air (second voyage), stolen by apelike savages no more than three feet high (third voyage), crushed by a furious squall (fourth voyage), bombed from the air by huge birds carrying huge rocks (fifth voyage), or dashed against a craggy shore (sixth voyage) by the never-sleeping winds.

But there is always a sturdy (wooden trough, floating beam, stray piece of wreckage from the doomed vessel) to cling to, and an island (garnished with rubies and diamonds, large quantities of priceless pearls, bales of the choicest ambergris) to pillage. Sindbad never fails to return to Baghdad richer than before, with many sumptuous presents for the friends and relatives who gather at his house to hear the news of his latest heroic impertinence.

Sindbad is not a prudent but a daring man. In *Who's Who at Sea* he's listed, disapprovingly, as an "adventurer."

WATER CANNON: The graduates don't wish to leave the campus. We'll have to blast them out. I say "we" because I identify with the administration although no member of the administration has asked my opinion on the matter. I think water cannon are the means of choice. I have never seen a water cannon except in TV news reports from East Germany but it seems to be an effective and relatively humane means of blasting people out of there. I wouldn't mind having a water cannon of my own. There are certain people I wouldn't mind blasting.

The grounds crew was standing at the edge of the field, waiting to fold the folding chairs. The band was putting away its instruments. The graduates must have had some boards stashed away among the trees. They began building lean-tos, many of them leaned against the Science Building, some against the Student Center. Cooking fires were lit, the graduates squatted around the cooking fires, roasting corn on spits. Totem poles were erected before the lean-tos. The provost went to the microphone. "Time to go, time to go," he said. The graduates refused to leave.

WALTZES: Sindbad gets to his feet, shakes himself, and heads toward the tree line. Waltzes? The music is exotic to him, he has never heard such music before. He congratulates himself that on this his eighth voyage the world can still reward him with new enchantments.

I REËNTERED the classroom and fixed them with my fiercest glare. I began to teach. They had to put down their drinks and shrimp on toothpicks and listen.

It was true, I said, that I had never taught in the daytime before, and that my refrigerator was small and my jacket far, far too baggy.

Nonetheless, I said, be like Sindbad. Venture forth! Embosom the waves, let your shoes be sucked from your feet and your very trousers enticed by the frothing deep. The ambiguous sea awaits, I told them, marry it!

There's nothing out there, they said.

Wrong, I said, absolutely wrong.

We don't want filthy birds dropping big rocks on our ships, they said.

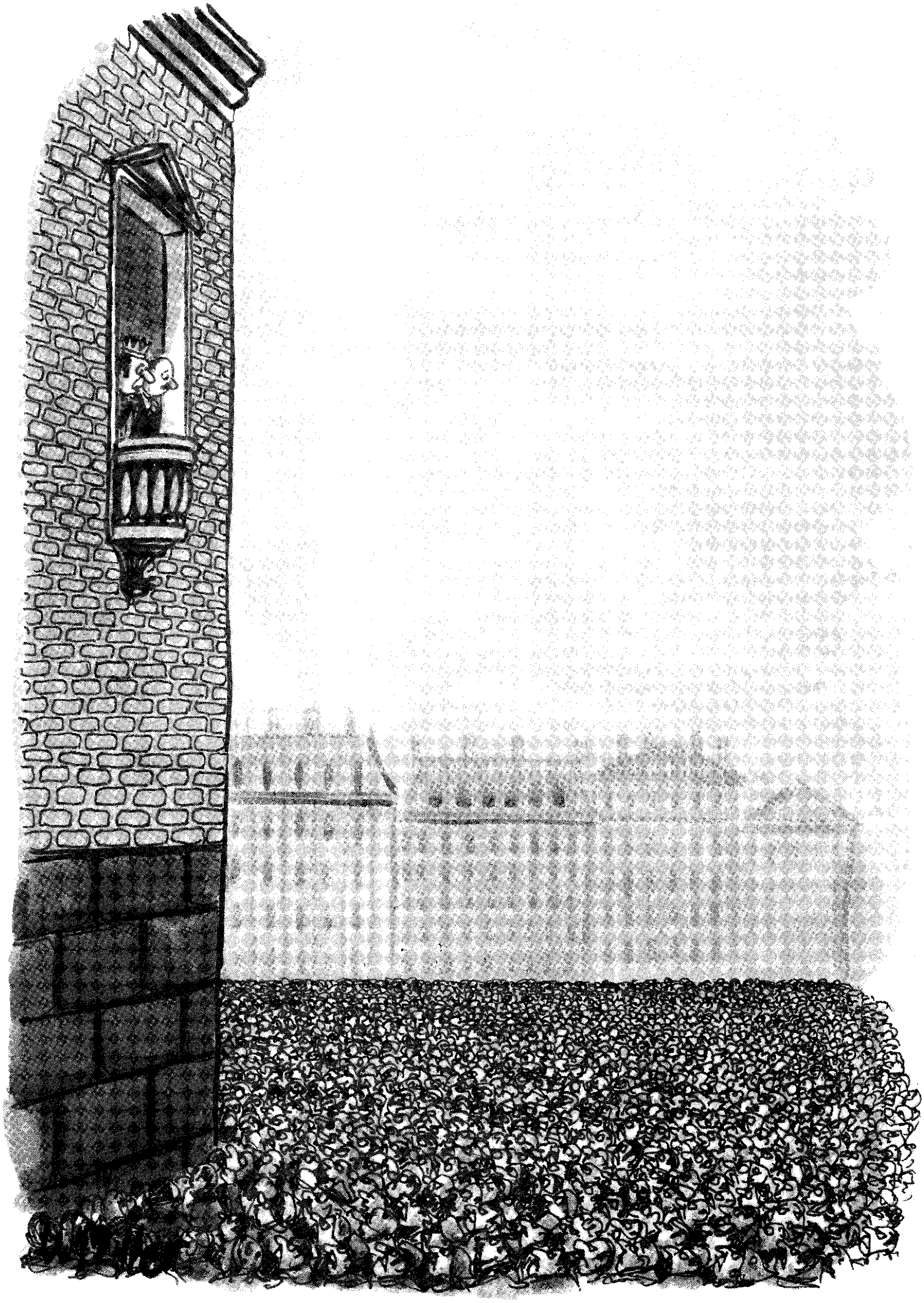
Nothing ventured, nothing gained, I said.

Getting and spending, they said, that's all you know.

Not so, I said. I know waltzes, sword canes, and the tales of great seafarers.

What's a sword cane? they asked, and with relief I plunged into the Romantics.

—DONALD BARTHELME



“I suspended alternate-side-of-the-street parking. Now what do they want?”

OUR JANICE

Janice Wheatley had heard all these things said about her: Janice is just a wonderful person. A self-made wonder. We are nine times blessed to have Janice. Janice can sew a button on a child's cuff with one hand and stir oatmeal with the other. Who else could get this crowd off to school in the morning? Toys part in front of Janice. She looks you straight in the eye. Our West Virginia au pair.

And she had overheard: Actually Janice gets a little salary. Would you believe the bright thing never finished school? I think she's smarter than some of our own. So much clear-eyed common sense. Our personality gal. The weight problem is under control. I wouldn't say she's plain, really. Her friend Tommy has settled for plumbing. He does some wiring without a license. We don't think he's going to marry her. What's going to happen to Janice when our children are all grown?

In the twelve years Janice had lived with the family, Mrs. Elliot had seldom spoken critically to her. The two of them could chat like sisters, and the children had been advised by both parents that "*pair*" means equal in French. There *was* the problem of the telephone for a while. Too many calls for Janice from Lorraine, with whom she took dance exercise two nights a week.

The littlest children, of course, thought her beautiful, but the older ones were used to catching her in front of the pier glass in the front hall pushing her round face into new shapes, or turning sideways, helping the mirror narrow her girth. They tried to be polite when they corrected what their father called Janice's West Virginia grammar. And she forgave the children their horrid moments. Stephen, at five years old, saying, "I wish you were dead." He cried so pitifully afterward he had to be comforted by Janice herself. Caroline, at nine, asking, "How long are you going to live here, anyway?" That time, Janice retreated to her room behind the kitchen to wait for the apology, which came within the hour: "I hope you stay with us forever."

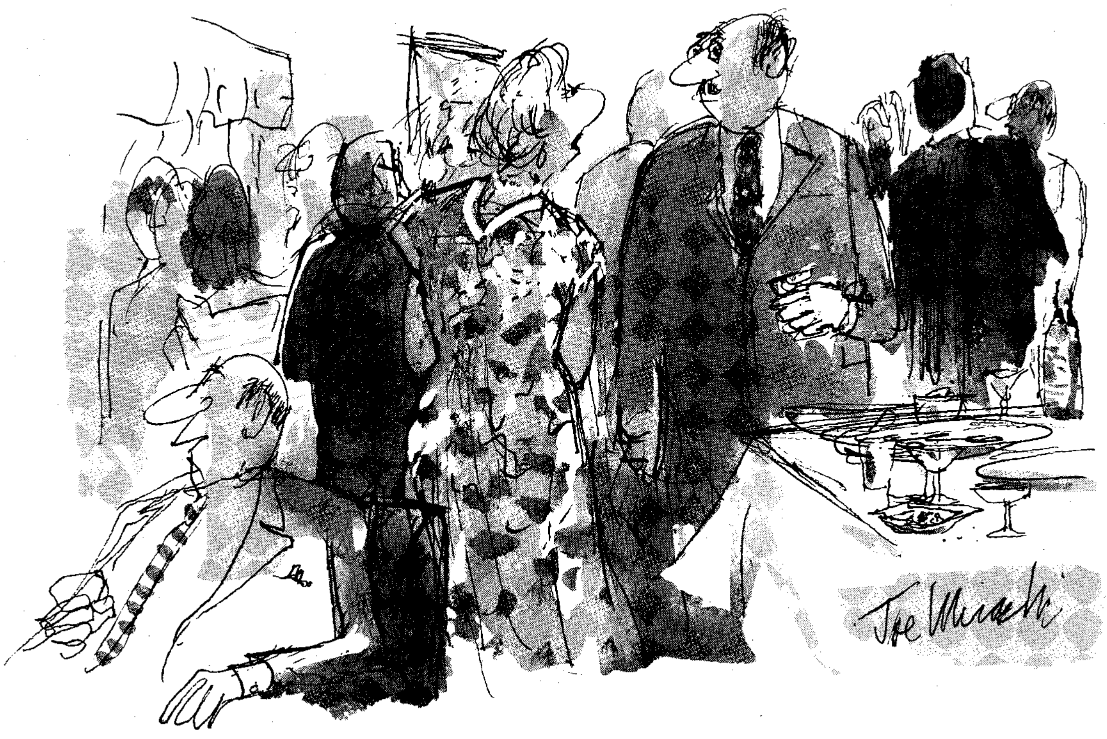
At the Elliots' there was always a baby coming. As soon as one walked off to pre-school, another was delivered to the nursery and care of Janice. Eventually the older ones returned to her for comfort and advice: How to kiss a girl. How to kick a ball as far as a boy could. How to make someone stop pinching. How to make babies.

Janice Wheatley came to the Elliots from Martinsburg, where her father and three brothers worked as day laborers in peach and apple orchards. At seventeen she hadn't heard of au pair, but her daddy brought her over the mountains to the northern-Virginia Piedmont for an interview anyway. She didn't like leaving her boyfriend, Tommy, a half day away. Even when she lived in the same town with him, he hadn't been steady. There were going to be three children to watch at the Elliots', with a fourth on the way. Janice's daddy predicted there'd be more.

THERE were nine. "And that's it," Mr. Elliot said, though Janice, who tidied up the master bathroom once a week, had reason to believe Mrs. Elliot was still capable. "They never asked us for more than a baseball team," Mr. Elliot was pleased to tell you. Janice herself would explain to anyone, "My Tommy had his mumps when he was sixteen. The doctor says his count is low. If we got married, we might have to adopt."

One thing Mrs. Elliot was careful not to tell anyone was what happened each time Tommy came over to visit from West Virginia. There was a guest room with a lumpy double bed that she knew must keep its occupants awake and aware of one another as they struggled through a night. Appropriate for a love match, out of the question for restful sleep. Before Tommy's frequent visits Mrs. Elliot prepared the room herself, making the bed up with pillows on both sides, setting flowers on the night table. Then she'd lie awake hoping to hear Janice climb the stairs from her room. Afterward, just as anxiously, she'd listen for her descending steps.

The children had no need to concern themselves, and Janice never made enough noise to disturb them. The five oldest slept on the other side of the house anyway. Brad and



"Stop bouncing bits of trivia off people."

“*From the Sensibility of C. L. Henshaw . . .*”

Billy, called “the boys,” though there were five boys in all, had adjoining quarters closest to the guest room. They’d ripped out a threshold board to make a smooth lane for a bowling set and for remote-control tanks they sent into battle from one room to the other. The youngest—Chris, two—and his sister Sally shared the nursery in the same wing with Brad and Billy—the wing with easy access up the back steps from Janice’s regular room.

The old log-and-stone house had been remodelled for stylish country living. Mr. Elliot said a Southern general had ridden his horse into the front hall and straight out the back door in pursuit of chicken thieves. Janice could see that such a ride today would require a leap into the back yard over two heat pumps outside the back door, which blew warm and cool air, according to season, through fourteen rooms.

Most of the inside walls had been stripped, wired, insulated, and refinished before Mr. Elliot had agreed to buy. All satisfactory work, except in the dining room, where he didn’t see why he should have to reach overhead to the chandelier to turn on the light. There should have been a switch on the wall. Tommy always said he was going to fix one for him, no problem, but never seemed to get around to it.

THE money came from Mr. Elliot’s work in the city at a job he never explained to Janice except to say that he told some companies how to speak to the government. There was always enough for pleasures and doctors, even private schools for the ones who seemed to need it. The whole family took three weeks in Maine every summer.

The Elliots had a long custom station wagon with window space in back for all nine blond heads. Each August, as they climbed up the turnpikes to New England Janice sat in a rear seat, trying to keep her dark hair tucked under a kerchief and watching other travellers stare at her family. They did make a spectacle sitting down to a meal in a motel restaurant, each of them encouraged to hazard an order. They didn’t seem to mind all eyes in the room turned to their table, or when a waitress, overwhelmed, would bring others from the kitchen to witness the size of her task and the cheer and wonder of a resemblance so many times repeated.

Waiting for their food, all of them would play Twenty Questions. The older ones coached the younger, even Chris, who was allowed a turn though he answered “Yes” to all questions, including “Animal, mineral, or vegetable?” When he got bored they helped steady him as he toddled back and forth from Janice’s lap to his chocolate milk.

Last Christmas the Elliots’ card was a beautiful color photograph of the children ranked by size beside Janice—a stairway of towheads, with Janice’s dark hair for the landing at the top. The photo was so clear you could see the colors of all their eyes—brown and green and shades in between. When they showed it to Janice she walked two fingers up the blond steps of the print, naming names, from Chris at the bottom to Patrick at the top, her hand leaping off his head and coming down with a thud on her own. Always she could get the children laughing with a simple gesture like that.

ON a Friday afternoon in April of Janice’s twelfth year in the house, her Tommy arrived after several weeks of not calling. His face was puffy, the way it got, Mrs. Elliot thought, when he’d had too much of the medicine he said was for allergies. Instead of taking Janice to a matinée, he carried in an electrical kit and got right to work on his surprise, which Mrs. Elliot suspected was just a ploy for regaining Janice’s good graces after another of his long, unexplained absences, or his way of paying for the room he hoped she’d prepare for the night.

The trouble, he said, was the dining room’s log-and-plaster walls. The switch would have to be in the low end of the room’s slanted ceiling, where only the parents and older children could reach it. What he’d have to do, he explained to Mrs. Elliot, was to cut through a knee wall up in the guest room and run a wire from the junction box there down to the new station.

“Push it,” he told her when he’d finished. “Now turn it.” The smaller children were thrilled. "It's a dimmer switch," he explained.

When Mr. Elliot came home they all celebrated with a dinner under the handiwork—meat pie under a full hundred watts and apple crisp in a setting of just a few candlepower.

During the meal Janice's friend Lorraine called. She wanted to know whether in the jazzercise routine done to the words "I want a man with a slow hand" your hips bumped left or right on "hand."

"What's all that about?" Mr. Elliot wondered. And Janice demonstrated for the family, singing along with her performance, her hips rocking close to the table. Someone said, "Gross."

After dinner two of the children stood on chairs to play with the switch, and when Janice held Chris up to brighten the room for himself, he said, "I turned the dark off. Is your friend living here tonight?"

"No, he's not," Janice answered for Tommy.

"Is everything all right, dear?" Mrs. Elliot asked her later in the kitchen. "I was so proud of you tonight." While working at the sink Janice had already overheard Mr. Elliot ask his wife, "What's the point, if the switch has to be in the ceiling anyway?"

For some reason the lights weren't working in Patrick's room upstairs in the other wing. Tommy had left soon after supper but said he'd come back Sunday to fix that, too. Then the lights in the boys' room were on again, off again all through the weekend, and Janice had to keep calling Tommy back with the alternating news.

Monday night Patrick complained that his lights were on but not bright enough for homework. The next evening he charged down the stairs past Janice and into the basement. "They were blinking on and off," he told her afterward. "I thought someone was playing with the fuse box."

At dinner that night Caroline said she had a riddle she'd heard at school: "What do you call a good-looking woman in West Virginia?" Then she wasn't sure she should finish. But no one was really worried, because Janice had taught them that jokes are like shoes: "Before you bring them in the house, you wipe any dirt off them."

"What *do* you call her?" Mr. Elliot asked.

They were all quiet, waiting to be entertained.

"A tourist," Caroline said.

All of them, the ones who got it and the ones who didn't, turned to Janice.

THE LAST DAYS OF HEAVEN

I see so many of us wandering
Down to the end of an ocean pier
At dawn, after the party,
The men in their yellow uniforms,
The ladies in elaborate silk. Overhead,
The Japanese lanterns sway
Back and forth in the breeze, their blue-
Green pastel lights
Still burning, and we pause, all of us
Looking up for a moment
At the clouds, clouds upon clouds
Towering in the morning sky, and we hear
Huge voices calling to one another in the distance
Like faint music, the sound rising and falling on the wind,
A few notes, sometimes a phrase,
Then nothing . . .

I believe in conclusions, in a final
Whiteness absorbing the unequal
Flesh, our lives
Turning beautifully away
From the dim, reductive beasts
Inside us. I remember
The lion, the enormous peacocks
Bristling on the palace lawn, and the ox
Raging, wild-eyed, swinging the beard of wolves
Hanging at his throat, desire
Frozen in a moment of blood and speed,
And the moment fades, effective and resolved.

I believe we're approaching the essence
Of pure idea, all the lost energies of the world
Released formally in the mind. It becomes
A kind of grieving at last,
The beginning of peace as we congregate
In our brilliant white rooms, cool
And exhausted, like angels starving on sugar.

—RICHARD COLE

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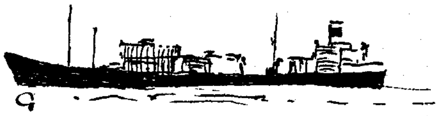
Chris, who knew there was something wrong with a long silence, stood up on the two phone books in his chair and began climbing over laps on his side of the table until he reached her and waited to be hugged.

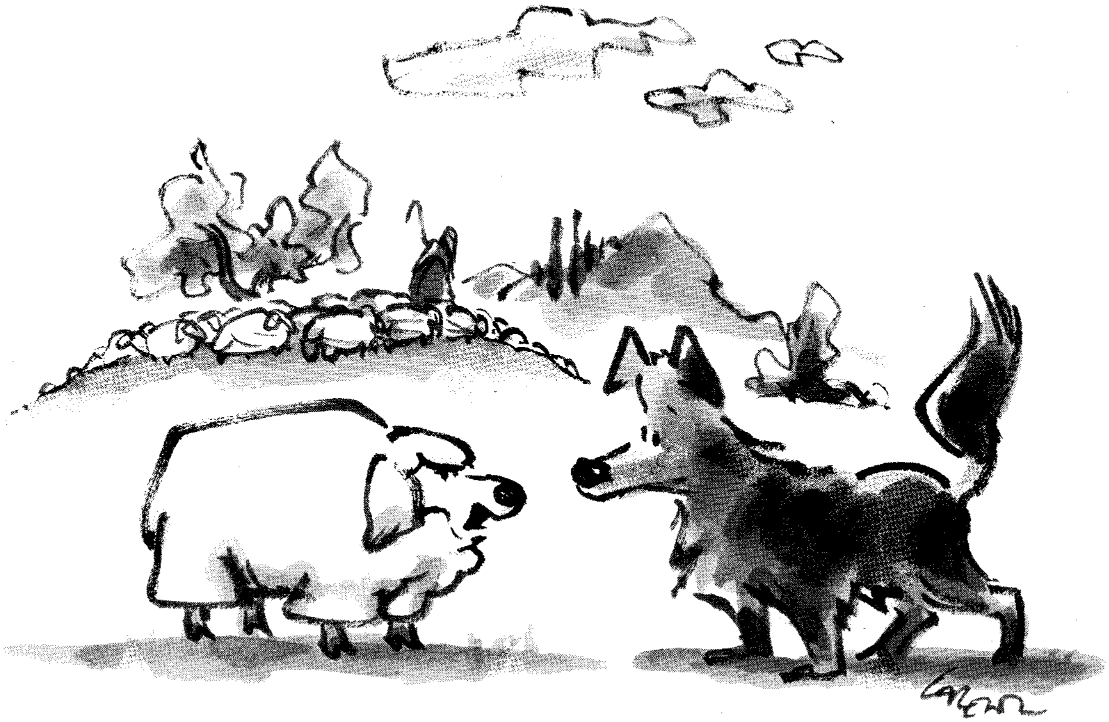
"Young lady," Mrs. Elliot said to Caroline, "you owe someone an apology," but Janice was already leaving for the kitchen, Chris in her arms.

WHEN the fire came, there was time to go all through the rooms to make sure they were empty. Two of the boys had been playing with the dimmer switch again, ignoring their mother's order to stop. Once everyone knew the switch controlled not just the chandelier but the outlets in Patrick's room upstairs, they had plagued him with blackouts and dimouts and staccato bursts of light and dark. If he quit his room for relief, others would go up to take turns being teased in his place, and the game rang through the house: "They're on! They're off!"



Most of them were in the yard when Mrs. Elliot saw smoke coming from under the eaves. The children had just been given garden chores when their mother screamed, "The house!" Mr. Elliot raced inside to the telephone and the rest of them scattered in and around their home, looking for the fire.

AFTERWARD, Janice recalled that when she yelled at all of them, "Come back from there!" she was holding Chris's hand. Then she had left him in the front yard with Brad and Billy, warning them all to



“Must you bark at people like that?”

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stay right where they were while she and Mrs. Elliot went back inside to clear the house of any others.

Mrs. Elliot said that when she came back out the first time she counted all nine children but Janice was still inside. Then Mr. Elliot came out and told them the fire must be behind the walls upstairs, that it wasn’t too bad yet, that he couldn’t see flame. He and his wife went in for another look.

When Janice came out the kitchen door she counted only seven in the yard. Caroline, she was told, had taken Sally and gone for the neighbors. Still no sound of fire engines. When the parents came out again, smoke was billowing from the attic vent. Mrs. Elliot was very upset not to be able to see all nine children at once. Her husband said he was going in one more time to make double sure the missing pair hadn’t gone back inside. “Don’t move,” he said. “Don’t let anyone out of your sight.”

But Mrs. Elliot became frightened, thinking he was too long in the house, and she went in again to find him. Flame came out a front dormer. Some of them ran to see what was happening in back, ignoring Janice, who followed, scolding.

When Mr. Elliot came out he was momentarily blinded and hardly able to speak. The volunteer firemen were telling his wife to lie down until she could breathe normally again. They didn’t think they could get inside; they were going to spray through the windows. Janice was counting, trying to make eight become nine.

“She’s not making sense,” Mrs. Elliot gasped at her husband. “Now she’s talking about horses.”

Janice was trying to say horses have returned to their stalls in burning barns. When they understood, the family went racing around the yard, while Janice stood right in front and called out, “Chris, I want you to come here right now!”

While their house was being rebuilt, the Elliots turned their disaster into another fable about Janice. Never mind Tommy and his frightful wiring job. “Can you believe *her*? The way she rallied the children and then stood there at the front door, ordering the house to give back Chris?”

“Don’t make me out a saint,” she told Mrs. Elliot.

They had figured out how Chris had made himself invisible, crouching between the heat pumps at the back. When he heard Janice calling, he had come directly toward her voice, pushing through the back door, where firemen had refused to enter. The wind rushing in behind must have carried him forward, making a tunnel of fresh air for him under the smoke as he moved past the flaming staircase. Moments later the front door blew open and they saw him coming over the threshold, stumbling forward into Janice’s arms.

Janice was leaving them, but they didn’t believe it. Yes, she said, this time, instead of promising which year it would be, Tommy had said which day in July. But Tommy hadn’t shown his face to them since the fire. What she wanted, Janice said, was for the new living room to be the chapel. Her father would come over from Martinsburg with the champagne, to give her away. Lorraine would be maid of honor.

“She’s *making* her wedding happen,” Mrs. Elliot told her husband. “It’s too sad. The boy doesn’t even call. He could make her very unhappy.”

Janice had told them where they’d all stand during the service and which hymns they’d sing; the children would make a beautiful choir. She was doing her own dress. They had no choice but to get the house ready and have the justice of the peace on hand.

On the wedding morning she was still arranging. Sally, the flower girl, was to walk as slowly as she knew how. No fighting over the bouquet, and Mrs. Elliot’s crying was “only confusing the little ones.”

“Popcorn instead of rice,” Janice said, “because as soon as you throw it rice disappears.” After champagne and cake, when Janice had gone to change into travelling slacks, Tommy lined the escape route through the front hall with children, pouring the popcorn into their hands, telling them, “This is the way you bliss the bride.”

—John Rolfe Gardiner

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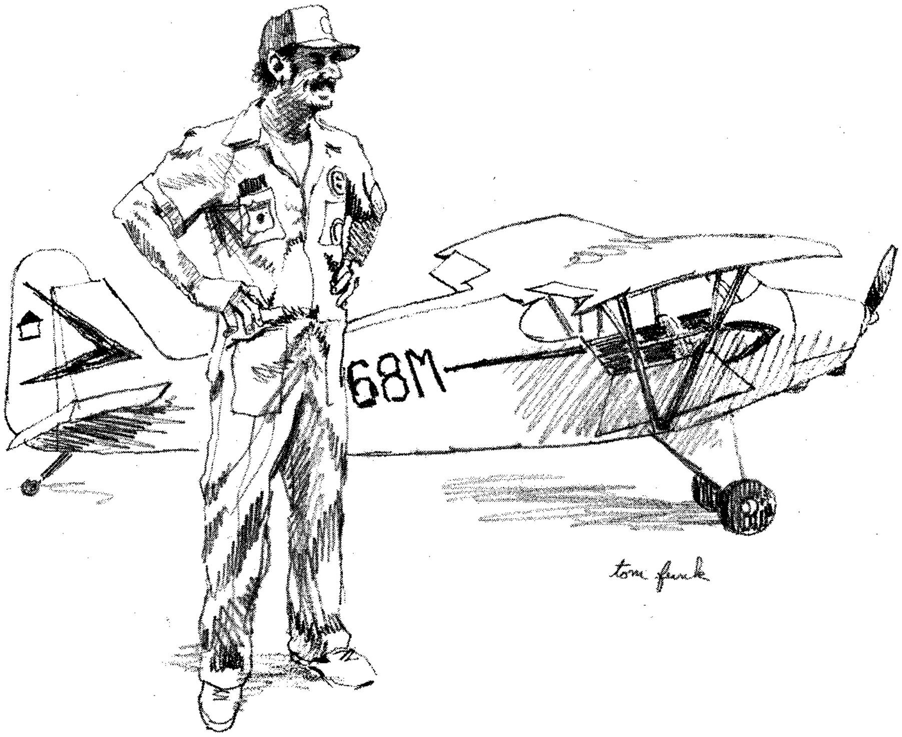
WHAT PAPER D’YA READ?

In the West, the long-serving foreign minister was known as “Mr. Iron Pants” because of his technique of conducting endless negotiations without yielding on significant points.—*Washington Post.*

Nicknamed Old Stonebottom for his dour persistence in pursuing Soviet objectives, Mr. Molotov was described by Churchill as a “cold-blooded, ruthless man of outstanding ability.”—*The Times, same day.*

PROFILES

AEROBAT



Stanley J. Segalla

WHEN powered heavier-than-air flight began, in the first years of this century, the big trick was simply to remain airborne as long as possible. Of the four free flights that Orville and Wilbur Wright piloted on December 17, 1903, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina—the first tentative excursions into the air by a man-carrying, engine-driven machine—the longest was an evanescent fifty-nine seconds. It wasn't until almost two years later, after a good deal of experimentation and tinkering, that the Wright brothers were able to keep their latest flying machine in the air for as long as thirty-eight consecutive minutes. During that remarkable flight, their airplane ascended and descended at the pilot's will, and, more important, it flew a circular course. It actually *turned*, and the second big trick had been performed.

Once the world realized that a flying machine could be directed—that it wasn't destined to go only in a straight line or to be shoved about by the wind's caprice—the possibilities seemed limitless. The "wondrous freak," as it was called, was suddenly more than just a dangerous hobby or an obsession; it had practical advantages, too. As aircraft controls and engines were improved—especially by the competitive European aviation pioneers—speed, distance, and carrying capacity increased. In 1909, Louis Blériot flew his skeletal monoplane across the English Channel from Calais to Dover in thirty-seven minutes, proving that airplanes could go from one point to another faster than, say, a ship. Another Frenchman, Henri Farman, flew his biplane on similar odysseys. The Farman biplane had a revolutionary innovation—primitive ailerons, or hinged sections of the wings, which enabled the pilot to bank and turn with comparative ease. Previously, airplanes could bank and keep their lateral balance aloft only by inefficient forced warping of the wings. The Farman system—a control stick for operating the elevator and the ailerons, and a foot bar for moving the rudder—became standardized, and it is basically the control system used in light aircraft today. The freedom that came with such control inspired the adventurers of early aviation to experiment with radical maneuvers; as a result, the art or sport or theatrics of aerobatics—aerial acrobatics—was born.

What these adventurers performed were called "stunts," and the "stunt fliers," with their attendant publicity, caught the public imagination and drew large crowds to their exhibitions. The stunt flier was aviation's equivalent of the daring young man on the flying trapeze, but his tricks were bigger and better. A disciple of the Wright brothers, Walter Brookins, helped found the Wright Exhibition Company, in 1910. Brookins thrilled audiences at fairgrounds with steep banks and spiral dives—commonplace maneuvers today, readily accomplished by every licensed private pilot, but considered then to be the acts of a madman. The Wrights' main American competitor, Glenn Curtiss, established a rival band of stunt fliers in Hammondsport, New York, his home town. The Curtiss Exhibition Company featured Lincoln Beachey, who was billed as the world's greatest aerial daredevil. Beachey was more showman than technician. His heart-stopping vertical plunges, from which he pulled out at the last possible second, and his airplane-vs.-automobile races against Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker made him a rich man before he died, in 1915, when he ran out of airspace while attempting to recover from a dive over the Pan-Pacific Exposition grounds, in San Francisco. The public ate up such spectaculars, tragedy or no. Much of the draw was the distinct possibility that the frail aircraft and their harebrained pilots wouldn't make it down in one piece. The public was not often disappointed.

Meanwhile, the more serious, and less wealthy, aerobats were experimenting with equally perilous maneuvers, many of them unintentional. For instance, one day in 1911 a British pilot named Fred Raynham flew his Avro biplane through some British fog, became disoriented, and found himself in a dreaded spin. The spin—a stall that degenerates into an uncontrolled, whirling helix, with the airplane rolling, pitching, and yawing all at once—was the grand enigma of young aviation, a treacherous unknown that ended many a flying career. Raynham pulled out of the spin, but he didn't know how he had accomplished that feat. The answer came within a year, when another British pilot, Lieutenant Wilfred Parke, of the Royal Navy, managed to get his

Avro biplane into similar straits. Parke's spin was to the left. With some remarkable instant experimentation, he applied rudder in the direction of the spin, which only tightened the helix. He then pressed the right rudder bar, and the airplane magically stopped spinning. Parke recovered control fifty feet above the ground, ultimately landing safely. He had solved the spin enigma for all time: use opposite rudder to the direction of the spin.

Pioneer aviators sometimes found themselves accidentally flying upside down, after wind gusts had flipped their flimsy craft over or they had misapplied the controls. Amazingly, the airplanes tended to right themselves from inverted flight. This anomaly led aerobatic pilots to consider attempting what seemed to be the impossible maneuver—the loop, in which the airplane sequentially passes through a climb, inverted flight, a dive, and a return to level flight. By 1913, looping had become the enigma to solve, and an unofficial race was on to execute it successfully. The winner was an officer in the Imperial Russian Air Service, Lieutenant Peter Nikolaevich Nesterov. In August of 1913, he decided on his own to give the wild stunt a try. From an altitude of about eighteen hundred feet, he dived his seventy-horsepower Nieuport IV toward an aerodrome near Kiev, pulled back the control stick, felt the positive-gravity and centrifugal forces weigh down his body and draw the blood from his brain, hovered inverted, and recovered to level flight, thus describing a complete circle. He lived to tell the story—and to be reprimanded by the Czarist military for recklessness and endangering government property.

A Frenchman named Adolphe Pégoud was also flirting with the loop, in a fifty-horsepower Blériot. A month after Nesterov's unrewarded achievement, Pégoud performed exactly the same loop—in fact, several loops—before a horrified assembly at an aerodrome in Buc. He offered encores of a half-roll recovery, spirals, tail slides, an S dive, and, some claim, complete diving rolls. Like Nesterov, he lived to tell the story, but his reception on the ground was happier. He was an instant national hero, although the French military later banned "Pégoud-ing" after less talented imitators crashed. Both Pégoud and Nesterov were killed in aerial combat during the First World War. Pégoud, who was paid as much as nine thousand dollars a day for aerobatic displays, was an incorrigible hotspur right up to his death. He thought nothing of downing an entire roast chicken and a bottle of champagne before a performance, and he prepared for the stress of sustained inverted flight by having his Blériot mounted upside down on trestles and remaining strapped in the cockpit for long periods. He was one of the first French aces of the war, shooting down six enemy aircraft before he himself fell. Nesterov, equally impetuous, became an early battle casualty by deliberately ramming an Austrian airplane over Galicia.

Once word of Nesterov's and Pégoud's accomplishments had spread, "looping the loop" was all the rage. It was headline-making stuff for the showmen. To the public, the stunt was far more enthralling than new speed and distance records or new aircraft designs. At exhibitions throughout America, stunt fliers like Lincoln Beachey and Art ("The Boy Birdman of Ft. Wayne") Smith attempted consecutive loops, nigh-impossible outside loops (with the cockpit on the outside of the circle, rather than on the inside), nighttime loops with accompanying pyrotechnics, full rolls, spins, and skywriting. In Europe, there were the popular Ballet Aérien; the first aerobatic match for prize money; and special loop-the-loop exhibitions for potentates, the stunt fliers sometimes inviting comely chorus girls or celebrities like Winston Churchill along for the ride. The Europeans loved these flying circuses as much as the Americans did. Among the more dedicated spectators were the generals and armament-makers, who were about to go to war.

Suddenly, all the show-biz stunt-

" 'God forbid, God forbid'? Is that to be your sole contribution to this discussion?"

EXPECTANCY

(Japan Baptist Hospital, Kyoto)

One by one, we shuffle in
and take a quiet seat beneath
admonitory posters. Here's
Mrs. Shimoda, who, to judge from
her pink, quilted jumper appliquéd
with rabbits, and a fuzzy, enormous purse
emblazoned with cartoon characters,

appears to be in some confusion
as to whether she's going to have a baby
or (a greater miracle) become one;
and here's sorrowful Mrs. Fukumoto,
who hasn't looked well in weeks. Of course
I'm guessing—I'm a newcomer here,
and as the nurse calls out each name

just a touch louder than necessary,
in a kindly, patronizing singsong,
I flinch. Thermometer under tongue,
blood pressure measured, I can clearly see
a needle creeping on the hateful scale
where serene Mrs. Oh, five months along,
checks in at less than I at two.

Yet don't I, in fact, want to feel the weight
of waiting once again? The way
(years ago) each birthday took years to arrive . . .
Oh to be sixteen at last, to drive,
to come home past eleven! To loosen
the hold of parents who'd grown to fear
time as a thing they only got less of,
while you knew, yourself, it was stored within.
Too early, I know, I begin to imagine
how the baby turns in its own waiting room,
as restlessly as I now turn
a health-book page in a half-learned language:
Let's guard against (illegible);
be sure to (illegible) *every day!*

But here's the man who can read it all:
the doctor—handsome, young, a bit proud,
as if the father of all our children—
billows in on a white, open-coated sail
and, bowing to us with nautical
briskness, takes the time to wish
the mates a benevolent good morning.

We murmur in kind; then, in a hush,
some dozen heads in unison
swivel to follow his form until
it vanishes behind a door.
Daily, I think, women just like us
are found normal there. Who shall be the first?
It's Mrs. Hino—although the nurse

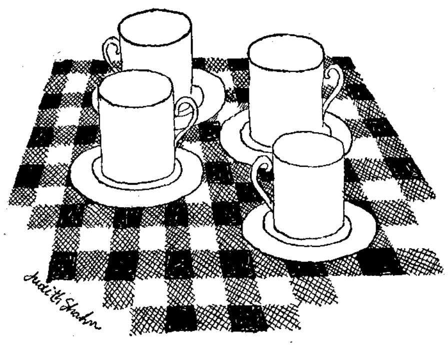
has to call her twice, across the length
of eight abstracted months. She rises
slowly, resting, in a universal
gesture I've only begun to read,
one hand on the swell below her breasts
as though what's borne within
were here, and could be taken in her arms.

—Mary Jo Salter

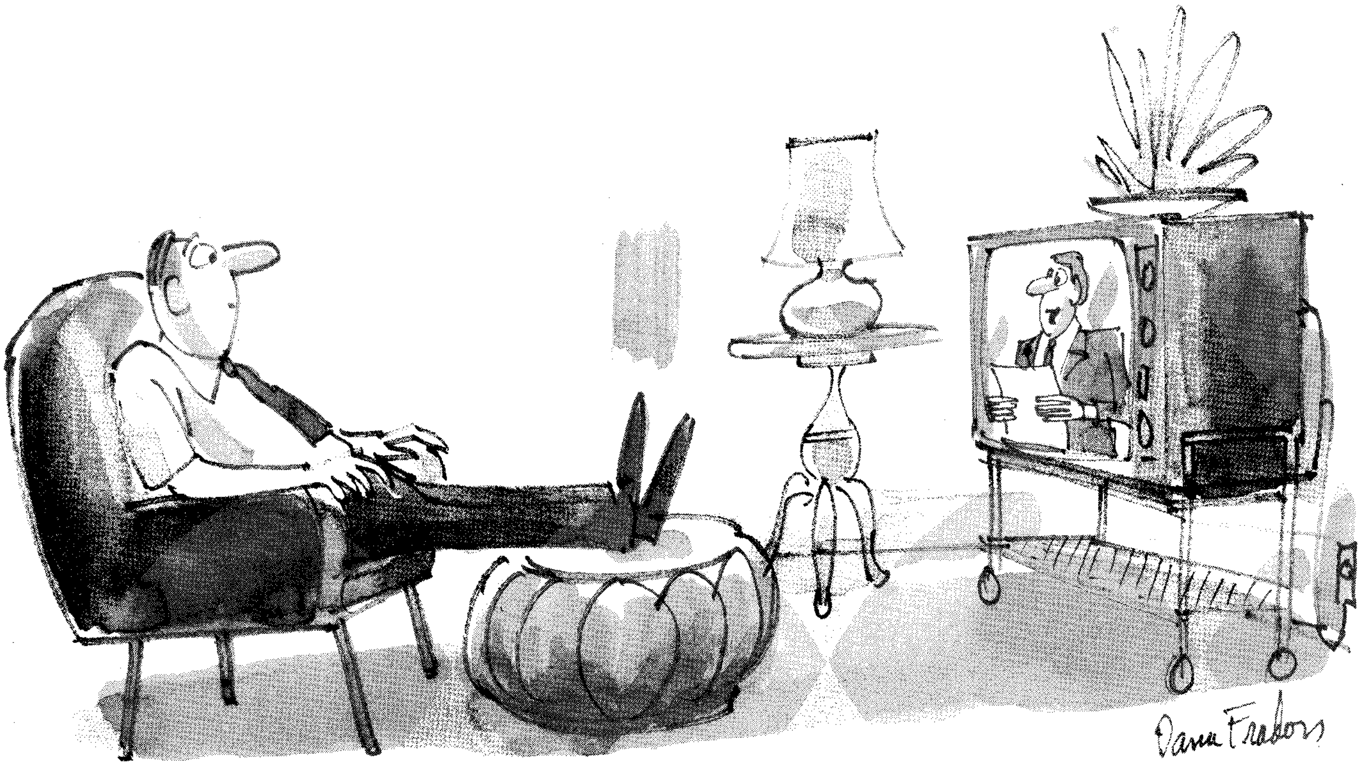
• •

ing paid off in ghastly practicality. The airplane proved itself to be a tool of war, first as a reconnaissance device and eventually as a fighter and bomber. Warplanes were designed, manufactured, and sent off to battle within the space of a few months; the Fokkers, Bristols, Spads, Handley Pages, Nieuports, Jennys, Sopwiths, Morane-Saulniers, and Avros quickly became legends as the machines and the men who flew them fell in frightening numbers. The stunt fliers of the prewar years were the instructors and aces in their nations' armies, and they lost no opportunity to invent new tricks: the Immelmann turn (an abrupt climbing turn); the English bunt (a half outside loop with a half-slow-roll recovery); the *vrille* (a quick spin to a new heading); the *virage* (a short inverted dive); and a variety of tighter, increasingly daring loops, rolls, spins, and inversions. After the war, the aces who made it home were the new heroes. All over the United States, Eddie Rickenbacker, Jimmy Doolittle, Carl Spaatz, and William Wellman, among others, were in demand at exhibitions to perform mock dogfights, formation aerobatics, and assorted stunts.

Aviation blossomed like ragweed in August. Engineers designed aircraft that were faster, bigger, and capable of flying longer distances than anyone had ever imagined possible, and pilots to test these airplanes became the new technician-aerobats. Still, the other side of aerobatics—stunt flying for thrills and profit—continued to titillate the public. With war-surplus Jennys available at bargain prices (more than ten thousand were produced during the war), any fledgling pilot could go into show business for himself, barnstorming at carnivals and selling short rides to the more intrepid rubes. Wing walking, rope-ladder pickups, ribbon cutting at ground level, wing-to-wing transfers, and even an aerial mock tennis game were the latest stunts—anything to shake loose good coin from the crowd. Just watching somebody loop the loop was no longer enough; flying-circus higglers promoted marathon looping. Up and up went the record for consecutive loops, until Charles (Speed) Holman topped it off with fourteen hundred and thirty-three in 1930. (It was said that eyelids tend to weaken after about a hundred loops, so some pilots would use adhesive tape to hold their lids up.) Madcap fliers were officially welcomed into the show-business fraternity as stuntmen for the movies. Dick Grace, a war pilot, literally broke his neck crashing crates into trees, rooftops, and other crates in the filming of William Wellman's "Wings." Women, too, got into the act, demonstrating to adoring audiences the same derring-do as the men.



After Charles Lindbergh's solo flight from New York to Paris, in



"The press today hopped on both Mondale and Reagan and fifteen candidates for the Senate, a hundred and thirty-five for the House, and seven for governor, and toward the end of the day were hopping on each other."

• •

May of 1927, aviation took on a more sober demeanor. Government regulations, improved technology, and new job opportunities reformed a lot of stunt fliers into conscientious aerobatic aviators. The Germans were particularly keen on serious aerobatics, because the Versailles Treaty had restricted them to slow, basic aircraft; one way for the demilitarized Germans to keep up with advances in aerial tactics was to encourage their aerobats—among them Ernst Udet, a First World War ace and later a Luftwaffe general, and Rudolf Hess, whose ultimate stunt flight, to Scotland in 1941, astonished the world. Indeed, aerobats all over Europe were training for what was looming as the biggest international aerial competition of all. In America, Jimmy Doolittle was typical of the stunt flier turned aerobat. After earning a doctorate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he involved himself in aeronautical research and testing, perfecting the difficult outside loop and helping to establish the fighter and the bomber as crucial instruments of warfare. When world war came again, the aerobats had refined their skill into a cruel art form.

Today, both military and civilian aerobatics must meet exacting standards. In international competitions, the complex Aresti aerocryptographics system delineates thousands of maneuver variations within defined airspace and assigns scoring points for each. With the continuing popularity of private flying (the high cost of aircraft and fuel notwithstanding), aerobatics has become a participant sport for many pilots. The barnstormers of today—working mainly in the West, where they put on impromptu shows in the desert—are viewed with a certain disdain by contemporary aerobats, who perform in severe competitions and at regulated air shows. Yet there's a bit of the show-biz spirit in even the most committed practitioners of the strange, perilous art—for instance, Stanley John Segalla, of Canaan, Connecticut.

STANLEY SEGALLA, who is fifty-nine years old, plies the trade of construction contractor, in partnership with his twenty-four-year-old son, Billy. That's how they earn their money. But what both Stanley and Billy really like to do is fly small airplanes in fantastic configurations for fun at air shows, which have been on the upswing in recent years. They are two of the main attractions of Northeast Airshows, an aviation-packaging outfit—a sort of latter-day flying circus—that provides thrills for spectators at fairs and exhibitions from May through October. Stanley also does some free-lance flying, mainly at the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome, in Rhinebeck, New York. For the past two decades, he has specialized in something called the Flying Farmer Act—an aerial vaudeville routine in which he plays the role of a hick dairy farmer who accidentally finds himself alone at the controls of a Piper Super Cub.

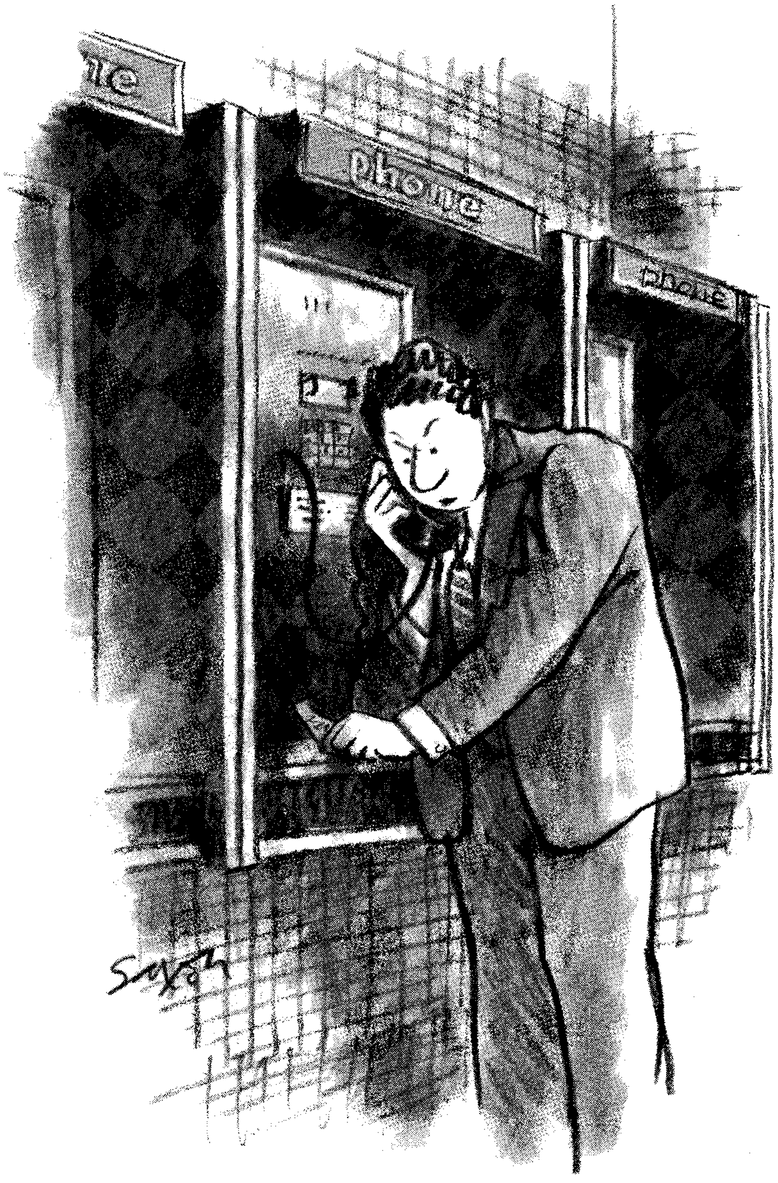
"The originator of the Flying Farmer Act is probably unknown," Alan Loncto, the director and public-address narrator of Northeast Airshows, told me. "The routine has been around for about fifty years. Everybody loves it—especially the kids. I remember the first time I ever saw the act, when I was only twelve, I really believed that some crazy farmer stole an airplane and flew away with it. I swallowed the whole thing, and so does about sixty or seventy per cent of the audience at my shows—at the outset, anyway. From the beginning of the show, Stanley makes a real pain in the neck of himself as this farmer who wants a ride in an airplane. Once, a policeman was so badly fooled he wanted to arrest Stanley, and we had to do some fast explaining. It takes a lot of stage-setting by Stanley and me to build up the suspense. Of course, before too long they all know he's really one hell of a pilot. He better be. In the farmer act, he's almost always flying on the edge of a stall. He gets that sucker flying sideways, diving, looping, standing on its tail—doing everything but spitting nickels. It's one of the hardest acts in the business, but Stanley makes it look simple. And remember, his airplane is just a stock Super Cub. He's probably the greatest Cub pilot ever—and one hell of a nice guy."

Since becoming acquainted with the Segallas last summer, I had heard several similar tributes to Stanley and his talents from his colleagues. In fact, the harshest criticism I heard was "He's always talking a blue streak"—an observation immediately followed by "But he talks good, doesn't he?" He does. Stanley Segalla is almost as famous for his non-stop anecdotes as he is for his practically non-stop aviating. The funny thing is that he talks like a farmer, with a clipped, rough twang straight out of rural Connecticut. His weathered, tanned face, topped by a redneck cap, complements the bucolic image. Only his penetrating brown Italian eyes, his dark mustache and sideburns, and his trim, muscular frame give him the dash of an intrepid aerobat.

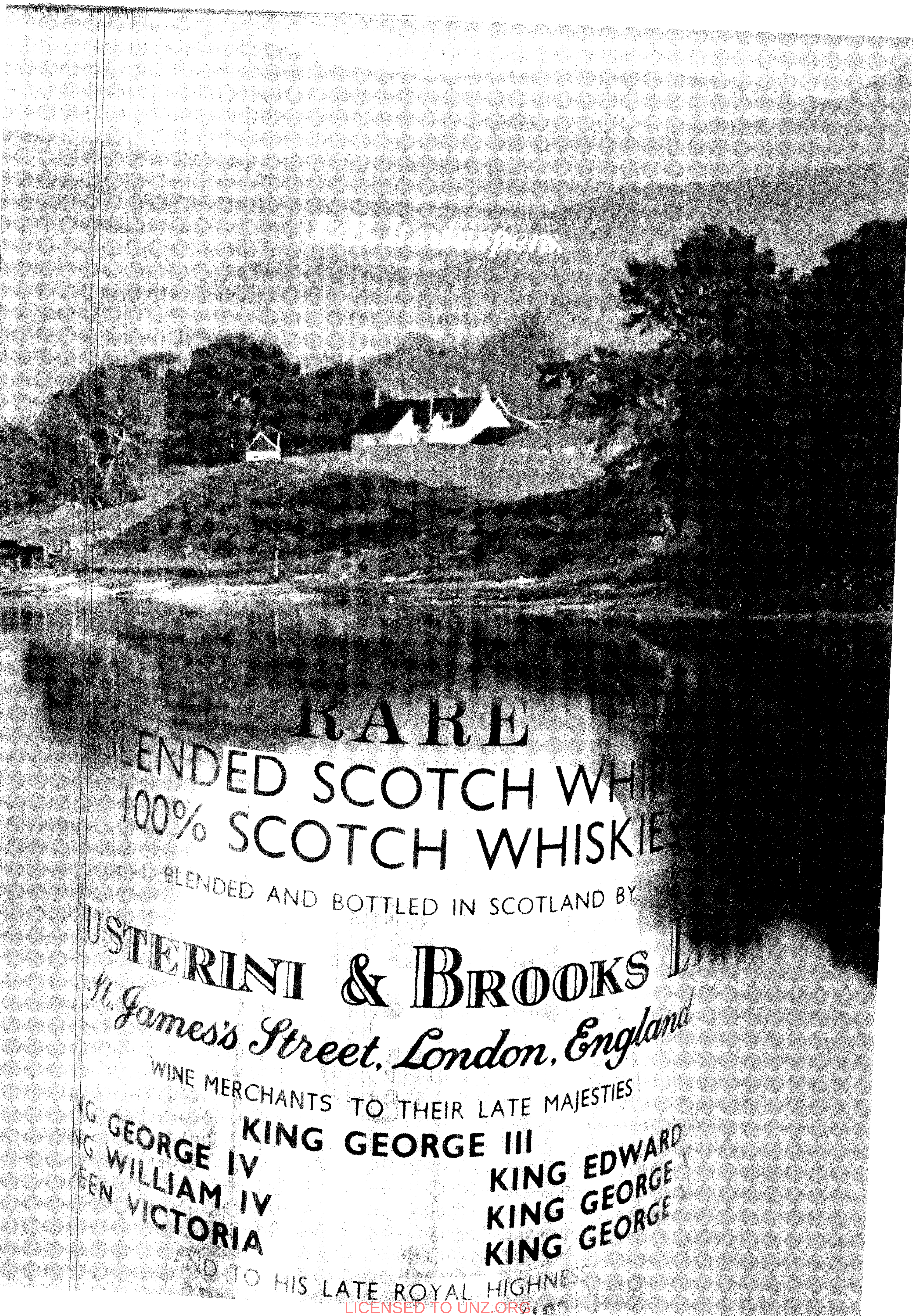
Stanley didn't come by his aviation skills in the military, or out of family tradition. He more or less stumbled into flying. I asked him recently to tell me the story of his life, and he immediately did just that. "I was born right here in Canaan, on December 9, 1924," he said, in what I've come to think of as his Gatling-gun conversational style. "My father, he was named Achille, he came to America when he was fifteen, from a small town near Venice. You see, his brother Giovanni—or John, which is my middle name, because I'm named after him—he came first and was a logger in Canaan. Uncle John made charcoal for the iron furnaces in the area. Later, he was a farmer. My father worked for Uncle John, and then he met my mother, Jennie, who was born in Canaan. She worked in the De Barbieri grocery store. They had ten children—five boys and five girls. Three of the boys died young, of muscular dystrophy, and I'm the older of the living boys—the third oldest of all the children. When I was in school, I worked on the farm for Uncle John, too—from six in the morning till school began, at eight, and then afterward till six at night. I always knew how to work hard.

"My schooling stopped in 1941, when I quit high school to join the Army. I was sixteen, and I spent four years in the Fifth Infantry Division, mostly as a mechanic. Saw some action around Halle, there, in Germany, but then I twisted my spine and was six months in a hospital until I was discharged, in 1945. That's about when I met Ann—Finnegan was her maiden name, and she came from Lee, Massachusetts—and we were married in 1946. Now we have three boys, two girls, and seven grandchildren. All in all, there are at least a hundred of us Segallas in Canaan—Republicans, Democrats, tradesmen, constables (which I was for twenty-four years)—and, with all these Segallas, they never even named a street after us. Anyway, back then, when I was just married, I had to work somewhere, so I got a job as a union carpenter, putting in a new kitchen at The Hotchkiss School, over there in Lakeville. I was paid one dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents an hour, but I guess the dollar went farther then. We got by. I remember there was an ex-B-17 pilot that was my assistant.

"After two years of being a carpenter, I started my own business, mowing lawns and fixing up mowers. My wife helped out. I had five cemeteries to mow, under contract. From five till eight in the morning, I'd repair mowers, then I'd mow, and from six to eleven at night I'd repair some more. In winter, we'd plow snow. Built my own house by myself for six thousand dollars on my father's Canaan property, and added rooms for the kids as



"Hello? Kidder, Peabody? I just found a note in my wallet that says 'Northwest Gas & Electric.' Am I too late?"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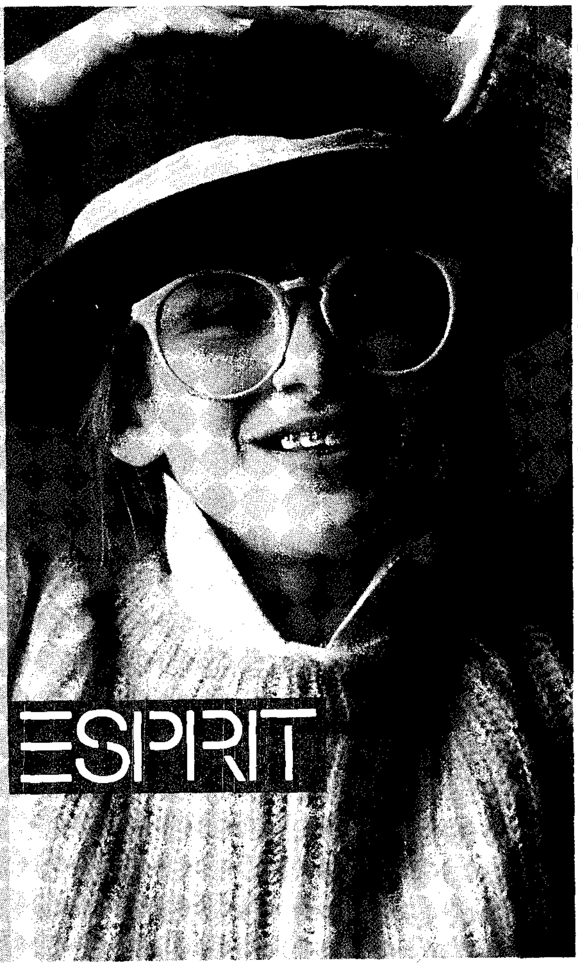


they came along. You see, I had this mechanical aptitude, I guess you'd call it. I could always fix anything and make it work good. Loved to tinker. Always did."

Stanley paused to catch his breath, and I asked him how he got into flying airplanes.

"The funny thing was, all that time I had no interest in flying," he answered. "But in 1950 I started getting interested in model airplanes as a hobby—you know, building them from kits, fixing up the engines. I flew them with something called U-Control, which gives you the feel of really flying an airplane. I liked that, but it was as far as my flying, so-called, went, since I didn't have any spare cash for bigger things. Then, one day, I got to talking with a man named Roger Newkirk. He was an undertaker in Canaan and also the president of one of those cemeteries I did mowing for. Mr. Newkirk had bought himself a Taylorcraft, with a sixty-five-horsepower Continental engine, and then he took flying lessons from an instructor up in Great Barrington, just north of Canaan. He got his private license, but he decided that he wanted more of an airplane, so he asked me if I wanted to buy the Taylorcraft for seven hundred dollars. I sure wanted to, but where was I going to get seven hundred dollars? Mr. Newkirk said he'd take a hundred a month out of my cemetery-mowing pay, like an installment plan, and that's how I became the owner of a Taylorcraft in Great Barrington. But I still had to learn to fly the damned thing. That turned out to be easy, thanks to my U-Control practice with the models. I paid an instructor for only four hours of dual time, and then I soloed. After forty hours, I got my private license, and I haven't stopped flying since."

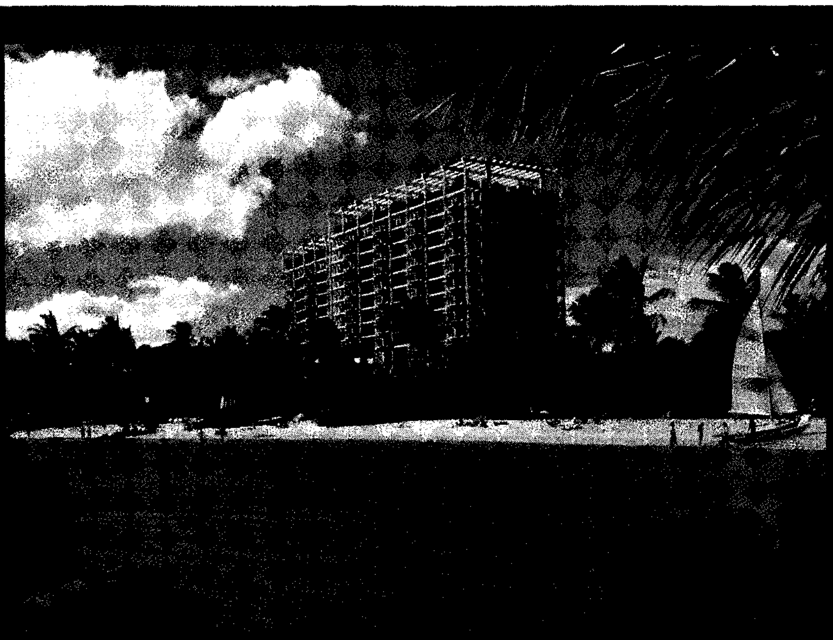
But what did his wife, Ann, have to say about an airplane coming into the family?

"Well, she didn't approve at all," Stanley said. "Not that there was much she could do about it. I just came home and told her we owned an airplane. She went on weekend trips with me—to Martha's Vineyard and places like that—but she never really caught the bug. Later on, she refused to fly at all. 'One of us has to be around for the kids,' she said."

From the first, Stanley was what is known in aviation circles as "a natural pilot." His mechanical aptitude, combined with remarkable depth perception ("I amazed them when they gave me that depth-perception test in the Army") and total fearlessness of flying, helped him to become a master of his new calling. He has logged more than thirteen thousand hours of flying time, and over the years, as he has prospered in his construction business, he has owned a total of thirty-three single-engine airplanes. "My greatest buy was an old Howard DGA-17," he said, "which was a low-wing monoplane with plywood wings, two open cockpits, and a hundred-and-twenty-five-horsepower Kinner engine. I bought it from a guy in East Greenbush, New York, up there near Albany, for seventy-five dollars. Seventy-five dollars! He wanted eighty-five, but I told him I needed ten dollars for gas to fly it home. Only three cylinders were working on that flight home, but I made it. Nice airplane. I also bought a J-3 Cub once, for two hundred and sixty-five. Now, there was a deal!"

As Stanley amassed aircraft, he found he needed a convenient place to put them. Typically, he just went ahead and built his own small grass airfields—first, an eleven-hundred-foot strip on his cousin Fred's land in Canaan, and, later, a twenty-eight-hundred-foot strip on rented land in North Canaan. In 1970, Stanley and five other light-aircraft enthusiasts bought that North Canaan land, enlarging the grass runway to thirty-one hundred feet and constructing a bona-fide, if ramshackle, private airport, complete with small hangars and an operations building. Stanley and his partners base their fleet of light airplanes there and allow the Nutmeg Soaring Association to use it for its gliders and tow planes.

With his own landing strip, several aircraft, and a compulsion to fly in new, daring ways, Stanley drifted into aerobatics. "When I began flying, it was definitely not in the back of my mind to do aerobatics," he said. "What happened was, I was up there one day in my clipped-wing Cub and I started playing around. Before I knew it, I was doing a loop. Then I was doing a roll, and suddenly I was an aerobatic pilot. I never had so much as one hour of aerobatic instruction. I learned by reading about it in a book and going up and trying out what I read. It's a hell of a way to learn, I'll admit, but it worked. The margin for error is not as small as it seems, if you got the stuff, the right airplane, and you're careful. For me, it was like a guy with a good boat, who goes out



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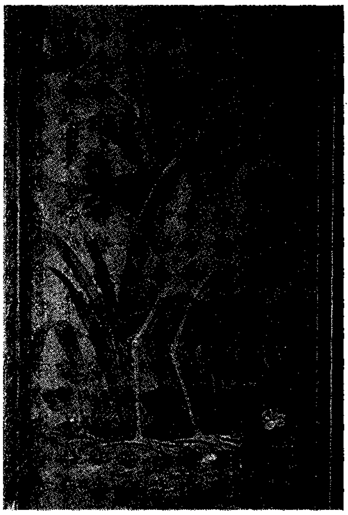
farther and farther to sea, as a kind of challenge to himself. Of course, that's not true of every pilot—most are satisfied with what they're doing, just flying regular. But I was never really satisfied unless I could keep on doing something different, testing myself and my airplane to see what we could both take before getting torn apart. Just going on a cross-country hop was sort of boring. It's the same with my son Billy."

Billy—who is a youthful mirror image of his father, with a more sensitive face and longer hair—was already flying, so to speak, when most kids are learning to walk. He began his aviation career at the startling age of three and a half years, when Stanley constructed for his son's amusement an airplanelike contraption out of two-by-fours, stretched Irish linen, and a Clinton lawnmower engine with a tiny, homemade propeller. With Billy at the simple controls, the thing rose a mighty eight inches off the ground. (In a weak moment, Stanley later sold the machine. All he has left to remind him of Billy's marvellous toy is a faded, dog-eared photograph.) Billy soloed, illegally, at the age of ten. "I had a couple of pillows under me, and I just took Dad's Super Cub up alone one day," he told me. "I already had an unlogged—because I was underage—three hundred hours of dual instruction by then, so I knew what I was doing. On my sixteenth birthday, I soloed legally, and did some aerobatics. We sent that statistic off to the 'Guinness Book of World Records' people, and we're hoping they'll print it as the youngest-aerobatic-pilot entry."

After graduating from the Housatonic Valley Regional High School, in 1978, Billy thought about trying for an appointment to the United States Air Force Academy. Instead, he attended Southern Connecticut State College, in New Haven, for a year, dropped out, and joined his father in both the construction business and the aerobatics business. He performs a solo act at air shows in his fully aerobatic Pitts Special S-1S and teams up with two other pilots, Pete Esposito and Russ Gage, for a triple-plane exhibition. Besides his commercial-pilot's certificate, he has earned a Federal Aviation Administration Statement of Competency that permits him to execute aerobatic maneuvers down to ground level. Billy has gained a growing reputation for his skills, and one day he would like to enter the major



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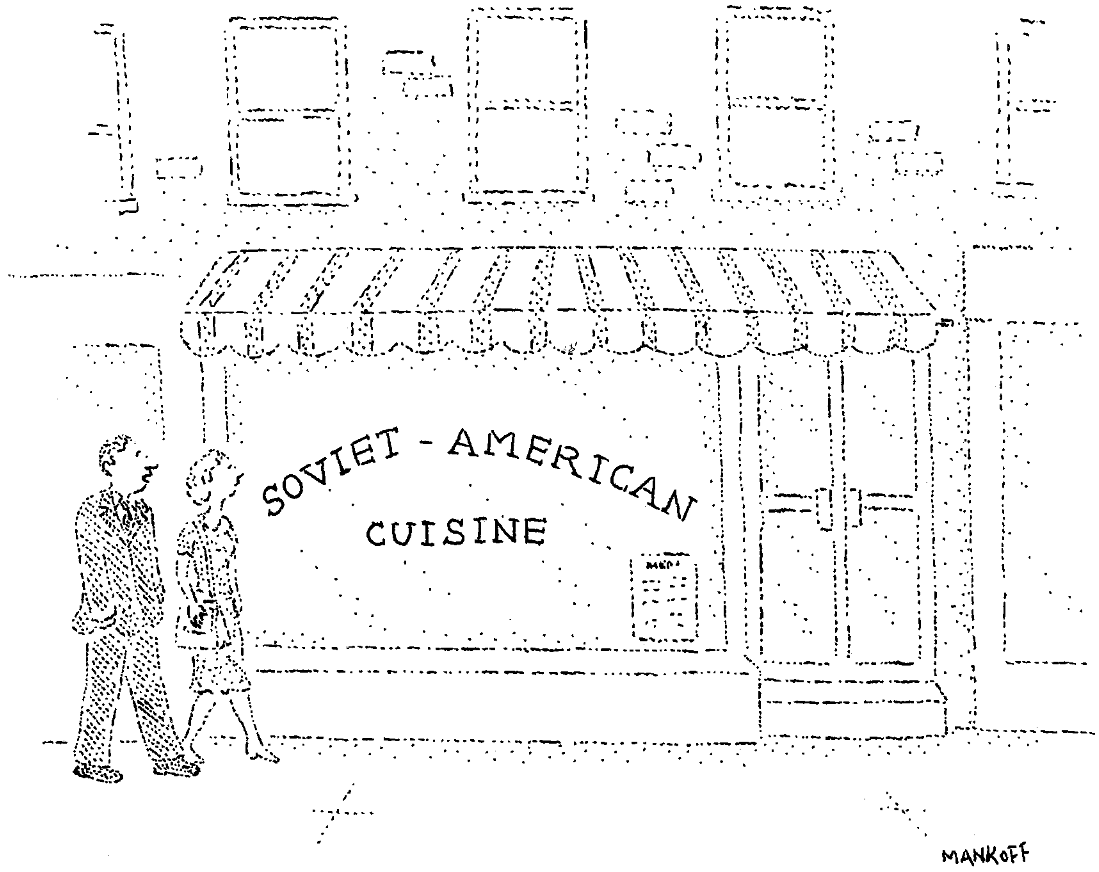
aerobatic competitions.

"Maybe it's crazy," Billy said to me, "but you either love doing aerobatics or you don't. Dad took me up in the Cub when I was a little kid and did loops and spins without first telling me what he was going to do. I loved it. He showed me how, and I just did it. I got more and more into it. I never had doubts or fears. If I did, it would be time to quit. My mother doesn't like it, of course, and my wife, Tammie, doesn't much like it, either—although she's done some aerobatic flying with me. But they'll never try to stop me, because they know I love it so."



"Well, that's a hopeful sign anyway."

THE current Federal Aviation Regulations define aerobatic flight as "an intentional maneuver involving an abrupt change in an aircraft's attitude, an abnormal attitude, or abnormal acceleration, not necessary for normal flight." By "abnormal attitude," the regulations mean a bank of sixty degrees or more, or a pitch angle (climb or dive) of thirty degrees or more. Given these definitions, to say that the Segallas aviate in an almost constant state of aerobatic flight is to say that a yogi stands on his head. At practice sessions and air shows, Billy—either solo or with one or both of the members of his team—performs the following extremely abnormal, and breathtaking, maneuvers:

A double snap roll during takeoff, at a hundred and thirty miles per hour, with smoke trailing from the exhaust. (The smoke is produced by a substance called Corvus oil, which is injected into a hot exhaust pipe.) The snap roll is, in effect, a rapid horizontal spin, in which the airplane revolves about its longitudinal axis while in a high-speed stall.

Inside loops, sometimes punctuated with a snap roll or two at the top of the arc.

Spins, at different velocities and in different dimensions, the number of revolutions precisely controlled.

Various forms of the slow roll and the barrel roll, inside and out.

Vertical rolls, as many as three in a row.

Sustained inverted flight.

Full "hesitation" rolls, in which the airplane halts for a second at various points during the roll: at each forty-five-degree mark in an eight-point hesitation roll; at each ninety-degree mark in a four-point version.

Knife-edge flight—a ninety-degree bank, occasionally culminating, almost at ground level, in the low wing's cutting a ribbon strung between two stanchions.

Square loops, the oxymorons of the repertoire, wherein the loop circle is squared.

Outside loops, during which the negative-G forces hold the blood in the brain, and which often cause the pilot to see red, literally. Billy once did ten consecutive outside loops during a practice session over Canaan.

Mock games of "chicken," in which Billy and one of his teammates streak toward each other at an altitude of about fifty feet on what appears to be a certain collision course. At the last second, each snap-rolls to his right, trailing Corvus-oil smoke.

Cuban Eights, the airplane looping horizontal figure eights, each loop ending at the waist of the eight with a half roll. An aviator named Len Povey improvised this maneuver during a 1936 Miami air show, while he was employed by Fulgencio Batista's government to train Cuban Air Force pilots—hence its name.

Tail slides, or whip stalls, in which the vertical is held until the airplane can no longer climb, whereupon it stalls, backs down on its tail, and finally whips over into a dive. Billy does an even more frightening version of this, called the torque roll: the airplane spins backward for a while, on its tail, before nosing over.

Hammerheads, or vertical climbs capped at the stalling point by a quick, pivoting turn that propels the airplane down the same path it took up.

And the *lomcovák* (a Czech word meaning "uncontrolled gyration"), which is perhaps the most stressful and dangerous of aerobatic tricks. Created by the ever-inventive Czechoslovakians, the *lomcovák* is a high-speed stall followed by an outside snap roll. The airplane then tumbles freely, twisting tail over propeller before plummeting into a vertical dive.

These maneuvers—which Stanley, in his day, also mastered, and several

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of which he still performs on occasion—must be executed within what aerobats call a "box;" that is, an ideal, prescribed zone of airspace, the length and width being not more than two thousand by four thousand feet for the most powerful aircraft. And to add to the degree of difficulty the lines must be straight, the curves symmetrical, and all the maneuvers harmonious and rhythmic. The tremendous concentration, despite sometimes total disorientation, and the attendant physical punishment make a fifteen-minute aerobatic routine the equivalent of playing an entire football game nonstop. In a sense, it is the most athletic of sports.

This intense strain was made abundantly clear to me not only while I was watching the Segallas do their routines in air shows but also, oddly enough, one evening last summer in Stanley's living room, at his pleasantly casual house in Canaan. His living room—unmistakably the quarters of a dedicated pilot, with its photographs, paintings, and mobiles of airplanes—features Stanley's latest toy: a video camera and recorder, which he uses to review the Segallas' air-show acts. With Stanley, his wife, their daughter Debra, and Billy huddled with me in front of the television set, I had the opportunity to see what was really going on and hear them talk about it at the same time. The videotape Stanley chose was of a recent air show in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

"I get a kick out of watching these tapes," Stanley said as the screen lit up with a sharp color shot of Billy's spiffy red-and-white Pitts Special biplane. "They have a practical use, too, because we can see where we made our errors and correct ourselves for the next time. And they're good advertisements. I take them down to stag parties and the Rotary—all those guys will want to come to see the shows, maybe. When Billy was first learning aerobatics, I sometimes used to talk to him on a little power-pack radio, and if he was shooting an outside loop or something, I'd tell him he's up on it or he's getting too low, or some other advice. One day, he was practicing over Canaan, and I was on the power-pack radio with him. I see his engine quit, so I tell him to let it out and coast back to the airport and make a dead-stick landing. After he landed, we found that some wasps had built a nest in the air-intake for the fuel vent, and it had made a vacuum in the tank. No air could get in, because of those damn wasps. You never know. When Billy's flying in a routine with Pete and Russ, they talk to each other on the 123.4 frequency, which few other pilots use."

"Pete does most of the talking," Billy added. "He usually yells 'Now!' when he wants us to break."

"And they have diagrams of the routines taped in front of them in their cockpits," Stanley said, "so they don't get confused."

Stanley stopped talking as the video camera followed Billy through the start of his solo. The oohs and ahs of the crowd were echoed by Ann and Debra, who intermittently covered their eyes with their hands as the hundred-and-eighty-horsepower Pitts careered through the verticals, hammerheads, rolls, spins, and loops. "Now, there is where you get a gray-out," Billy said as his airplane curved impossibly upward to an inverted position. "That's from the positive-G forces. It's really more of a brownish-gray. At the top of a regular loop, there's little G force, so you're almost weightless, like an astronaut. Here comes an outside loop, where you get the negative Gs—and a red-out, if you do a lot of them."

"Way up, Billy, get over there!" Stanley shouted at the screen. The Pitts nosed over into a screaming dive, coming in low, hard, and inverted. "You're pushing it in for a tight one," Stanley went on. "O.K., push it in, push it in more." With smoke trailing, Billy completed a perfect circle. "O.K., beautiful, beautiful. Lovely."

On the tape, the voice of Alan Loncto could be heard over the public-address system saying, "There go the eyeballs into the attic." Ann Segalla left the room.

"It's not as bad as all that," Billy said.

"Now, here's the torque roll," Stanley said. "In 1972, Charlie Hillard won the Men's World Aerobatic Championship with that maneuver.

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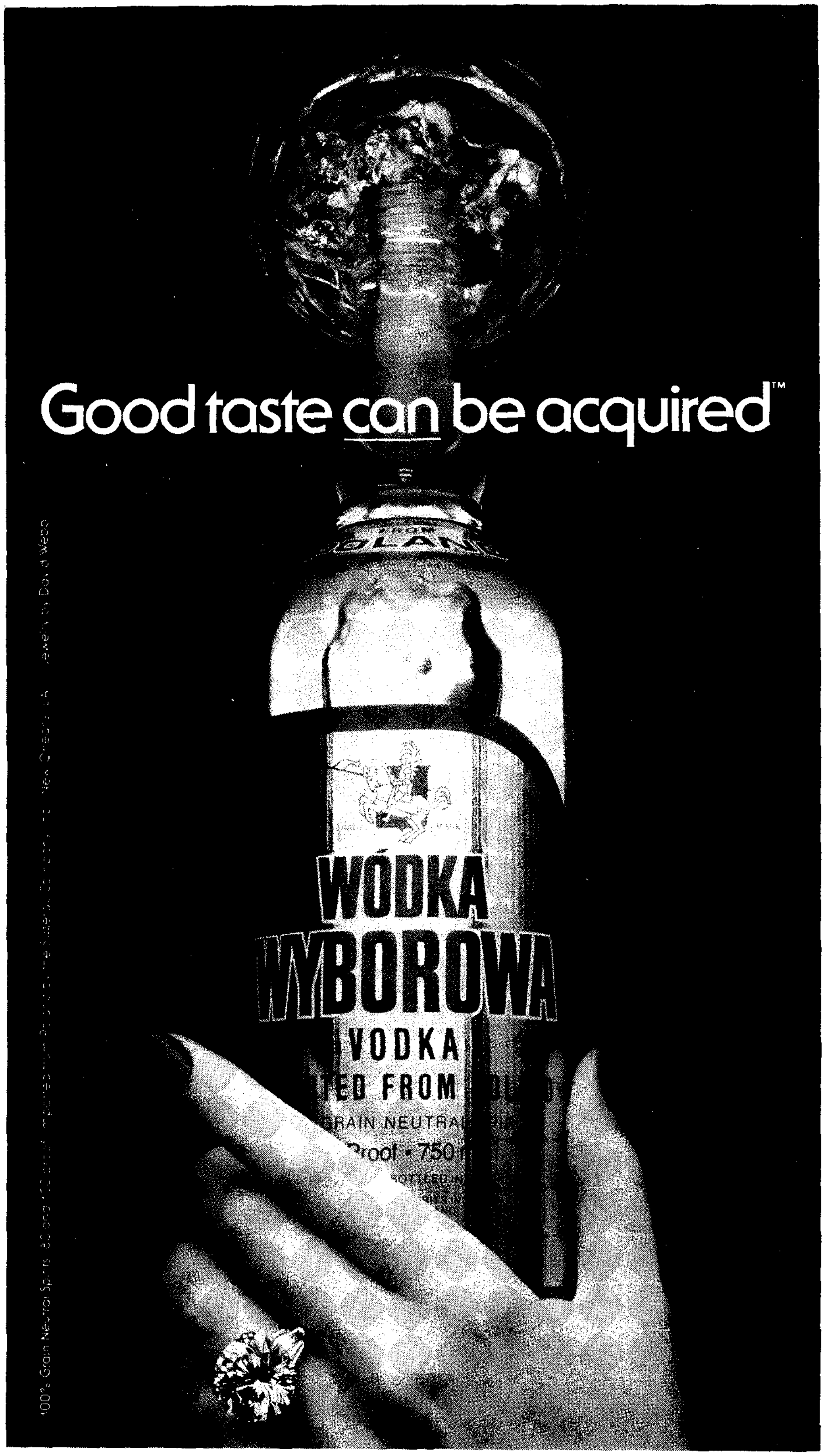
Nobody ever did it in a big competition before. What you do is go straight up, rolling, so that the airplane can't fly forward anymore, and the airplane is just sitting there, the torque of the engine turning it on its tail. You got to hold it steady and balance it while it spins backward. Sometimes it will back down six or seven lengths of the airplane before it noses over into a dive and you can recover." Just as Stanley described the maneuver, Billy performed it. "He's coming back, he's coming back," Stanley said. "Jesus Christ, he almost blew it! You can stop an engine that way, Billy. When you're coming back hard like that and it quits, the prop can start windmilling the wrong way and you get into a lot of trouble. Then you have to gain speed and start windmilling the right way to re-start the engine." It didn't happen. Billy rolled out at a hundred feet or so above the ground and wagged his wings at the crowd. "Billy's good," Stanley said, with a curt nod. Billy smiled.

"As I say," Stanley continued, "that Charlie Hillard invented the torque roll, and you got to wonder about the first time he ever did it. Really something to do a maneuver like that for the first time ever. Like the *lomcovák*, which is coming up next. The Czech guy who did that first, he almost tore the airplane apart. Now, watch Billy do it. See, he brings the airplane up at about a hundred and twenty miles per hour, and it loses all its lift—can't fly anymore. He kicks it into an outside snap roll, pushes the stick forward, and the airplane doesn't know what the hell to do. It wants to go this way and that, tumbling around end over end. That's the *lomcovák* for you. You have to wait until it stops tumbling and start it up from there. Damn, he just went into a spin afterward, but he's O.K. It never comes out the same way."

Billy studied his recovery from the *lomcovák* critically, then shrugged, as if to say, What the hell, I made it, didn't I? "I learned how to do the *lomcovák* by reading about it," he said, "and then I tried it myself. Now I do it all the time. The harder maneuvers, like that one, with more stress on the airplane—you have to think about them a lot before you try them. And about how to get out of them, too. For instance, you can't get out of a torque roll until the nose drops. Then you start your recovery."

After the grand *lomcovák* finale, Billy's Pitts slipped in for a landing,



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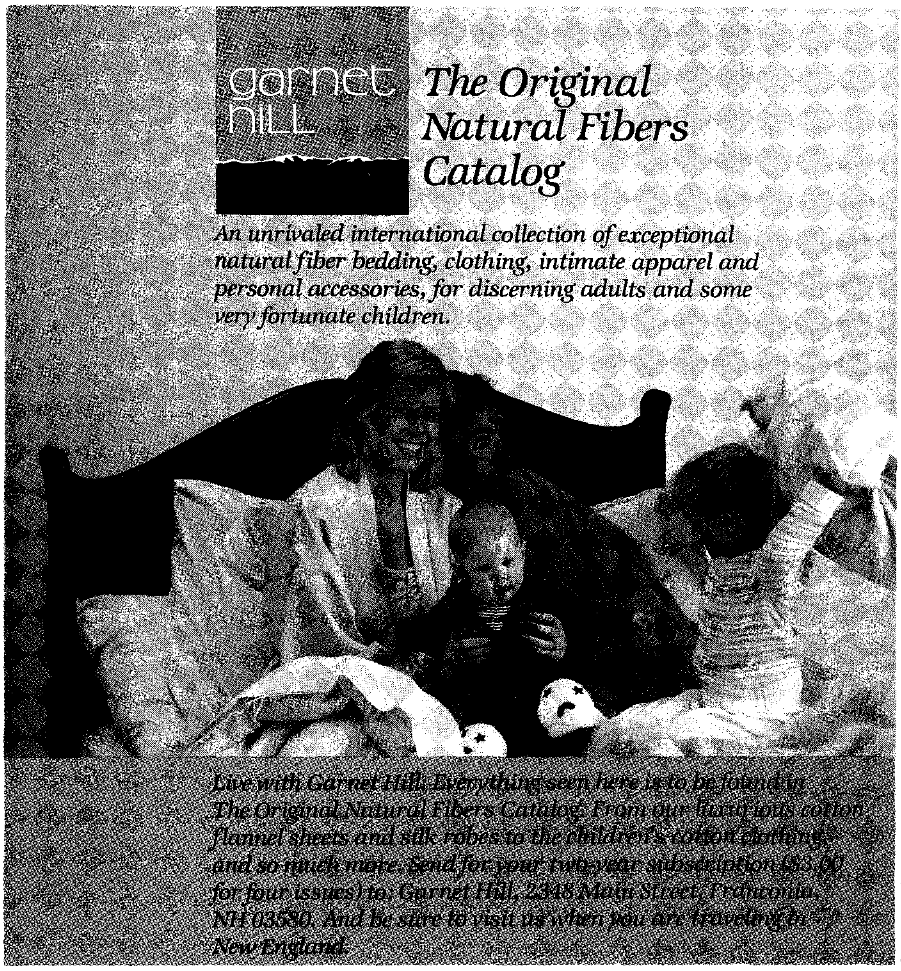
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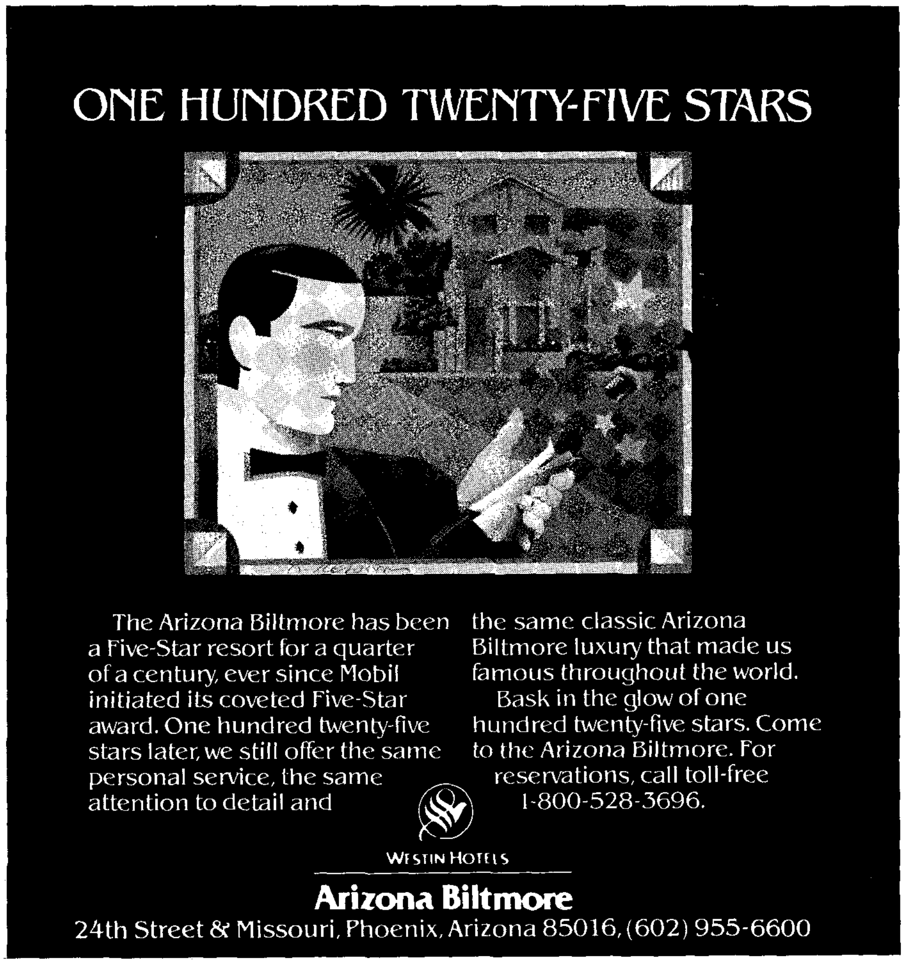
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and the crowd cheered. "Hey, Billy, way to go!" somebody yelled, and Billy waved from his cockpit in appreciation, the sun glinting off his dark glasses. The Segallas, father and son, stared at the screen looking pleased, and Ann returned to the living room.

While other events at the Pittsfield air show—demonstrations by Air National Guard jets, helicopters, parachutists, refurbished Second World War "warbirds"—flitted back and forth on the screen, I chatted with the Segalla family about the rigors of aerobatics. What about eating? Is there a special diet for aerobats before a performance?

Billy answered first. "No problem," he said. "I eat anything. I got my father's stomach."

To which his father added, "Well, like tonight, for instance. I come home from work, eat a big supper, and fifteen minutes later I feel like doing some flying. I drive over to my airport and take up my Decathlon 8KCAB, which is rated fully aerobatic, and do some outside loops and everything else. Doesn't bother me at all. Once, though, I ate a grinder just before I had to do an air show. Flying over to the show, I could feel that grinder right there in my gut—burning a hole, you know? I had to do something, so I made three or four loops right in a row, and whatever was bothering me got pushed down, and I was cured, just like that. Fixed me right up."

And what about the crowds that attend the shows? Alan Loncto had told me that the sad part of his business was the element in the air-show audience that came out to see blood, to witness somebody getting killed. As Loncto put it, "they think, Hey, maybe we'll see a crash today!"

Stanley said that he doesn't worry about those people. "I like the real fans," he said. "The people who travel all over to see our shows and appreciate what we're doing. Of course, accidents do happen. I've had a few, I guess—some forced landings, a collision. Once, at Rhinebeck, I was doing the Flying Farmer Act with a new ending, where I would shut off the Cub's engine at two thousand feet, dive at about a hundred and twenty miles per hour, and then do a dead-stick loop, coming out of it at sixteen hundred feet, going into a spin, levelling off at a thousand, and making a dead-stick landing. Anyway, some bad weather came in. I hit a downdraft and went into a flat-out spin with no engine. I recovered, finally, but I was below the tree line. I spotted a hayfield and came in under some telephone wires. I landed dead-stick and in one piece. Meanwhile, everybody had seen me headed for a sure crash, and the fire trucks and the ambulance were on the way. I just got out of the cockpit and hand-started the prop—the Cub has no self-starter, you know—and I took right off from that hayfield. I proceeded to finish the act in the usual way, making a dead-stick landing on the runway just when the fire trucks and the ambulance arrived at the hayfield. The announcer made like it was all part of the act, but it sure wasn't. When somebody congratulated me on the greatest stunt he'd ever seen, I said, 'And that's the last time you'll ever see it.' "

Ann looked as if she wanted to leave the room again. I asked Stanley and Billy if they thought that they were born to fly the way they do.

Billy said, "I don't believe that flying is in the genes; otherwise, my brothers and sisters would be fliers, too. Like Debbie, here."

Debra, who owns and runs Deb's Deli, in Canaan, said that she had once wanted to fly but had lost interest after she got her driver's license. "Why be up there when I can be having as much fun down here?" she said.

"I started flying late in life," Stanley said. "You can't exactly say I was born in the back seat of an airplane. But if you have the ability and you get those basics down pat, then it's a matter of pride, of teaching yourself to be better and better. To be a natural, though, you got to have that seat-of-the-pants type of thing—the special feel for what you're doing. The really good aerobatic pilots are seat-of-the-pants pilots. The nuts, the so-called stunt fliers—they're the ones who don't last in the business very long."

"If somebody calls us stunt fliers, we get kind of angry," Billy added. "We're precision aerobatic pilots—technicians. We follow guidelines set by the F.A.A., and we have careful briefings before the shows. We don't push our capabilities. But the stunt fliers out in the desert, where nobody is supposed to be—they'll go off and do their things, like crashing up old airplanes that you wouldn't even want to sit in on the ground, wing walking, flying through barns, and everything like that. Then they just patch up the airplanes and fly some more. Of course, some of them, like Art Scholl,

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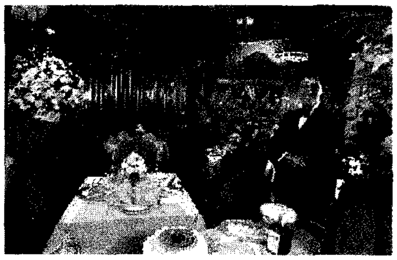

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fly for the movies and TV, and they're really good aerobatic pilots, too. But mostly it's show business."

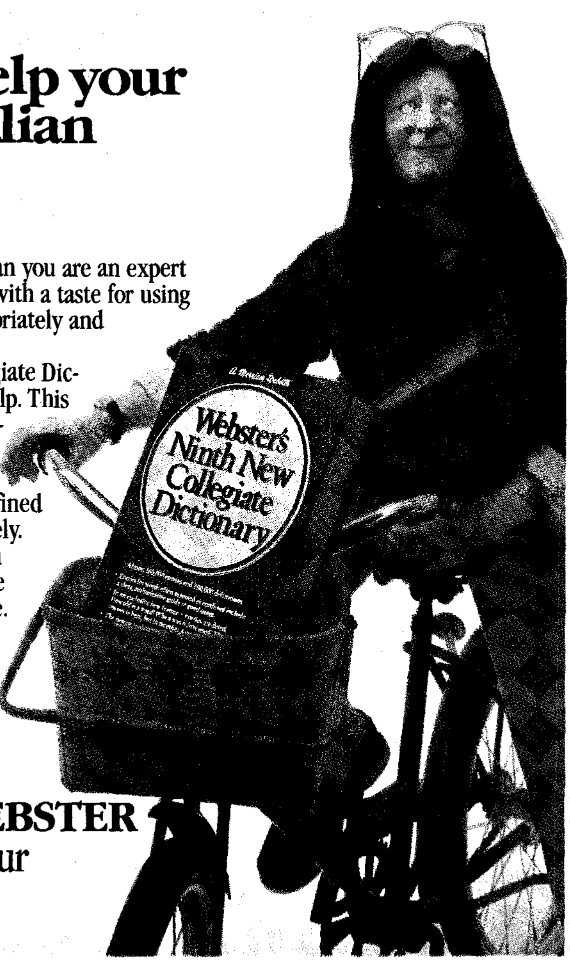
"They even have a stunt where a Cub lands on what's called the world's smallest airport," Stanley said, "which is a car with three little pads on its roof. It drives up the runway, and a guy flies his Cub at the same speed as the car, puts his two main wheels down on two of the pads, then settles his tail wheel on the third pad, and the car drives off the runway. I got to admit that's a damn good trick."

Billy rose to leave, saying he had to get home to his wife. His father saw him to the door, and they exchanged some technical talk about their next show. When Stanley returned to the living room, he said to me, "Billy is a great pilot and a great kid. I boss him around a lot, and yell at him too much sometimes, but he's the best. Doesn't smoke or drink, and he's real serious about his flying. He could be an international champion, like that Charlie Hillard. He's got what it takes, but he needs a sponsor. It's a full-time job, going to competitions, and there's very little pay. The money he earns from his shows now just about pays for the gas, the insurance, and other expenses. But he's young, and he's got a good career ahead of him. I guess I'm reliving my youth through him. Meanwhile, I'll just keep plugging along—flying until I can't pass the physical, and then I'll have to quit."

I asked Ann how she felt about that.

"I'll be happy when the end of October comes and the air-show season finishes," she said. Calliope music sounded from the television set, signalling the start of the Flying Farmer Act. Stanley, with a satisfied chuckle, settled back to watch himself perform his specialty.

FOR many years now, Stanley has been perfecting his version of the Flying Farmer Act, primarily at the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome on spring, summer, and fall Sundays. It is at Rhinebeck that he truly flowers, among familiar, intimate surroundings, and it was in this natural habitat that I wanted to see his definitive performance. The Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome—the "Museum in the Sky," as it is billed—sprang from the vision of Cole Palen, a veteran pilot and collector of antique aircraft. Needing a home base for his growing inventory of antiques, Palen bought a dilapidated Rhinebeck farm in 1958, built hangars for his airplanes, and later enlisted



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pilots with similar interests, like Stanley, to fly the ancient crates for a paying audience and to conduct scenic rides in a rattly biplane for the more courageous tourists. It was all in the old barnstorming tradition, but with a big difference: the crowd was not only entertained but taught something about early aviation. The aerodrome contains a hangar-museum full of aviatorial relics, and the Sunday air show features a narrated playlet concerning First World War characters and aircraft. Over the years, Stanley has flown most of the old airplanes used in the Great War scenario, and he has starred in the shooting down of the "Black Baron" at the end of the show, dogfighting in a reconstructed 1915 Avro 504-K biplane, which is powered by an old hundred-and-ten-horsepower Le Rhône rotary engine. His Flying Farmer Act was added to the show in 1964, and now he generally leaves the antique flying to the younger pilots.

d. ehrenberg

On a still, steamy summer morning, the Sunday of the Labor Day weekend, I met Stanley at his North Canaan airstrip in order to fly with him in his PA-11 Super Cub the twenty-eight miles to the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome. When I arrived, the airstrip was already stirring, with glider pilots of the Nutmeg Soaring Association preparing their sleek craft for a day of hunting and riding thermals. Stanley drove up in his 1974 red Cadillac (rear plate, STUNT-1; front plate, I'D RATHER BE FLYING). He was wearing khaki coveralls adorned with bright patch emblems ("International Aerobatic Club," "Experimental Aircraft Association"), a red-and-white redneck cap, white-and-black sneakers, and sunglasses. In a supermarket paper bag he toted his act costume: a farmer's straw hat, ragged denim jeans and jacket, and a red bandanna. Also in the bag was a length of rope to which were fastened several tattered pieces of apparel. "This is a new thing I'm putting into the act," Stanley announced proudly. "I call it Mrs. Finnegan's clothesline—Finnegan is my wife's maiden name, you know—and the idea is I tie one end of it to the Cub and let the rest fly out behind the airplane, so it looks like I picked up Mrs. Finnegan's wash that's been hanging out to dry when I go low behind the trees. Then the announcer can say 'Hey, you got Mrs. Finnegan's wash there!' or something like that." He seemed as pleased as a kid waiting to try out a dribble glass on his unsuspecting parents. (Stanley often adds new props to his routine. At a later air show, he installed an electronic musical horn on the Cub which, at the push of a button, played such tunes as the "Marche Funèbre," "Take Me Out to the Ballgame," "In My Merry Oldsmobile," the "William Tell" Overture, and the Ohio State fight song. Since the engine noise makes the tunes all but unidentifiable, the horn is really for his own amusement.)

Together, we preflighted both the Super Cub, for the Rhinebeck show, and the Decathlon, which Stanley had agreed to fly in a free-lance aerobatic display over the fairgrounds at Goshen, Connecticut, later that afternoon. He was full of beans, talking constantly while doing the preflight chores. "I like to keep my airplanes topped off with oil when I'm doing aerobatics," he said, pouring oil from a plastic bottle into the Cub's engine. "And I carry only about five gallons of gas in the tank—just enough to get to Rhinebeck, do my act, and get back. I want it light. Those cables on the tail I check carefully. If they're loose, I'm in trouble. Everything else seem O.K.? Well, let's roll her out and go. You climb in and crack the throttle, and I'll hand-prop it. You remember how the Cub works?"

I said I did; I had learned to fly, when I was a teen-ager, in a less powerful model of the Super Cub—the Piper J-3.

While I buckled myself into the rear seat, with its dual controls, Stanley stowed his paper bag and oil bottle, primed the engine, made a few adjustments, and told me about a passenger who claimed he knew about Cubs but opened the throttle to full while Stanley spun the prop. On that occasion, the airplane instantly roared to a breakneck taxi speed, just missing Stanley, and circled wildly around the airstrip before the fellow thought to cut the engine. "I learned from that not to trust most people in Cubs," Stanley said.

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Taxiing to the south end of the grass runway, Stanley waved to the glider pilots and kept up his usual patter, the louder patter of the engine notwithstanding. He was as casual and comfortable with his Cub as, say, an old-hand New York City cabbie is with his trusty Checker—talking and gesticulating but always in complete mastery over the machine, which seems to be merely an extension of himself. We took off effortlessly into the hazy north, turned left over the narrow, muddy Housatonic River and the pinewoods and scrub that bound the airstrip, and set a magnetic heading of 270 for Rhinebeck. "Keep an eye out for those gliders!" Stanley shouted over his left shoulder. "They're always where you least expect them. See—there's one two hundred feet above us to the left." We climbed watchfully to twelve hundred feet. "I guess I know this route pretty well after nineteen years," he said. "Once, when the weather and visibility were real bad, I flew just fifty feet above the roads in order to navigate to Rhinebeck."

Every estate, farm, and physical landmark we flew over elicited a story. When Stanley spotted some hikers on a ridge along the Appalachian Trail, he couldn't resist circling them, rocking his wings and waving. The hikers waved back and yelled something. Stanley opened the Cub's double doors in an attempt to make out what they were saying. He banked steeply, then leaned out and shouted, "Hey, louder! Can't hear you! I bet you'll remember this more than your hike!"

We cruised over the treeless pastureland of Dutchess County at ninety-five miles per hour, and Stanley said that his engine sounded good. "When I do a loop in this Cub, I get it up to a hundred and ten," he said. "That way, if the engine decides to quit I still have plenty of speed to make it over the top."

I asked him if he had ever participated in a loop marathon.

"No," he said, "but once I did sixty-four spins at an air show in Vermont, and the announcer counted them off over the P.A. as I did them. I started at eight thousand feet and kept spinning real slow till I got down to one thousand. Sixty-four spins in seven thousand feet. I could've done some more, but I didn't trust my altimeter. Pretty good, though, huh? . . . You see that country club down there, near the Taconic Parkway? That's owned by the guy who sells all that ice cream—Carvel, Tom Carvel. Well, a couple of years ago I did an air show for him over there, and afterward I landed on one of his greens. This old Tom Carvel, he comes over to me and says, 'What's the matter, you're not going to give me a ride?' So I say, 'Sure I will,' and so we go up together. Then he says, 'Aren't you going to do any loops?,' and so I do a loop. He's getting on toward eighty, you know . . . Now just ahead is the Rhinebeck Aerodrome."

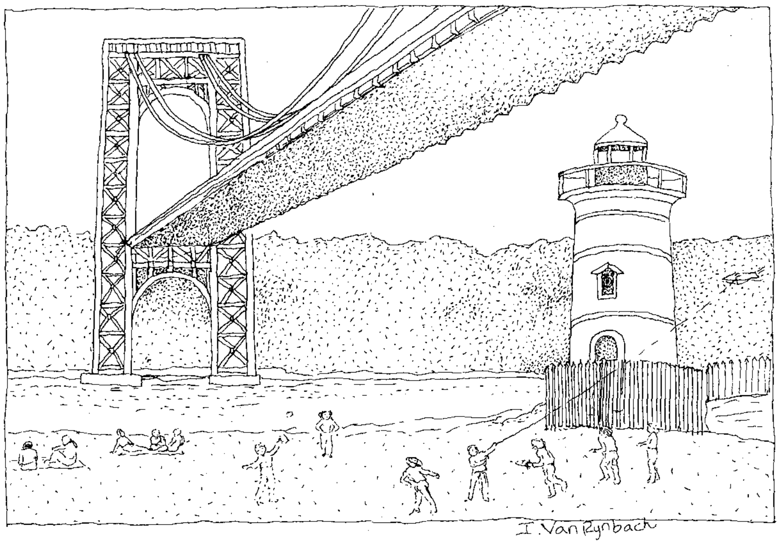
I could make out what looked like a movie set for a First World War film—façades representing French and German buildings, vintage aircraft parked along a turf strip, various old cars and trucks darting about. Stanley flew across the field at about a thousand feet, rocked his wings, and pulled up sharply into a stall, which he twisted into a one-and-a-half-turn spin. We lost altitude fast before levelling out into a final approach for landing.

"Was all that to let them know it's you?" I asked.

"Oh, they know it's me, all right," Stanley said.

He landed easily, on the first tenth of the twenty-two-hundred-foot runway, and taxied, with his tail up, to a parking spot at the other end, as nonchalantly as a man pulling into his own driveway. It was only ten o'clock, but the heat and humidity were strong on the field. Stanley sniffed the air and looked around. "They should get three thousand people today," he said. "At five dollars a head for adults and two dollars per kid, that's not bad. Me, I'll get my usual paycheck for the farmer act, which should cover my expenses and time. You don't get rich doing aerobatics. That's why I got a good contracting business, thank God." He greeted his friends and colleagues, many of whom were already in their costumes for the Great War playlet—German, French, and British uniforms, with appropriate mustaches, headgear, and leather boots—and then sauntered toward the office across the field. "I got to pick up my smoke bomb for the act," he told me, "and I'll show you around the museum and the hangars. Then I'm going to take a little rest. The show doesn't begin till two-thirty, and I want to rest up, because I have that other show over Goshen later on."

He enjoyed precious little rest, however. Showing me the museum inspired him to ever-fuller explanations, laced with loving anecdotes, about every aviation curiosity on display. "See that Spartan C-3? Found it over in Northampton, falling apart in a hangar. The guy only wanted five thousand. A nice workhorse. Fixed up, it runs beautiful. You could do aerobatics all day in that. . . . Now, this American Eagle—I was going to buy it for eighteen hundred. Everyone talked me out of it. Today, it's



probably worth eighty thousand." Some of the airplanes were once used in the movie "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines," and they still look eminently flyable. "That Cole Palen, he owns all this," Stanley said, with a sweep of his arm. "Me and the other pilots, we were just playing around for the fun of it. Of course, we didn't know what Rhinebeck would wind up as one day." While conducting me through the nearby hangars, where the aircraft are worked on by four full-time mechanics, Stanley came upon his old Avro 504-K, which he used to fly in "combat" against the Black Baron during the war skit's climax. The biplane, with British markings, was in for serious engine repairs. Stanley patted its tail affectionately. "More of these were built in the First World War than any other airplane," he said. "With the Avro rotary engine, it's either full throttle or off. Tricky to fly, but fun. I used that one-shot gun mounted on the front to shoot down the Black Baron. Only one shot, so you had to make it good. They billed me as One-Shot Gatling in the program. No more of that stuff for me, though."

Two hours passed quickly and delightfully on the guided tour. After we had lunch—cheeseburgers, French fries, and Cokes at a refreshment stand—Stanley told Robert Tholl, the P.A. narrator, about Mrs. Finnegan's clothesline. Tholl approved the latest addition to the act with an indulgent smile. "It won't get fouled up in the tail, will it?" he asked.

"Naw," Stanley answered. "I'll just let it hang out behind, and then I'll fly across with my leg sticking out the door, same as I always do, and the clothes trailing. You say something like 'Oh-oh, he's got Mrs. Finnegan's clothesline, and she'll be coming after him.' I remember Bob Weymouth, out of Maine—he used to do the clothesline thing in *his* farmer act. Weymouth's an old guy, about sixty—well, about my age, I guess. But I don't think there's anybody except me who does the farmer act and shuts the engine off at the end and makes a dead-stick landing. I've seen a lot of them, but nobody's ever done it yet like me."

"They're all smarter, that's why," Tholl said, to general laughter. "By the way, Stanley, I wish you'd remember to yell 'Help!' when you're up there."

"I do holler," Stanley said.

"We can't hear you. Holler louder."

At last, Stanley walked over to the office for his postponed rest, stopping to gab with just a few other pilots. I wandered about, absorbing the atmosphere as the performers checked their equipment and the audience filed in. A green-and-yellow 1929 New Standard D-25 biplane was in constant use, flying four passengers at a time on fifteen-minute rides over the Hudson River and back. The non-flying customers flocked to the souvenir shop (stocked with such items as helmets with goggles, T-shirts, and posters), the refreshment booths, and the shadier bleacher seats. Ragtime and 1917 patriotic music blared from the public-address system. Pilots tested their oxyacetylene-fired "machine guns" and their raucous engines along the infield. A German armored car (actually, a Maxwell covered with plywood), a 1917 olive-drab Model T marked "US 22nd Aero Sqd," an authentic American Expeditionary Force ambulance, and old cars and motorcycles buzzed fitfully into position in front of façades with signs reading "DER SAUSAGE FACTORY UND GAZWERKS," "FIFI," "HOTEL DE PAREE," "DER BADZ BOYZ." It was noisy and fun, like a combination movie and carnival. I wondered if Stanley was getting any rest.

Before long, it was time for the pilots' meeting, in the infield pit area. Stanley emerged from the office, looking thoroughly unrested, and joined the other pilots. They gathered around the Model T to listen to Bill Hammond, the chief pilot, summarize the events and perils of the day's program. Hammond, dressed in a German uniform for his role as Whispering Willie, the Happy Heinie, called the assembly to order and said, "There's a new Trudy Truelove today, and a new Madame Fifi, too, so if you can give them some directions for the show I think they'd appreciate it. Dick will do the 'Bombs Bursting in Air,' and there are two of them today, so you guys know the second one is your cue. The first one is the flag. . . . Ribbon cuts are all covered, I guess. . . . The balloon is out of commission. There'll be a four-plane dogfight, so that should be back to normal. . . . Farmer act? All set, Stanley? Incidentally, Stanley is going to leave for the Goshen show during the bombing raid. So, bomber pilots, while you guys are bombing, Stanley will probably scoot out at some point. Don't hit him. The first bombing raid is on the hotel and the last is on the sausage factory. No dive-bombing, please." After a few more advisories, the meeting broke up, with all the joshing and camaraderie of a real mission, and the pilots manned their planes.

Stanley went back to the office to don his farmer's garb. He soon reappeared in character, sipping from a wine bottle (which contained iced tea), weaving tipsily through the crowd, and demanding a free ride from the pilots in "one of them there aeroplanes, before I have to get home to my cows."

What took place thereafter was nothing less than a three-ring aerial circus. The main characters of the Great War playlet were introduced in the manner of a road-company opéra-bouffe troupe, with corny narration, as they indulged in exaggerated screams, shouts, and gestures—all this punctuated by exploding black-powder bombs, shattering flybys, popping machine guns, and daredevil ribbon-cutting stunts. The plot line of the playlet tries one's comprehension. Suffice it to say that the villainous, goose-stepping Black Baron, acted by Cole Palen himself ("Boy, he's a real bad guy," says the narrator, Tholl. "Watch out for him!"), captures the French town, including pretty Trudy Truelove. Mme. Fifi, the owner of a lingerie shop, entreats Pierre de Loop de Loop to rescue her friend Trudy. "Go up in your flying machine and find her," she declaims above the clamor. "I shall find Trudy Truelove for you," Pierre vows, shaking his fist. "For you, *mon amour*, anyzing. *Au revoir*." Much bombing and strafing follow from a balky Morane-Saulnier monoplane piloted by Pierre, who upon landing explains to Fifi, "I miss wiz ze bombs and I blow up your longeray shop." An effigy of Trudy is ultimately dropped into a haystack by a compatriot of the Black Baron; the live Trudy emerges unharmed from the hay; and Sir Percy Goodfellow, a British ace, is in turn captured.

The audience, bemused as I, loves the flying and the commotion, however. And all through the mishmash, oblivious of the goings on, Farmer Stanley is poking drunkenly about and bothering everybody. From time to time, Tholl reminds the crowd of Stanley's presence: "What's that farmer doing out there on the field? Hey, you! Come back here with the rest of the folks! You're going to get hurt out there!" At last, the Fifi-Pierre-Trudy-Percy-Black Baron action subsides to a dull clatter, and Stanley's little yellow Super Cub is wheeled out to the center of the field. All eyes are on the pushy farmer.

"O.K., you'll get your ride now, Mr. Farmer," the narrator says. "Will one of the pilots take him up, please, so we can get on with the show?" Stanley, beaming and waving his straw hat, is belted into the rear seat of the Cub, and a pilot (sometimes played by Billy) seats himself in the front. The propeller is spun by one of the ground crew, the engine sputters to life. But something seems to be wrong with the tail wheel, and the pilot leaves the airplane to correct the alleged problem. Suddenly, with Stanley solo, the Cub roars to full power, turning spastically and scattering the bystanders. Collective gasps and screams. Stanley yells "Hey, let me out!" and then loses his hat.

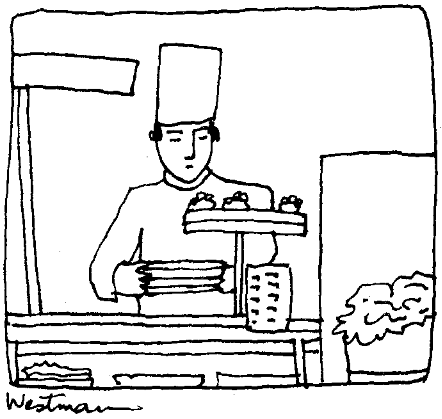
"What's going on there?" says Tholl. "That fellow can't fly an airplane. Tell him to take his hand off the throttle. Stop him, somebody! Oh no!" And with that, Stanley guns the Cub down part of the runway and—rudder wiggling, on one wheel—bounces into the air, careering erratically to an altitude of fifty feet. A ground-crew member hangs Stanley's straw hat on a stake near the runway. "When he comes back, he won't need a hat," says the narrator.

The Cub goes straight up for a moment and then dips alarmingly behind some trees in front of the bleachers. "Oh no, he's in the trees," moans Tholl. The crowd shrieks, and the Instamatics start clicking, trying to catch the expected ball of flame, the black cloud of smoke. But there is no flame, no smoke. Instead, there is the Cub, stuttering upward and dragging a clothesline of laundry. The crowd is at once relieved, slightly disappointed, and amused. The joke is on them. "He's got Mrs. O'Reilly's clothesline!" Tholl exclaims, forgetting that it was supposed to be Mrs. Finnegan's clothesline. "She's sure going to be mad! Gee, should we call the State Police?"

The pretense having vanished, Stanley stands the Cub on its tail and climbs to six hundred feet, whereupon he executes brilliant inside loops seriatim, his smoke bomb ignited and trailing white vapor alongside the clothesline. Again he climbs straight up, and this time he stalls and plunges toward the runway, ending in a spin just above the ground. The audience is with him every second, and isn't listening to Tholl, who persists with his ringmaster-to-clown monologue. ("Hey, look out—that's a Piper Cub! You can't do that. You'll pull the wings right off it!") Stanley repeats the maneuver, which is his version of a hammerhead, and then buzzes the field, leaning out of the open double doors and presumably yelling "Help!" He goes vertical once more, stalls the engine, and re-starts it by windmilling the propeller. More loops follow, and then, in very slow flight over the field, just above stall speed, he does a full barrel roll, a spin and loop, a half-loop, and inverted flight. He rolls upright, heads back toward the field, and cuts his engine. The propeller makes a few revolutions and stops. "He's had it," says the narrator. "He's out of gas."

He is not out of gas, of course, but his engine is obviously dead, and he is out of landing space. The consuming questions of how and where he's going to land that airplane force an eerie silence. Clown or ace, he's not going to make it. But Stanley dives a bit to gain some speed, veers to his left behind the tree line, and miraculously reappears with just enough altitude to turn and slip into a dead-stick landing, the Cub bumping along the ground right up to the stake holding his straw hat. Without missing a beat, he snatches the hat, places it on his head, and jumps from the airplane to a standing ovation—the just reward for a virtuosic performance.

But it's not over yet. Stanley acknowledges the applause and returns to the Cub. He starts the engine by leaning over the right wing strut and flipping the propeller. He hops inside and, at full throttle, makes the game, forgiving airplane do some ground tricks, like a venerable trained elephant—tail up and turning in dizzying circles on its main gear. Stanley raises his arms, as if to say, "Look, Ma, no hands!" Finally, he parks the airplane. Another ovation.



"There he is, folks—Stanley Segalla, of Canaan, Connecticut," says Tholl. "He's been doing this for seventeen years."

"Nineteen years!" shouts Stanley, from across the field.

"I didn't know you were *that* old," replies the narrator.

As Stanley made his way to the office to change his clothes, he received his public. People of all ages mobbed him, demanding his autograph and asking him to pose for photographs. One young man wanted to trade hats with him, and another asked whether he could take aerobatic lessons at the North Canaan airstrip. Stanley looked tired, but happily tired—like the leading actor in a long-running Broadway hit who wallows in the attention paid him no matter how many times he has played his role. He was unquestionably the star of the show. The Great War skit was grinding toward its grand finale—the bombing raid and the dogfight with the Black Baron—but nobody seemed to care very much. It was all an anticlimax after the Flying Farmer Act.

By three-thirty, Stanley and I were back in the Cub, zooming off the turf while three antique airplanes circled Fifi's lingerie shop dropping black-powder bombs. I sensed that the crowd was watching us instead of the bombers. So did Stanley: for a moment, he joined in the bombing formation, wiggling his tail, getting in the act one last time. Then we flew east, toward Canaan, leaving the ruckus behind—a mad, surrealistic scene for a summer Sunday afternoon in Dutchess County, New York. As Stanley flew the Cub, his shoulders sagged. For the first time since I'd met him, he had nothing to say. He almost looked his age. I asked him if he wanted me to take the controls for a while so he could relax, and he consented. The Cub, for all the abuse it had taken, handled beautifully. I slowly climbed to two thousand feet, to clear a ridge ahead, and enjoyed the placid scenery below. To the south, a thick, wet haze was brewing. Ten wordless, exhilarating minutes passed.

"Looks like some weather coming in," Stanley said, at last. "Hope it doesn't get too bad. I'm supposed to be performing over Goshen at four-thirty. I'll radio the fair director from the Decathlon and try to time my appearance to his announcing, do a few aerobatics, and then head straight home. I can sleep late tomorrow, on Labor Day. . . . Hey, the crowd really liked that clothesline, don't you think? And how about that full roll I did! Nice and smooth. It's not so easy to do in a Cub. You can't put those wings around, they're so big. The secret is to use plenty of rudder."

I complimented him on his scary dead-stick landing at Rhinebeck.

"Yeah," he said. "You got to time it just right, be right on the ball. One of the loops I did there, I knew I didn't have the power to make it over the top, so I shoved the airplane into a spin and picked up enough speed for the engine to catch again. You know, it's the same routine time after time, but something always makes it a little different. I have to admit I love it. I still get as big a kick out of it as the folks do."

He seemed to be pumping up his second wind for the Goshen show. Just being aloft again and talking about aerobatics were reviving him, making him younger. "Hey," he said, "let's do some loops. I'll take the controls, and you follow me through." He advanced the throttle, eased the joystick forward, and, as we dived toward a Connecticut recreational area known as Twin Lakes, pulled back on the stick. The horizon abruptly vanished and was replaced by gray sky. The positive Gs pressed me against the seat and leadened my eyelids and jaw. I felt giddy, gray-brained. For a second, we were inverted, over the top. Stanley increased the back pressure on the stick and reduced the power. We whooshed downward to the same horizon we had just left. He glanced back to see if I was all right. I was; in fact, I was ecstatic.

"Now we'll do a Cuban Eight," Stanley said. Just after the apogee of an inside loop, with the Cub inverted, he half-rolled into a dive, looped once more, again executing a half-roll after the apogee, and dived to the exact point at which we had started. It was all over in about fifteen seconds, but we had changed our course a hundred and eighty degrees twice, without leaving the vertical plane. Amazing and thrilling. For an encore—to, I'm sure, the entertainment of the boaters and swimmers below—Stanley performed another flawless inside loop, and then descended to Canaan. The aerobatic interlude was exquisite, and something only those who experience it can fully appreciate. Beyond the sheer excitement, there is the sense of having accomplished a Promethean act, of having triumphed over natural laws. It is showing off, of course, but it is also something much more profound.

After we landed, Stanley parked the Cub in its shed, wheeled out the Decathlon, checked it over one more time, strapped on his parachute ("I carry a chute for higher-altitude routines," he said. "Down low, like my work in the Cub, you wouldn't have time, or room, to use it"), and revved up the trig red-white-and-blue airplane for the five-minute flight to Goshen. He said goodbye to me, apologizing for the rush, and taxied to the north end of the grass strip. A misty, barely perceptible rain began to fall. The glider pilots were packing it in for the day. I stood on the damp grass and watched the Decathlon, navigation lights flashing, streak down the runway. All eyes were once again on Stanley Segalla. At four hundred feet off the ground, he expelled some Corvus-oil smoke, spun into a snap roll, and climbed steeply to the southeast. Within a few seconds, his blinking lights had disappeared in the soggy haze.

—BURTON BERNSTEIN

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Wayland-Weston* (*Mass.*) *Town Crier*]

July 11— . . . 12:08 p.m., A Boston Post Road resident complained about magazine salespeople being overly aggressive. Manager spoken to by Lt. Bentley. . . .

July 12— . . . 2:57 p.m., Bakers Hill Road resident complained about magazine salesmen. 3:27 p.m., A Westerly Road resident complained about magazine salesmen. Sgt. T. Nims spoke to the manager and warned him to tone down the sales pitch being used by salesmen. . . .

July 13— . . . 1:50 p.m., Letter carrier reported suspicious person on Ridgeway Road. Cars 30 & 40 responded. They reported magazine salesman cut through backyard. Houses checked out. . . . 3:45 p.m., Orchard Avenue resident reported aggressive magazine salesman at her door. Off. Sennott told the offending salesman to be polite. 5:15 p.m., Pondbrook Circle resident reported aggressive magazine salesman at his door. Off. Sennott responded and told magazine salesman to be polite with homeowners. 5:25 p.m., Orchard Avenue resident reported aggressive magazine salesman at his door. Off. Sennott and Sgt. Healey responded. . . .

July 14— . . . 1:09 p.m., Hickory Road resident reported aggressive magazine salesmen at her door. . . .

July 16— . . . 1:50 p.m., Rescue #1 responded to Glenn Road residence for magazine salesman who was feeling faint.

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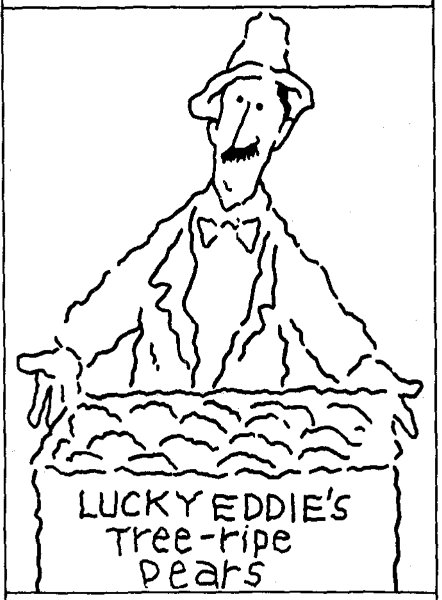

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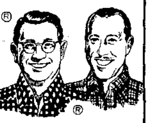

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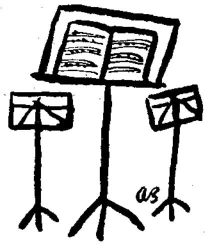
MUSICAL EVENTS

Love in a Garden

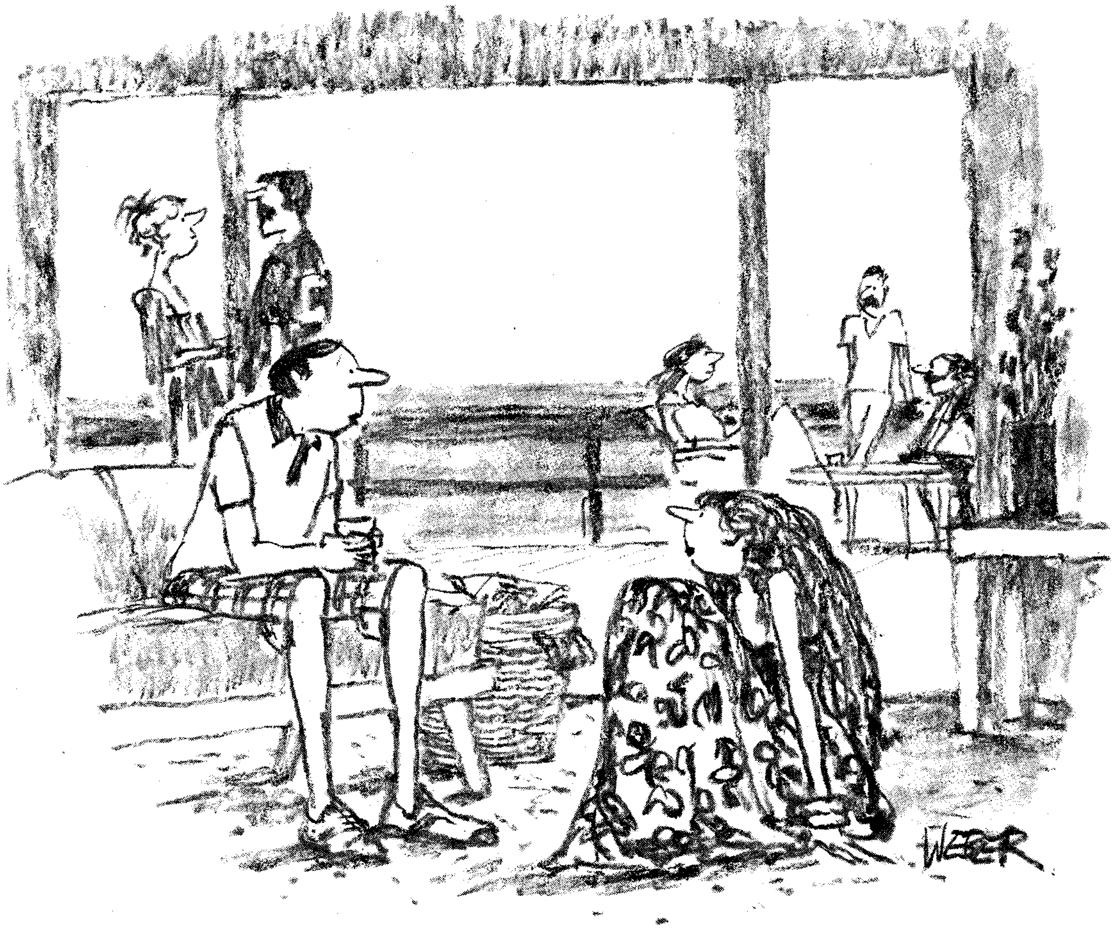


LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S latest opera, "A Quiet Place," commissioned jointly by the Houston Opera, the Kennedy Center, and La Scala, had its première in Houston last year. This June, it was given six performances at La Scala, and then, in July, came to the Opera House of the Kennedy Center. Milan and Washington saw a rather different work from Houston. "A Quiet Place" was originally a two-hour, one-act opera, played on a double bill with Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti." "Tahiti" (1952) is a wry, tuneful tragedy of American suburbia, at once serious and entertaining, composed for a mezzo-soprano and a bass-baritone (Dinah and Sam), a chorus of three who offer commentary in the sweet, insidious manner of a radio commercial, and a chamber orchestra. "A Quiet Place," for a large cast and a full orchestra, is set thirty years later. In brief (for I wrote at length after the première), Dinah has been killed in a car smash. At her funeral, Sam is reunited with his neurotic forty-year-old son, still called Junior, and his daughter, Dede, and meets his son-in-law, François, who was Junior's lover before he married Dede. Through a jangle of painful memories, recriminations, and gropings toward understanding and reconciliation, the family finds its way at last to "a quiet place" such as Dinah—relating a dream to her analyst—sang of in "Tahiti":

> There is a garden:
> Come with me . . .
> There love will teach us
> Harmony and grace,
> Then love will lead us
> To a quiet place.

It's a bold, ambitious, and very interesting opera, containing some of Bernstein's most richly wrought music. I thought so in Houston and thought so again in Washington. Bernstein and his librettist, Stephen Wadsworth, have worked with a candor that is almost shocking; they have "bared their souls." "A Quiet Place" is no opera for people who want art to keep its distance and behave with decorum. Bernstein, as concert-hall audiences know, does his best to put Beethoven's injunction "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen*" into practice, spiritually and literally. "A Quiet Place" received some thin, prim reviews in this country, from those unwilling to accept the composer's embrace. (The Milan critics were more welcoming.) But his warmth and generosity of spirit, his emotionalism, his love of music and love of humanity are inseparable from his music-making; and he's a wonderful musician.

"A Quiet Place" is unlike any other opera I know (some Janáček scenes afford the closest parallel) in its attempt to fashion a coherent work of art from the disorderly speech and disorderly thought of people who can't define their emotions clearly and don't even finish their sentences. The music makes clear what they are trying to say and gives form to their muddled lives. In Houston, the opera had something of the shape of a four-movement symphony, with a complicated, many-themed exposition, a slow movement of linked nocturnal duets, games in the garden as a scherzo, and an apotheosis of tempests followed by a rainbow. In Washington, it was divided into three acts, the second of which (the former slow movement) incorporated "Trouble in Tahiti" as two segments of flashback. Several little cuts had been made, and some large ones. Here and there, the orchestration of "A Quiet Place" had been thinned and that of "Tahiti" amplified. In one important respect, the dramaturgy had been much strengthened: Dinah no longer leaves an arcane suicide note that—somehow, mysteriously—points the way to the quiet place, and François no longer preaches a sermon with this



"I had a mustache once,
but everybody said I used it to hide behind."

letter as his text. The finale is more naturally and more smoothly achieved. For the rest, I'm unsure whether all is gain. In the first scene, the funeral, Dinah's brother Bill, her friend Susie, and, especially, another friend, Mrs. Doc (who later realizes she was in love with Dinah), are vividly presented—strongly drawn in brief but telling strokes. In the Houston version, these characters return to resolve their own problems in the general harmony; in the Washington version, they don't. The result is simpler, the denseness of the emotional thicket has been pruned, but there seems now to be an imbalance between the well-stocked first scene and the no-more-than-quartet scenes that follow. Besides, we lose some beautiful music.

The "Tahiti" flashbacks are skillfully introduced, but they break the flow of the nocturne and make for an oddly proportioned opera: the three acts last about forty-five, sixty-five, and twenty-two minutes. After Houston, I described "Trouble in Tahiti" as "the necessary exposition to the grand opera that follows." I'm no longer sure whether that's true. There are musical links between the two operas, but "A Quiet Place," I now think, can stand alone (as "Figaro's Wedding" can, without needing "The Barber of Seville"—either as preface or in flashback—to explain how the present situations have been reached). Perhaps the two operas should be performed on consecutive nights (as in Vienna Paisiello's "Barber" and Mozart's "Figaro" once were)—"Tahiti" with a suitable companion piece, "A Quiet Place" restored to its full length but with the dramatic improvements of the Washington finale retained.

The revised version had been newly directed, with a sensitive and subtle hand, by Mr. Wadsworth. The Houston scenery was reused, adapted to the requirements of the new ordering. It looked rather dowdy, and added nothing to the drama, but served to house a production whose strengths lay in the accuracy and acuteness of the individual performances. Chester Ludgin (Sam), Peter Kazaras (François), and several others repeated their Houston roles, and were even better than before. There was a new Dede and a new Junior, Beverly Morgan and Robert Galbraith, and both were excellent. Miss Morgan gave the performance of her life, vocally secure, and alive in every glance, move, and inflection. Mr. Galbraith is a splendid-

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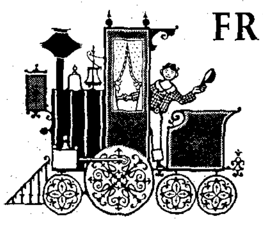

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ly vivid young character baritone—someone to watch for. In "Tahiti," Diane Kesling repeated her shining Dinah, and a new Young Sam, Julien Robbins, was vigorous, if backward of tone. John Mauceri, who had helped in the refashioning of the operas, conducted with the mixture of passion and control, of freedom and discipline, that makes him one of our best opera interpreters. It was an exciting evening for American opera.

The Vienna State Opera has announced "A Quiet Place" for its 1985-86 season. Deutsche Grammophon has announced a recording of "West Side Story" with Kiri Te Kanawa (Maria), Tatiana Troyanos (Anita), and José Carreras (Tony). (It's odd casting, but since Bernstein himself is to conduct, all may be well.) A revival of "Candide"—the real Bernstein-Hellman-Wilbur "Candide," not the vulgar travesty the City Opera performs—is overdue.

PEPSICO SUMMERFARE is a season of opera, theatre, music, and dance performed on the Purchase campus of the State University of New York. The campus has four theatres, designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes. Robert Venturi, Paul Rudolph, and Philip Johnson have also built there. PepsiCo's headquarters (the buildings by Edward Durrell Stone) and famous sculpture gardens (landscapes and planting by Russell Page) are across the road. The gardens close at five-thirty; a time extension on performance days could add to the pleasures of a Purchase expedition from Manhattan. The place is not far away—about forty-five minutes' drive, closer than Glyndebourne is to London. (On Sundays during the festival, there are shuttle buses from the Rye railroad station.) One of the four theatres is a "black box" that allows for varied seating plans; the others hold five hundred, seven hundred, and fourteen hundred people. The houses are intimate; the fare is international. The main theatre event this year was Giorgio Strehler's celebrated production of "The Tempest," brought by the Piccolo Teatro di Milano. The main "creation" was of Conrad Susa's one-act opera "The Love of Don Perlimplín."

Federico García Lorca's "Amor de Don Perlimplín con Belisa en Su Jardín" is a play that approaches the condition of music. It's shot through with songs; the first stage direction includes the instruction "A sonata is heard."

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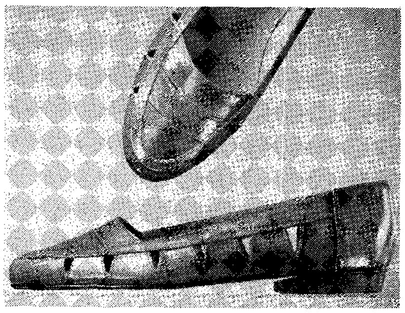

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Lorca was a composer himself. Francisco García Lorca, his brother, remarks that the four characters "interweave their voices in a kind of concerto grosso for four instruments," and that "none of Lorca's plays shows with more poetic evidence the musical influence in his theatre." One can almost imagine the play's being "performed" on the harpsichord. Lorca said Domenico Scarlatti would have been the man to set it. Small wonder, then, that it has attracted several musicians. There have been operas by Vittorio Rieti and Wolfgang Fortner (I remember Rieti's as a delicate, poignant piece); a radio opera by Bruno Maderna; a powerful and poetic ballet, "Il Mantello Rosso," by Luigi Nono.

And on the strength of Susa's previous operas, "Transformations" and "Black River," I suspect that there may be a rewarding small opera lurking within what one saw and heard at Purchase. But it was hard to perceive it. The staging, by David Alden (in the five-hundred-seat theatre), was grotesquely elaborated, overblown, and unfocussed. The set, by Douglas W. Schmidt, was a huge, high room containing the various scenes—study, bedchamber, garden, etc.—within it. It was decked with Expressionist props (books the size of steamer trunks) and was traversed by a Brechtian *Gardine*, or half-curtain. Belisa's mother was presented as a cross between Miss Havisham and Mother Ginger (in "The Nutcracker"). The singers—junior members of the San Francisco Opera—knew their notes but not, it seemed, their roles in a drama that needs poised and precise playing. Lorca's "Don Perlimplín," a tragic verso to "Don Pasquale," is written with epigrammatic, sometimes enigmatic terseness, which Susa has respected. The libretto, by the composer and Richard Street, based on the English translation by James Graham-Lujan and Richard O'Connell, is economical (as the staging was not) and does not try to explain things, although it swells Lorca's two sprites into a chorus of six, and swells their wedding-night interlude by Lorca's "Ballad of the Unfaithful Wife," sung and danced. Mr. Alden kept the singers and dancers onstage and gave them prominent parts in some private scenes. Susa's music is aptly lean and bright, elegant and animated, passionate without being lush. It seemed to be cunningly scored, but it was hard to tell, for Andrew Meltzer conducted a pretty consistently mezzo-forte performance. The show left the impression of having had too large a production budget and too little rehearsal.

—Andrew Porter

• •

VISIT

This warm house, masculine; our old,
20-years-old hug;
your gray eyes, that I trust.
But our clear,
perfect sentences,
like money. No silences.

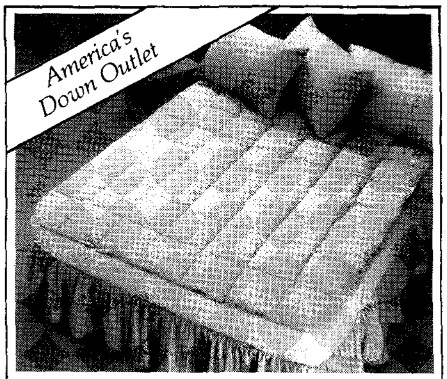
Jokes, books, our friends . . .
Why are you always
the older one? Why am I
a wooden girl, not
friends when we meet?

The other one, tough, dumb,
kind, the monologuer,
the strange one, with no house
—after our first fight
we didn't have to have that fight anymore,
or go away.

Solid perfect waves
break in and pull back.

It was as if you shouted after me,
"Can't you see my death, can't you see anything?"

—Jean Valentine



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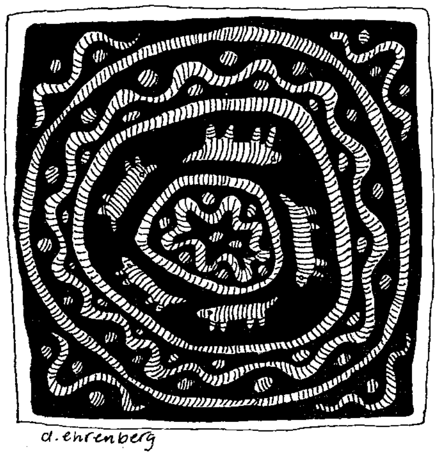
THE SPORTING SCENE

ST. ANDREWS AND THE BRITISH OPEN

TO judge from the frequency with which framed prints of it appear on the walls of the offices and studies of devoted golfers throughout the world, the most popular piece of golf art ever created may well be the map of the Old Course at St. Andrews, in Scotland, which was "surveyed and depicted" in 1924 by Alister MacKenzie, the British golf-course architect. MacKenzie's map was produced and sold to the public by W. C. Henderson & Son, Ltd., the University Press, St. Andrews. The map is remarkable for its accuracy and detail. The undulations of the linksland are carefully noted, and so are the stretches of gorse—or whins, as the Scots call the prickly bush—that edge many of the fairways. The names of the most celebrated of the numerous sand bunkers that have so much to do with the strategy and character of the holes are printed legibly on the map. The bunkers are a vivid white, the fairways a pale green, and the greens a darker shade of green, while St. Andrews Bay is a soft ochre. The card of the course—the yardage of each of the eighteen holes—is set in a box at the top left corner. When MacKenzie drew his map, the Old Course was the most famous golf course in the world and had been for roughly a century. His map was so evocative of the singular test presented by the Old Course that golfers from all over who had played there and those who hoped to enjoy that experience in the future made sure to acquire it in order to be able to commune with it on a steady basis. As for MacKenzie, the year after he executed the map—a gesture expressing his immense admiration for the course—he left Britain, where he had designed such excellent courses as Alwoodly and Moortown, to pursue his career overseas, mainly in Australia and the United States. His major triumph in Australia was the West Course of the Royal Melbourne club. In this country, he laid out a dozen or so fine courses, including the two at the Ohio State University golf club; Crystal Downs, in Michigan; and dazzling Cypress Point, on the Monterey Peninsula, in California, which was completed in 1928. When Bobby Jones, having retired from competitive golf in 1930, following his Grand Slam of the British and United States Amateur and Open championships, turned his attention to building his dream course—the Augusta National, in Augusta, Georgia—he asked MacKenzie to serve as his co-designer. One reason Jones selected MacKenzie was that Cypress Point had made a deep impression on him, but, as a fervent admirer himself of the Old Course, he had been a fan of MacKenzie's from the day he first set eyes on the superb map of St. Andrews.

The town of St. Andrews (present population: just over eleven thousand) edges into the North Sea at the tip of the Fife Peninsula, between the Firth of Forth, to the south, and the Firth of Tay, to the north. The town itself sits on top of a rocky plateau that falls gently downhill to the Old Course, which occupies a sweep of linksland running north along the shallow curve of St. Andrews Bay to the mouth of the Eden River. As the crow flies, St. Andrews is only thirty miles from Edinburgh. Since 1964, when a bridge for motor traffic across the Firth of Forth was completed, the touring golfer on a tight schedule has been able to breakfast in Edinburgh, drive to St. Andrews for a round on the Old Course, get in a pleasant stroll around the town, and return to Edinburgh in plenty of time for dinner and some entertainment in the capital city. (Close by the motorway bridge stands the Michelangelesque railroad bridge that spans the firth. A mile long, its tracks a hundred and fifty-seven feet above the inlet, it was considered a marvel of engineering when it was finished, in 1890, seven years after work on it began. Whenever an old-movie buff takes in this gigantic, muscular structure, his thoughts invariably go back to "The 39 Steps," Alfred Hitchcock's first great success, and to the theatrics aboard the train on which Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll were crossing the firth.) For the golf enthusiast who is making his first visit to the Old Course and has a malleable schedule, perhaps the best time to arrive in St. Andrews is around six o'clock on a summer's evening, when the sun is streaming across the links and turning everything to gold. At this hour, there are many golfers still out on the course, and there will be until darkness falls. On such a long, lingering evening, the weather-beaten sandstone clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews looms sturdier and more regal than it does on any official R. & A. Christmas card. Beyond the clubhouse, nearer the bay, the vast eighteen-hole municipal putting green on the Bruce Embankment is filled to capacity with residents of the town, ranging from tots scarcely as tall as a putter to perky octogenarians. Everybody is totally absorbed in his match. The fee for a round is thirty British pence—about forty cents. A little north of the embankment is the three-acre green of the Ladies' Putting Club, a private club, established in 1867, which is now composed of a hundred and forty members and approximately thirty gentleman associate members. They all pay annual dues of five pounds. Because of its fanciful undulations, the green is referred to by the members as the Himalayas. In good weather, they are out in force, full of merriment.



For the visitor fortunate enough to hit St. Andrews on such an evening, this glistening, animated scene is almost too good to be true: the storied "cradle of golf" has turned out to be all that he hoped for and much more. Whenever the British Open is played at St. Andrews it is a special event, and unusually large galleries turn out. They did in 1873, 1876, 1879, 1882, 1885, 1888, 1891, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910, 1921, 1927, 1933, 1939, 1946, 1955, 1957, 1960, 1964, 1970, and 1978, and again in July, when the championship was held on the Old Course for the twenty-third time. An average of more than thirty-six thousand spectators were on hand daily to watch an exciting tournament, which Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, of Spain, won by summoning his best golf down the stretch and edging out Tom Watson, the defending champion, and Bernhard Langer, of West Germany, by two strokes.

"Donald Duck and I are the same age, and we've seen a lot of political fads come and go in our fifty years."

HOW old is the Old Course? The late Sir Guy Campbell, a longtime St. Andrean who was a soldier by profession and a first-rate golf-course architect and golf historian as well, was of the opinion that a rude form of golf probably started being played at St. Andrews around the year 1100, and that by 1411, when the University of St. Andrews was founded, an elementary version of the Old Course was in existence. Along with other old Scottish towns on the North Sea, from Dornoch, in the north, to North Berwick, in the south, St. Andrews was a target of the well-known act of the Scottish Parliament promulgated in 1457, during the reign of King James II, which provided that "the Fute-ball and Golfe be utterly cryit doune, and nocht usit." England and Scotland were old enemies, and the Parliament did not want the country's young men to neglect their archery practice and fritter their hours away on pastimes that had no military worth. The first written evidence specifically connecting St. Andrews with golf was a covenant issued in 1552 by the provost and bailies of the town permitting Archbishop Hamilton to raise rabbits on the north end of the links and granting to the townspeople the right to use the links for drying their fishing nets, bleaching their linen, and pursuing such recreations as shooting, football, and golf. Nature was the architect of the Old Course. The linksland that the course was built on—indeed, the linksland that all the renowned Scottish, English, and Irish courses were built on—was a stretch of sand that had been washed up by the sea as it slowly receded over the centuries. Strong winds tossed the sand into gently rolling duneland, which was accented by fancifully shaped knolls interlaced with gullies, sharp declivities, hollows and whorls of all shapes, and small plateaus along with others of considerable extent. Birds pausing on the linksland fertilized the silt that streams deposited on their way to the sea. "Thus eventually," as Sir Guy Campbell wrote in a notable essay some thirty years ago, "the whole of these areas became grass-covered, from the coarse marram on the exposed dunes, ridges and hillocks, and the finer bents and fescues in the sheltered dunes, gullies and hollows, to the meadow grasses round and about the river estuaries and the mouths of the streams and burns. Out of the spreading and intermingling of all these grasses which followed was established the thick, close-growing, hard-wearing sward that is such a feature of true links turf wherever it is found."

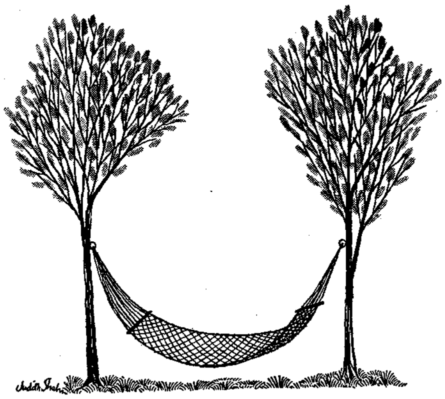
Sir Guy goes on to describe in a brilliant passage how heather, whins, and other shrubs sprouted on the links and attracted animal life; how the rabbits, in particular, multiplied, and attracted foxes to their warrens; and how man, in turn, came down to the linksland to hunt the foxes, tramping the tall grass down into paths and wide, walkable "rides." Generations after this, when the Scots were looking for grounds on which to play the new game of golf—which may or may not have been suggested by the Dutch game called *kolven*—they wisely recognized that the linksland was the perfect place. In the beginning, golf was a point-to-point game: the golfers began at a starting point and tried to reach an established point a good distance away in the fewest number of strokes; then they played back to the starting point. They gradually learned how to control the ball in the wind, how to get increased roll on some shots by taking advantage of the downhill and sidehill slopes, and how to stay away from such calamitous hazards as burns, thickets, and sand bunkers. Many of the sand bunkers were dug by the sheep that huddled together behind high dunes to shelter themselves from the piercing winds off the sea. Other sand bunkers had a more banal genesis. On some holes, because of the undulation of the land, a high proportion of the golfers' tee shots ended up in natural gathering spots at the base of a slope or several slopes. As was inevitable with so many players hacking away in these spots on their second shots, the turf there became sparser and sparser. More often than not, these scrapes—as they came to be called—ended up as areas of exposed sand, indented by only a finger or two of thin turf. When the people charged with maintaining the links in good condition decided that reseeding such scrapes was not a sensible solution, they generally converted them into permanent hazards—clearly defined sand bunkers.

Golf in time developed from a point-to-point game into a game made up of a number of separate holes. At

St. Andrews, this may have taken place as early as the fifteenth century. On the Old Course and the other early Scottish courses, the flatter areas of the tumbling land were used for the tees and greens. On whichever course the pioneering Scottish golfers learned the game, they soon came to understand that a basic reason they were so mad about golf was that a player had to think well in order to score well. The trick was to stay out of the hazards. The more talented the golfer, the more consistently he evaded them as he tacked his way—very much like a sailor—down the fairway from tee to green. These early golfers, both the silky swingers and the duffers, could not explain precisely why golf was so bewitching, but they sensed that it had something to do with the happy circumstance that it was played over natural terrain. Much later on—in the second half of the nineteenth century, when golf swept south of the Scottish border and, ultimately, all over the world—courses began to be constructed, not simply discovered. It became commonplace to move large quantities of earth in order to create tees, fairways, greens, and hazards that resembled those on the most respected Scottish courses. Underlying the charm of golf, whether one is tackling the Old Course at St. Andrews or some spanking-new American eighteen-hole layout, is the fundamental fact that the game is the only one played either on natural terrain or on ground molded at great expense into gently rolling land that resembles natural terrain. It is astounding how ideal the features of the linksland at St. Andrews happened to be for developing the skills and finesse that make golf such an alluring and addictive game.

The Old Course originally consisted of twenty-two holes. Like many of the first courses, it was routed so that the holes going out marched away from town in a relatively straight line and the holes coming in marched back in much the same pattern. One of the singularities of the Old Course was the narrowness of the fairways. In the beginning, they were only about forty yards wide. They were hemmed in on the west by the arable land along the Eden River, and on the east, shutting out the sight of the sea, there rose a succession of humpy sand hills crusted with bushes. Because of this extreme tightness, the outgoing holes, bordered on the right by the sand hills, were forced to share fairways and greens with the incoming holes. Another singularity of the Old Course was its shape: it looked like a serpent, or like a knobby walking stick with a curved handle. As the outgoing holes neared the mouth of the Eden, four holes performed a loop, twisting to the east and south and then swinging to the northwest. The loop completed, the holes headed back to town in staid single file. In 1764, ten years after "twenty-two noblemen and gentlemen" founded the Society of St. Andrews Golfers, the Old Course underwent a historic change. The first four holes were deemed too short and were replaced by two stronger holes, and the last four holes were similarly converted into two holes. St. Andrews became an eighteen-hole course. (The loop was composed of the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh holes, and it still is.) In those faraway days, the number of holes on a golf course varied from course to course. The links of Leith, at the north edge of Edinburgh, had only five holes. Musselburgh, seven miles east of Edinburgh, had seven. Montrose, south of Aberdeen, had twenty-five. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, well before King William IV, in 1834, permitted the Society of St. Andrews Golfers to style itself the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and shortly afterward agreed to become its patron, St. Andrews had come to be looked upon by the other Scottish golf clubs as the game's rules-making and governing body, and its eminence was such that newly founded clubs almost automatically followed St. Andrews' example and built eighteen-hole courses.

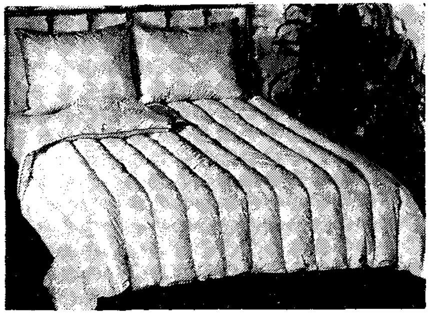
Between 1840 and 1850, the Old Course started to take on the dimensions of the course we know today. The fairway land was widened to between ninety and a hundred yards. This allowed each hole to have a fairway of its own, so to speak: the golfers used the east side of the fairway going out, the west side coming in. Most of the greens were enlarged into mammoth double greens, almost the width of the fairways. On the first nine, the hole was cut on the east side of the green, and on the second nine another hole was cut on the west side of the green. Altogether, there are seven of these monstrous double greens at St. Andrews. Two holes on the first nine, the first and the ninth, have greens of their own, as do two holes on the second nine, the seventeenth and the eighteenth. The double greens are unique to the Old Course. The largest one, which serves the fifth and thirteenth holes, is about an acre in size. Bobby Jones once birdied the fifth by rolling in a hundred-and-twenty-foot putt, and it is possible to be confronted with putts more than twice that length. (On the greens, a golfer must also be prepared to cope with undulations so abrupt and severe that if, say, a member of his foursome were to lie down on the far side of an especially steep rise in the golfer's line to the cup at the moment when the golfer turned his head away to get his putter from his caddie, the golfer wouldn't be able to see the stretched-out body as he studied his line, addressed his ball, and stroked it.) By mid-century, the widened fairways and the double greens had become a necessity at St. Andrews. In 1848, the gutta-percha golf ball had begun to replace the old feathery—a ball made from a top-hatful of boiled feathers stuffed into a leather cover and pounded into shape. The gutty was cheaper than the feathery and lasted longer. It was also easier for the average golfer to hit, and when he hit it squarely it went farther. The advent of the gutty occasioned the first big boom in golf's popularity. Droves of new players took to the links, even in the old homes of golf like St. Andrews. On the wings of the gutta-percha ball, golf spread through England, most of Europe, the United States, and, of course, Canada and the other British Commonwealth nations, where failure of the local gentry to construct a sporty layout posthaste was equivalent to their giving up afternoon tea and virtually going native.



As golf took root around the globe, the R. & A., because of the continuing zeal of its members and the quality of the Old Course, came to be held in such awe and esteem that many of the new aficionados were shocked to learn that it was not the oldest golf club in the world. That distinction belonged to the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, which was founded at

Leith in 1744, ten years before the Society of St. Andrews Golfers came into being. Furthermore, the Honourable Company was responsible for the first code of golf rules—thirteen rules, set down in 1744, which combined sense and clarity so effectively that the founders of St. Andrews adopted the code with only minimal changes. In 1854, its centennial year, the R. & A. nailed down once and for all its position as the game's legislative authority when it issued a recodification, consisting of twenty-two rules, and discovered that all the other golf clubs accepted it as instructions from Olympus. Today, only one national golf association does not recognize the R. & A. as the game's top governing body. That is the United States Golf Association. In December of 1894, six years after the first permanent golf club in this country came into existence—naturally, it called itself St. Andrew's—five of the leading American clubs, upset by the bickering about rules that had turned our attempts to hold a national amateur championship that summer and autumn into one long squabble, sent emissaries to a meeting in New York City, at which the U.S.G.A. was formed. Over the years, the U.S.G.A. and the R. & A. have differed on small points, but generally they have got along very well. In 1951, they reached an agreement on a unified set of rules. The only thing that is different in the realms of the two organizations is the size of the ball. Our ball is 1.68 inches in diameter and weighs 1.68 ounces. The British ball also weighs 1.68 ounces, but it is only 1.62 inches in diameter. The smaller ball, being denser, bores through the wind more successfully. Most golfers believe that in almost all other respects the American ball plays better, though there are some who think that the ball that meets the O.D.S. (Overall Distance Standard), which the U.S.G.A. adopted in 1976, can be hit so far by the top-level tournament players that it renders many of our old championship courses obsolete and promotes a type of golf that is not the best expression of the game. Interestingly, the British Professional Golfers' Association decided in 1968 that thereafter the American ball was to be used in all its tournaments. Since 1974, the R. & A. has required the entrants in the British Open, which it conducts, to play the American ball. Being more difficult to control in the wind, the American ball tends to safeguard the traditional shotmaking values of St. Andrews, and also of Muirfield (which since 1891 has been the home of the Honourable Company), Royal St. George's (in Kent), and the half-dozen other classic linksland courses on which the British Open is played.

THE emergence of the R. & A. as the capital of the golf world, along with the enthronement of the Old Course as the game's premier test, could not have come at a more opportune time for the town of St. Andrews. Its beginnings—probably as a fishing village—are lost in the haze of antiquity. We do know that it was founded in the seventh century as a Celtic ecclesiastical settlement. Later on, it went through periods of soaring glory and desperate conflict which today seem incredible for a town set off by itself, far from the heart of Scotland. The key to this turmoil was the wide circulation of the legend that St. Regulus had carried to the town the relics of St. Andrew, the patron saint of the Picts and later of the Scottish nation. In the Middle Ages, aside from being a port that conducted a thriving trade with the Low Countries, St. Andrews was the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland. On its cliffed headland stood a magnificent Norman-Early Gothic cathedral, the largest in the country. When the Reformation broke out in Scotland, St. Andrews was at the center of the controversy and violence, of which a chief protagonist was the fiery John Knox, a former student at the university who had returned to the town as a preacher. Calm and order were finally restored, but at the very end of the sixteenth century and during much of the seventeenth St. Andrews was ravaged by plagues that killed off most of its inhabitants and left it little more than a ghost town. Its population in 1793 was a mere 2,854. It slowly made its way back in the nineteenth century, as a seaside resort noted for its salubrious air. There was something about the town that appealed to intellectuals. It was a favorite place for masters of prominent English public schools and universities to take groups of students on "reads" during the summer vacation. Writers as different in personality as Thomas Carlyle, Anthony Trollope, and Charles Kingsley were regular visitors, as were Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Millais, and other painters of the top order. It would be wrong, however, to play down the salient part that the ever-



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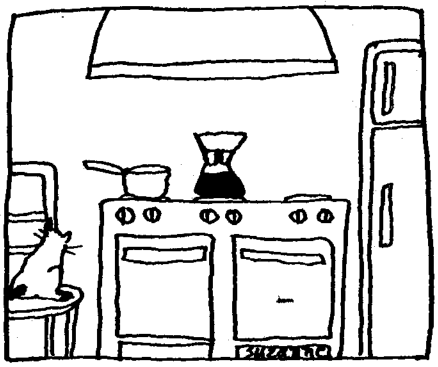
increasing reputation of St. Andrews as the cradle of golf played in the recovery of the "auld grey toun."

In time, St. Andrews became the mecca of golf. During the summer months, thousands of pilgrims from all over the world made their way to it. They loved the town itself—a nice, cheerful conjoining of the past and the present. With its three very wide main streets—South, Market, and North—and the stepped roofs of many of its buildings, it looks more like a Flemish town than a Scottish one. The handsome buildings of the university add immeasurably to its charm, and so do the students in their bright-red gowns—particularly the pretty young women. In St. Andrews, everyone knows golf and talks it. Approximately seventy-five per cent of the residents play it. Most of the townspeople of wealth and position, along with the lairds from the Fife countryside, are members of the R. & A. As a rule, the businessmen and professional men of the town belong to the New Club, established in 1902; it has a small clubhouse on The Links, a narrow road that runs along the right-hand side of the eighteenth fairway. A hundred yards or so up the road is the equally unpretentious clubhouse of the St. Andrews Club, which was established in 1843 and, down through the years, has been the club of the artisans and tradesmen. On days when the Old Course is jammed—each year, over forty thousand rounds are played on it, a third of them by visitors who are delighted to pay the twelve-pound greens fee—the residents of St. Andrews have three other eighteen-hole courses at their disposal. The New Course, which was laid out in 1895 on reclaimed duneland adjoining the Old Course on the east, has some stretches of arresting terrain and, all in all, provides a fairly good examination in golf. The Jubilee Course lies east of the New, on even more recently reclaimed duneland. Its first twelve holes were opened in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The Jubilee has been revised at least twice since, but it is best regarded as a sort of kindergarten retreat on which newcomers to golf can get the feel of the game before moving on to sterner challenges. And then there is the Eden Course, designed in 1912 by Harry Colt on the relatively flat land to the west of the Old Course. It is a most agreeable layout but, like the New, not a distinguished one. All these courses are open to the public. This was decided in 1894, when Parliament passed the St. Andrews Links Act. Under the terms of the act, the townspeople of St. Andrews were given "a servitude of golf" over the links, which became "a Public Park and Recreation Ground." The act entrusted the R. & A. with the responsibility of maintaining the Old Course and of building and maintaining the New Course. In return, the R. & A. was given exclusive use of the Old Course four weeks of the year. (It has been the custom of the R. & A. to set aside that time for its Spring Meeting, in May, and its Autumn Meeting, in September, when members of the club flock to St. Andrews from all over the United Kingdom—and often from overseas—to engage in a number of traditional competitions.) As costs continued to rise, maintaining the courses imposed a serious financial burden on the R. & A. In 1946, the Town Council was prevailed upon to offer some assistance, and it enacted a Provisional Order whereby the residents of St. Andrews, who up to that time had not paid a fee for using the courses, were thenceforth assessed a small amount each year for the privilege. Today, a Links Management Committee, made up of representatives of the Town Council and the R. & A., is responsible for the maintenance of the four courses.

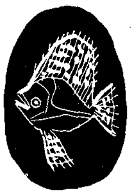
However, what finally solved the recurring financial problems was the dramatic expansion of the British Open in the nineteen-sixties. After being relatively somnolent for years, the British Open—the oldest of the four major championships—began to regain its old stature and appeal when Arnold Palmer, the magnetic American star, made it a point to come over each summer—starting in 1960—to play in it. By doing so, he impressed upon the other top American professionals the importance that being on hand regularly for the championship, and possibly winning it, could have for them. (Palmer won it in 1961 and 1962.) In 1967, the American Broadcasting Company, appreciating the allure of the revitalized British Open, bought the American television rights to the event. During the next decade, television rights to the Open were sold to companies in Japan, Australia, and a dozen other countries. The British Broadcasting Corporation, meanwhile, enlarged its coverage of the Open, and this was a signal factor in the championship's renaissance. In 1967, a total of fewer than thirty thousand spectators had turned out at the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, in Hoylake, to watch the practice rounds and the four rounds of the championship. By 1978, when St. Andrews was host to the Open for the twenty-second time, the total attendance for the practice rounds and during the championship had risen to over a hundred and twenty-five thousand devotees of golf.



A FEW more words about the R. & A., since it is perhaps the foremost international club in the realm of sports. It has had a longstanding policy of limiting its membership. At present, the club has eighteen hundred members. Seven hundred and fifty of them are Overseas Members. Two hundred and seventy-five of these are Americans. Two Americans have been elected captain—the club's highest office. The first, appropriately, was Francis Ouimet, America's first golfing hero, who as a twenty-year-old amateur up from the caddie ranks defeated Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, two illustrious British professionals, in a playoff for the 1913 U.S. Open. Ouimet was chosen to captain the R. & A. in 1951. In 1975, this honor was bestowed on Joseph C. Dey, Jr., who is the most outstanding golf administrator that this country has produced. From 1934 to 1969, Dey served as the executive director of the U.S.G.A., and, beginning in 1969, he put in five years as the first commissioner of the Tournament Players' Division of our Professional Golfers' Association.

The R. & A. is strictly a men's club, but this should hardly come as a shock. Indeed, women were not allowed into its hallowed halls of Canadian yellow pine until the 1955 Commonwealth Cup match, when a cocktail party for the players and their wives was given in what is known as the Big Room. This went over so well that another such mixed party was held in 1958, on the eve of the first World Amateur Team championship for the Eisenhower Trophy. Women, to be sure, can play the four courses—the British Ladies championship has been staged on the Old Course three times (in 1908, 1929, and 1965)—but the R. & A. remains the embodiment of the unindented male stronghold. The Big Room is its most celebrated room; a spacious rectangle sixty feet long, twenty-seven feet wide, and twenty-five feet high, it is lined on three sides by six-foot-high wooden lockers. On the fourth side, a tall, eight-pane bay window provides a wonderful view of the Old Course. (All the play on the first hole, a short par 4 on which the green sits just beyond the twisting Swilken Burn, is visible, and so is all the play on the eighteenth, a short but insidious par 4 on which the front-left section of the green is a large and deep hollow called, for good reason, the Valley of Sin. With the aid of binoculars the play on the green of the seventeenth, the notorious Road Hole, can also be followed.) Even on days when no competition is being held, the area around the bay window is the favorite haunt of the leather-armchair brigade—gruff, old regulars who make it their business to find out if Ladysmith has fallen and otherwise keep abreast of current events. On my first visit to the Big Room, shortly after the end of the war (the Second World War, not the Boer War), I quickly got the drift of things in the bay-window area, vacated the comfortable chair I had eased myself into, and focussed my attention on the handsome paintings that hang on the walls: in particular, I gave over most of my time to studying a portrait done in 1925 of the Duke of Windsor (then the Prince of Wales), looking smashing in a wide cap, a patterned tan sweater and plus fours, and a grouping of The Triumvirate—Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and James Braid—whose noble characters as well as their feats on the links had so much to do with the rise of golf's popularity at the turn of the century. In recent years, the atmosphere of the Big Room—and of the R. & A. in general—has become more informal and cordial, and this trend is sure to be continued under the newly appointed Secretary, Michael Bonallack, who, among his other distinctions, is a five-time winner of the British Amateur.

AMERICANS have long been enamored of St. Andrews, and their affection has been warmly returned, but in the entire annals of sport there have been few love affairs that can compare with the one between St. Andrews and Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.—the immortal Bobby. It was not love at first sight between Jones and the Old Course. In his first tussle with it, in the 1921 British Open, Jones—then nineteen—thought it was a rotten course. He was not the first or the last American to feel that way. To a golfer from a country where with few exceptions the finest courses are set inland, the fairways are lined with trees, the greens have a receptive give to them, and the bunkers and water hazards announce their presence in loud, clear voices, the Old Course doesn't even look like a golf course. A tawny sea of billows, it has only one tree on it—an apple tree to the right of the twelfth green. On some of its holes, the golfer, as he stands on the tee buffeted by the moisture-laden winds off the sea, cannot make out exactly where the fairway runs. Not infrequently, when he rips a drive that appears to have split the middle of the fairway he discovers that his ball has ended up in a fairway bunker hidden from view by the heaving land. He adjusts with comparative ease to the hard, close-cut turf of the fairways, but the resilience of the greens throws him off. His best approaches—the ones that land a dozen feet or less from the flagstick—take off like kangaroos. When his caddie tells him that on many holes he must land his approach short of the green and allow for the ball to bounce and roll up to the cup, his first reaction is that this type of pitch-and-run golf is as inferior to American target golf as British plumbing is to ours back home. On top of that, the chore of developing the proper touch on the very fast greens is made all the harder by the difficulty of reading the line to the hole. A putt that looks as if it would break a shade to the right sometimes breaks to the left. The visiting golfer has the option of either trying to memorize every green or taking a caddie. The second course of action is by far the wiser.



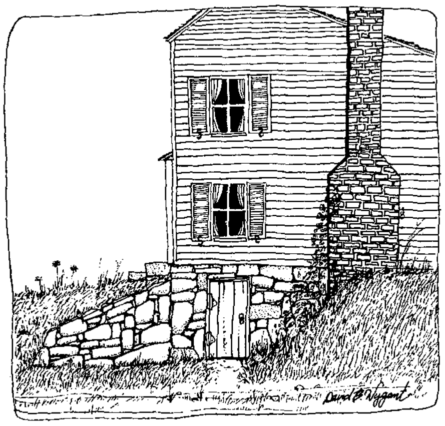
In the 1921 British Open, Jones scored reasonably well on his first two rounds. On the first nine holes of his third round, playing into the teeth of a strong wind, he made a series of costly mistakes and reached the turn in 46. An extremely high-strung young man, he was furious with himself. The best he could do on the easy tenth was a double-bogey 6. On the short eleventh, when he lay 5 on the green with a putt for a triple bogey, the indignity of it all was too much for him. He picked his ball up, which was tantamount to dropping out of the tournament. This incident, fortunately, had a beneficial effect on young Jones. He was so thoroughly ashamed of himself for quitting during the championship—in his mind, it went directly against the true spirit of sport—that he went on from there to set the highest possible standard of sportsmanship throughout his career.

Some St. Andreans had sensed in 1921 that Jones was an extraordinarily talented striker of the ball, but it wasn't until five years later that they began to realize just how exceptional he was. In the spring of 1926, the Walker Cup match was held at St. Andrews. Jones and a fellow-Georgian, Watts Gunn, won their foursome handily, and in the singles Jones overwhelmed Cyril Tolley, the formidable British amateur, 12 and 11. The townspeople took note of his new maturity. They loved his natural manner on the course, and the way he could gather his full concentration when he played a shot. They recognized that he now understood the subtle, variable demands of linksland golf and that he obviously enjoyed devising the exacting, ticklish shots that were required. They admired his swing, so full and yet so compact in the hitting area, and they were smitten by its beautiful, almost lazy tempo. They had been waiting for decades for their dream golfer, and now they were fairly certain that he had arrived. The following year, they were positive he had. The 1927 British Open was held at St. Andrews, and Jones, after starting with a 68, which tied the course record, stayed out in front with rounds of 72, 73, and 72, and finished a full six strokes ahead of the runner-up. The spectators, understanding the pressures that weigh on a tournament golfer, never disturbed Jones when he was working on a round, but on the last day of the 1927 Open they were thickly crammed around the home green, and when Jones' final putt went down they broke loose and mobbed their hero. As Bernard Darwin, the English golf writer, remembered the scene, "He holed his short one and the next instant there was no green visible, only a dark seething mass, in the midst of which was Bobby hoisted on fervent shoulders and holding his putter, 'Calamity Jane,' at arm's length over his head lest she be crushed to death."

Jones next returned to St. Andrews in 1930, shortly after captaining the American team in the Walker Cup match at Royal St. George's. That year, St. Andrews was host to the British Amateur, a championship that Jones had failed to win in two previous cracks at it. He looked to be in excellent form in winning his first three matches. In the fourth round, he met the defending champion, the redoubtable Tolley. Just about everyone in town streamed down to the links to watch this match. (Noting this, Gerald Fairlie, the British mystery writer, used that afternoon in one of his books as the time when a murder is committed in St. Andrews. Though stained with the blood of his crime, the murderer is able to make his way undetected down the empty streets of the town.) The Jones-Tolley match was one to remember. Both men were on their game. Neither was able to build up a lead of more than one hole. Coming to the seventeenth, they were even. There Jones was very lucky to halve Tolley's 4. His second, a slightly cut spoon that he hoped would sit down quickly at the back of the green, took a high, fast kick and might have bounded onto the nearby road if it had not been stopped by the spectators bunched behind the green. The eighteenth was halved in par. On to extra holes. The ending, which came on the nineteenth, was anticlimactic. Jones was on in two. Tolley, off to the right with his pitch, played a rather loose chip, and Jones' approach putt left Tolley with an uncircumventable stymie. In the fifth round, Jones defeated Harrison (Jimmy) Johnston 1 up, though he had been four holes down with five holes to play. Then he beat George Voigt 1 up after being two down with five holes to play. This put him into the final against the tall, accomplished Englishman Roger Wethered. After the morning round, Jones stood 4 up. He had only one 5 on his card: on the seventeenth, he had missed a two-foot putt. In the afternoon, continuing his sure, steady play, he closed Wethered out on the thirtieth green, 7 and 6. At the time, the general mood was one of immense gratification: after surviving so many close calls, Jones had finally won the British Amateur, the one major championship (among those in which he was eligible to play) that had eluded him. As the year spun on and Jones won the British Open and the U.S. Open, and, at length—four months after his victory at St. Andrews—concluded his epic Grand Slam by winning the U.S. Amateur, the significance of the wonders he had worked at St. Andrews became increasingly clear.

Jones' next visit to St. Andrews took place in 1936. He and his friend Grantland Rice, the syndicated sports columnist, made a brief visit on the way to the Olympic Games in Berlin. They had been stopping at Gleneagles, and Jones could not bear to be so close to the Old Course and not play it. Somehow, word of his plans leaked out. Stores closed down, and five thousand people were gathered at the course to welcome "our Bobby" when he teed off. At least a thousand more subsequently joined the gallery. Although Jones had been playing very little golf and had not been hitting the ball well, he responded to the occasion with some sensational shotmaking, reaching the turn in 32. On the back nine, he made a few errors en route to a round of 71, but he also brought off some thrilling shots that enchanted his gallery.

Jones did not return to St. Andrews again until 1958. The first World Amateur Team championship for the Eisenhower Trophy was scheduled for that October, and St. Andrews was the logical venue. Jones, a close friend of Eisenhower's, was asked to captain the American team. He agreed to do it, even though he had been suffering for some time from syringomyelia, a crippling disease of the spinal cord. Looking back at that vivid international competition, one remembers two things above all else: Australia's victory by two strokes over the American team in the playoff for the championship; and the evening at the university's Younger Hall when Jones was formally made a Freeman of the Burgh of St. Andrews. (The last American to have been so honored was Benjamin Franklin.) That night, some two thousand people—the bulk of them townspeople—jammed the hall literally to the rafters. The town clerk read the citation. The provost made a first-rate address about the warm and abiding friendship between Jones and the residents of the town. Jones then rose and moved to the lectern. It was his preference at functions of this kind not to deliver a prepared address but to talk spontaneously, expressing the thoughts and feelings that had struck him during the evening. This was one of the occasions when he forgot entirely about the notes he had in his jacket pocket. Speaking in his Georgia drawl, his tone both intimate and earnest, he told his audience how much it meant to him to be in St. Andrews once again, and remarked that "you people of St. Andrews have a sensitivity and an ability to extend cordiality in an ingenious way." He spoke of the Old Course and the patience and restraint it demands. He said, "You have to study it, and the more you study, the more you learn; the more you learn, the more you study it." A bit later in his talk, which lasted about twelve minutes, he said, "I could take out of my life everything except my experiences at St. Andrews and I would still have had a rich and full life." He concluded by speaking of friendship. "When I say to a person, 'I am your friend,' I have said about the ultimate. When I say, 'You are my friend,' I am assuming too much, for it is a possibility that you do not want to accept my friendship. When I have said as much about you, and you have done so much for me, I think that when I say, 'You are my friends,' then, under these circumstances, I am at the same time affirming my affection and regard for you and expressing my complete faith in you and my trust in the sincerity of your friendship. Therefore, when I say now to you, 'Greetings, my friends at St. Andrews,' I know I am not presuming, because of what has passed between us." At the end of his talk, Jones left the stage and got into the golf cart he used to help him get around. He guided it slowly down the center aisle of the hall. As he did, the whole auditorium suddenly erupted in the most stirring rendition imaginable of the old Scottish song "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" It had all the strange, wild, emotional force of the skirl of a bagpipe. Hardly a word was said as the people filed from the hall, and for many minutes afterward it was impossible for anyone to speak.



Jones died in December, 1971. His admirers in Britain and America soon thereafter formed the Robert T. Jones, Jr., Memorial Trust, the Robert T. Jones, Jr., Memorial Scholarship Fund; and also the Robert T. Jones, Jr., Scholar Exchange Program Endowment Fund, whereby four students from the University of St. Andrews are selected annually to come to Atlanta for a year's study at Emory University (where Jones attended law school), and four students from Emory are selected to study at St. Andrews. If an applicant for one of the scholarships happens to be a golfer, fine. What the committees are looking for, however, are young men and women of scholarly bent and personal merit who would stand to widen their vistas incalculably during a year abroad.

IT was not St. Andrews but Prestwick that founded the British Open. In 1860, eight professionals from seven Scottish clubs competed in the first Open, a thirty-six-hole event in which the field played three rounds over Prestwick's twelve-hole course. The Prestwick era of the Open ended in 1870, when Young Tom Morris—the nineteen-year-old son of Old Tom Morris, who had himself been the Open champion four times—won for the third straight year and so retired the Challenge Belt that Prestwick had put up. No Open was played the next year, but in 1872 a new arrangement was agreed on. Musselburgh and St. Andrews would join Prestwick in conducting the championship, which would be rotated over the three courses. This procedure continued until 1892, when the Open was extended to a seventy-two-hole event and some major changes in the championship rota were initiated. In that year, Musselburgh was dropped and Muirfield added; in 1894, Royal St. George's became the first English course to hold the championship. The next move of consequence came in 1919. Because of the reputation that the R. & A. had gained as British golf's governing body, it was asked by the other prominent clubs to assume responsibility for running both the British Open and the British Amateur. It was pleased to do so.

American golf fans first became conscious of the British Open in the nineteen-twenties. Out of a clear blue sky, a flock of upstart crows from our country went over for the championship and demonstrated that they could play the game better than the British could. Walter Hagen won the British Open four times, and Jones won it three times. In the mid-thirties, our interest in the British Open began to wane, and after the Second World War our top professionals seldom played in it. Sam Snead won it in 1946, at St. Andrews, but did not bother to defend his title the next year. Ben Hogan, in his first appearance in the championship, put on a magnificent display of shotmaking in winning it at Carnoustie in 1953, but he never played in it again. Palmer's enthusiasm for the British Open, and his two victories in it—at Royal Birkdale and Troon—turned everything around. American players began to go over in swarms, and to win it: Tony Lema in 1964, Jack Nicklaus in 1966, 1970, and 1978, Lee Trevino in 1971 and 1972, Tom Weiskopf in 1973, Johnny Miller in 1976, Bill Rogers in 1981, and Tom Watson in 1975, 1977, 1980, 1982, and 1983. American golfers have almost invariably been great favorites with the British galleries, because of their pleasant manner and their attacking style of play. A number of them have had their reservations about the merits of the Old Course, but the course has never lost its attraction or its importance for them. When Nicklaus won the championship there in 1970, after an exciting playoff with Doug Sanders, he was so stirred by having accomplished this on the historic course that although he had theretofore not been regarded as a particularly gifted speaker he found his voice for the first time in his career as he addressed the cheering crowds.

A large part of the appeal that the Old Course holds for a golfer, be he a Nicklaus or a nobody, is its age. When a golfer walks down its fairways and onto its greens, he is intensely aware that more than nine hundred years ago the town's pioneering golfers trod the same strip of land as they played their rough version of the game. He is also aware that the eighteen holes of the Old Course are basically the same ones that existed a hundred and fifty years ago, when Old Tom Morris was a young sprout. There have been some changes, inevitably. When the improvement of the golf ball and of golf clubs made it possible for the ball to be hit farther, new back tees were constructed, so that the strategy of the individual holes would not be impaired. Today, the course measures nearly 7,000 yards from the championship tees, and 6,550 yards from the regular tees. Other changes have taken place. The fairways are not as

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fast or the greens as kittle as they were fifty years ago. They haven't been since 1969, certainly, for that year a sprinkler system was installed—a dubious improvement in the opinion of many members. Some bunkers that underwent repairs have emerged with their playing qualities slightly altered. Other bunkers have just disappeared. It should be emphasized that at St. Andrews the way the bunkering ties in with the terrain is more responsible for the strategic concept of the holes than it is at any other course. Because the wind changes frequently, the golfer must be continuously alert. If the wind happens to be blowing into his face on a certain hole, he must not attempt to carry a bunker he can carry on a still day only with a big shot; he must be content to aim for the safe side of the fairway. When he notices on the tee of another hole that a breeze is kicking up behind him, he should feel encouraged to let out on his tee shot and try to fly it over a bunker that ordinarily menaces the direct line to the green. If he pulls this off, he not only will have a shorter approach to play but also may be rewarded for his daring with the perfect opening to the green. To play the Old Course well requires discretion. Even when there is no wind to worry about, it provides the average golfer with a nice exercise in maneuvering the ball, but for the likes of our modern power hitters the course is hardly a challenge on a calm day. The holes are simply too short, and the hazards rarely come into play. For example, on the first round of the 1970 British Open, when there wasn't any wind to speak of, no fewer than forty-three players broke par—72—and twenty-one equalled it.

PROBABLY the best way to convey the unique personality of the Old Course is to describe briefly the incoming nine holes—much the superior nine, in the opinion of most authorities. On the outgoing nine, only the first, fourth, and fifth holes really seize the golfer's imagination. They have distinct personalities of their own. As for the six other outgoing holes, they are on the short side, and on four of them the tee shot is blind, or semi-blind, which may explain why most golfers do not score as low on the front nine as they expect to. In addition, there are numerous pot bunkers to gobble up errant shots, and along the right side there is the danger of thick patches of whins to be reckoned with. On the second nine, too, as a matter of fact, it is a good idea to keep the ball to the left whenever one feels a little uncertain about the shot he is playing.

The tenth hole happens to be an exception to this. A flattish, rather straight par 4, which measures 342 yards from the championship tee, it is bordered on the left by a bulge of heavy rough backed up by whins. When a power hitter has the wind at his back, he is tempted to see if he can carry the rough and reach the green, or at least leave himself with a short chip or pitch on his second. There is a lot of room out to the right, but the best target for the good club golfer is a well-defined fairway bunker, whose high front face, revetted with closely knit bricks of turf, lies about two hundred and seventy yards out, in line with the right edge of the double green. If the golfer hits a solid drive just to the left of this bunker, he is in great shape. The tenth is typical of many holes on the Old Course. It looks like a possible birdie hole, but a golfer must have some firsthand knowledge of it to be able to judge how much run to allow for on his pitch to the slightly elevated green, and most times it is only after he misses his putt that the break of the green clearly reveals itself.

The eleventh is a 172-yard par 3, whose fairway cuts across the seventh fairway. It is the last hole of the four-hole loop, and by far the most dangerous. The green slants from back to front at a very steep angle; if a modern golf-course architect were to design a green with the same degree of slope, his client would reject it. On days when the wind blows forcefully from the back of the green to the front, the astute player never soles his putter, for then, not having formally addressed the ball, he cannot be penalized a stroke if the wind happens to move it. (On windy days, some players also chase their approach shots up the green and hurriedly tap in their short putts, for there is always a chance that a gust will blow the ball back down the green.) Under ordinary conditions, however, a golfer's main concern on the eleventh is to avoid the two punitive bunkers guarding the entrance to the green—Strath Bunker, on the right, and Hill Bunker, on the left. It is the old story of Scylla and Charybdis. Hill, which is ten feet deep, does a good deal of business. In trying to stay away from Strath, golfers have a tendency to steer the ball too far to the left and into Hill. This is understandable, in a way: few bunkers are as mean as Strath. In the afternoon round of their singles in the 1938 Walker Cup match, Charlie Stowe, of Britain, and his American opponent, Chuck Kocsis, both put their tee shots up against the base of the steep, five-foot-high front wall of Strath, which noses well into the putting surface. Kocsis, being away, played first. His explosion shot failed to clear the wall and toppled back into the sand. Thereupon, Stowe, with little hesitation, played his second not toward the pin but out the back of the bunker and onto the fairway. From there he got down with a fine chip and a putt, and his bogey 4 won him the hole.

The twelfth is the first of the holes that thread their way, one after another, back to town. If there is a north or northwest wind at the back of a world-class golfer, it ruins this succession of holes. He can then whale the ball such distances that the length of its carry renders irrelevant the hazards that in a harrying wind make these last seven holes one of the most fascinating stretches in golf. The twelfth measures only 316 yards from the championship tee, but there is more to this short par 4 than first meets the eye. For instance, about two hundred yards out, smack in the middle of the fairway, are four bunkers that are not visible from the tee, because they lie beyond a sudden dip in the terrain. From experience, or from his caddie, a golfer learns that the proper line on that particular day is either toward the heathery hillside on the left or straight down the rough on the right. The twelfth has a thin, tiered green; the low strip at the front rises quickly to the higher tier. It takes an eye for distance and a sensitive touch to toss up a pitch or a pitch-and-run shot that will finish within birdie range of the flagstick. Nevertheless, the twelfth, being just over three hundred yards long, has yielded a few eagle 2s in its time. Joe Carr, the long-hitting Irish star, made one in the final of the 1958 British Amateur when he drove the green and holed a huge putt.

The thirteenth is 425 yards long, and a brute. I know of no other par 4 that even vaguely resembles it. To the left of the narrow fairway are three good-size bunkers. They are known as the Coffins, doubtless because they catch a great many tee shots. This is only the half of it. Just beyond the

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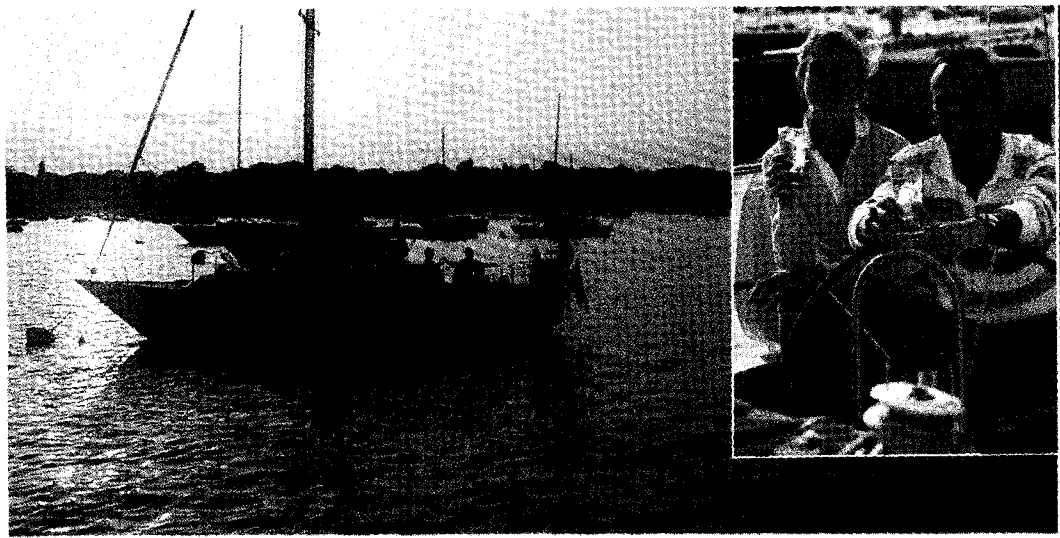

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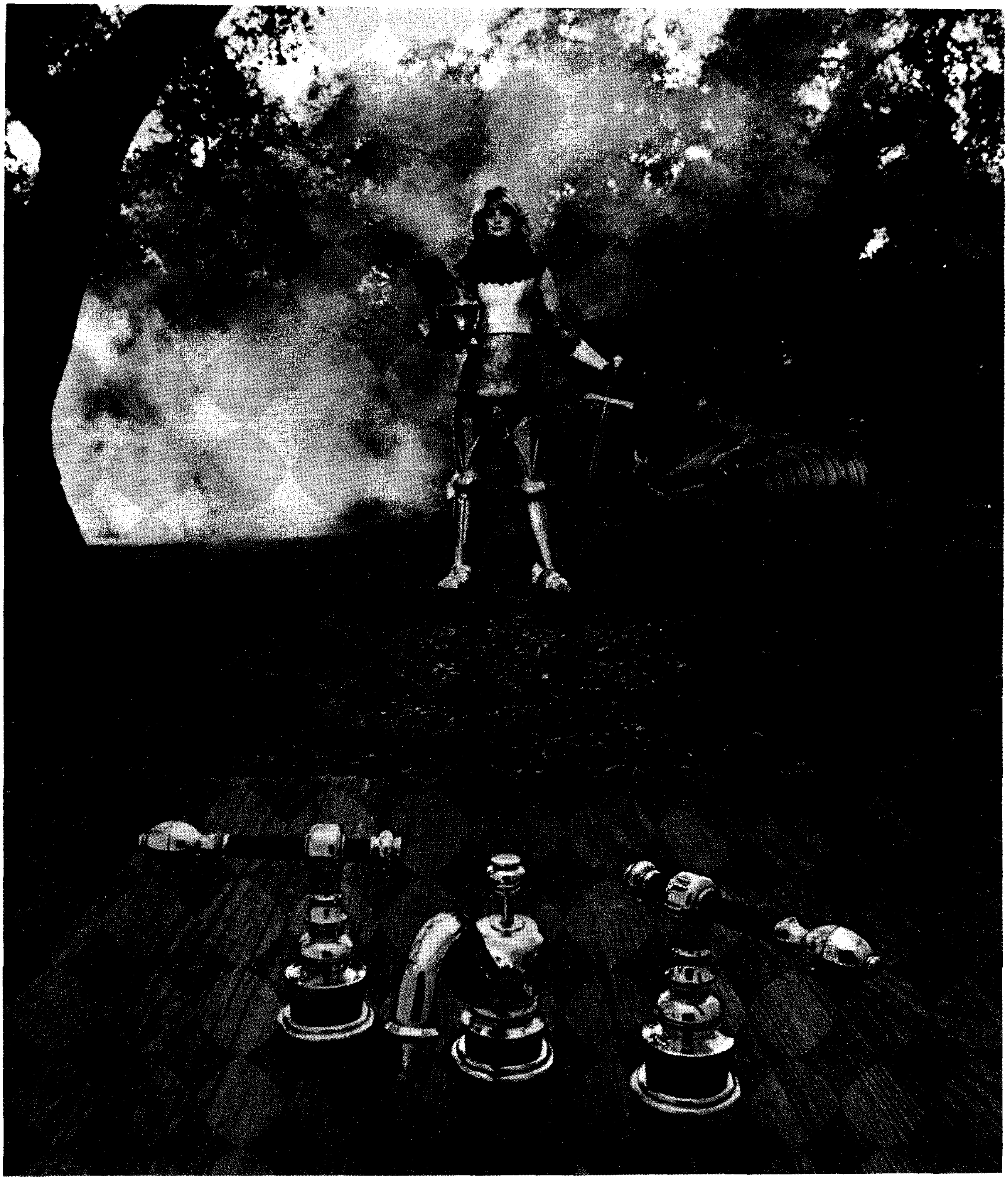

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area where most tee shots finish, the fairway abruptly sweeps up fifteen feet or so, shutting out all view of the continuing fairway and the green. The caddie, after cautioning his man to play to the left of his line to the pin, climbs to the top of the fairway, gives him the line to the pin, and then, after watching where the shot has finished, usually contorts his face into an expression even glummer than the one he was wearing. Blind holes are bad holes, but the thirteenth has a grandeur about it that makes it an exception. One other thing. There is a small bunker twenty yards short of the green. It is called Lion's Mouth, and it is voracious.

The Old Course has only two par 3s, the eighth and the eleventh, and only two par 5s, the fifth and the fourteenth. The fourteenth, 567 yards long, has no fewer than ten bunkers. It can turn a promising round into a woeful one. "The drive on the fourteenth, especially from the championship tee, makes a fearsome play on courage and technique," the British golf writer Pat Ward-Thomas has stated. "The paramount thought is to avoid going out of bounds over the low greystone wall which angles sharply into the line, and separates the Old from the Eden course, but only a slight pull can be trapped by the Beardies, a threatening cluster of bunkers scarcely visible from the tee. For most golfers there is no greater sense of relief on the Old Course than to see the drive finishing safely on the lovely sweep of fairway known as the Elysian Fields." Even if a player has found the Elysian Fields with his tee shot, plenty of work remains to be done. The temptation to try to carry Hell Bunker, which lies straight ahead down the fairway, is understandable, for if one brings it off with an aggressive fairway wood one is then less than a hundred yards short of the green. It is wise, though, to pass up this gamble. To cite just one example, Gene Sarazen, in the 1933 British Open, caught Hell Bunker with his second, took two shots to get out, and ended with an 8. It proved to be fatal to his chances: he lost the championship by a stroke. The smart golfer will elect to play his second to the left of Hell—down the fifth fairway, in fact. Not only is this a much less precarious route but he is left with a much easier third shot. The front part of the left side of the green—a green that is high at the front and slopes down toward the back—presents only a few minor ripples to contend with, whereas the front of the right side rises like a breaking wave.

The fifteenth, a 413-yard par 4, is generally considered to be something of a letup hole. The town of St. Andrews, which looms in the distance as one plays the last seven holes, is now close enough so that, depending on the wind, the caddie generally gives his player some architectural feature as the line—a church steeple, say, or a row of light-brown buildings, or the blocky red façade of the old Grand Hotel, now a university dormitory. While the fifteenth may be the least publicized hole in the finishing stretch, it is anything but an automatic par. It contains many of the course's familiar appurtenances: a hidden bunker (Sutherland) in the landing area of the drive; a fairway full of bumps and hollows that frequently add the complication of an uphill, downhill, or sidehill lie to the approach shot; four pot bunkers at the far end of the fairway; and a green that has a good many delicate rolls.

The sixteenth is a marvellous hole. A 382-yard par 4, it is made by its feature hazard, the Principal's Nose—a good-sized mound that has a deep, pitlike bunker carved into its front side and two similar bunkers carved into its back side. It is situated in the fairway about two hundred yards from the tee and directly on the line from tee to green. The golfer who in an east wind aims for the twenty-yard-wide strip of fairway to the right of the Principal's Nose runs the risk of having his ball blown into the rough, or farther right and out of bounds. The golfer who in a crosswind aims eight or ten yards to the left of it often discovers that he has underestimated the force of the wind and that his drive has caught the hazard. This happened to James Braid in the 1905 British Open, to Jones in his match with Tolley in the 1930 British Amateur, and to Palmer in the qualifying round of the 1960 British Open. The best line to choose is far to the left of the Principal's Nose—there is plenty of room there—and to take your chances on playing the splendid iron shot needed to hit and hold the terraced green.

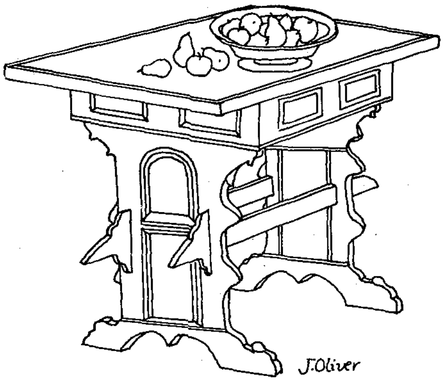
The seventeenth, the Road Hole, may well be the most admired and feared hole in the world. A 461-yard par 4 that doglegs to the right, it gets its name from the paved road that runs just behind and a few feet below the right edge of the diagonal green. Just beyond the road is a stone wall. The road plays as a hazard; you cannot ground your club on it. From the back tee, the golfer must decide whether he should play a careful drive down the left side of the fairway or an audacious drive over the angle of the dogleg. If the golfer fails to make the long carry, he is out of bounds. If he succeeds, he is in a position where he can reach the lean, diagonal, slightly elevated green with a long, or even a medium, iron. Some golfers consider that trying to land the second shot on the green is hardly worth the risk. An approach hit a shade to the right can end up on the road, and an approach hit a shade to the left will be funnelled most of the time into the Road Bunker, a fearsome hazard from which it takes a well-executed explosion shot to stop the ball on the green safely short of the road. Accordingly, the old St. Andrews man usually plays his second intentionally short of the bank in front of the green, preferring to gamble on getting down from there in a little pitch and a putt. Sometimes, of course, the circumstances are such that the golfer must throw caution to the winds and go boldly for the seventeenth green on his second shot. This is what Dr. David Marsh did in the 1971 Walker Cup match. Standing 1 up on Bill Hyndman with two holes to go in the crucial singles of a very close team match, Marsh played a perfect 3-iron to within fifteen feet of the pin. He halved that hole and the eighteenth, and Britain had won the Cup for the first time since 1938.

The Old Course has an ideal finishing hole. A straightaway par 4, it measures 354 yards. With a strong following breeze, a Nicklaus can drive the green, but for most golfers the hole generally plays as a drive and a well-hit 6-iron or 7-iron. Since the out-of-bounds line runs tight along the right side of the fairway from tee to green, most golfers favor the left side of the fairway off the tee. But then the Valley of Sin comes into play, and that large, deep basin, which occupies the front-left section of the green, changes the whole nature of the eighteenth. In tournament play, the pin is almost always positioned behind it. The golfer approaching the green from the left should always make sure to take enough club on his second. He knows full well how rarely a player is able to get down in fewer than three putts from the Valley of Sin. Nevertheless, an amazingly high percentage of golfers—perhaps because of fear of going over the green, perhaps because of an illusion that they are nearer the green than they actually are—put their approach shots into the Valley of Sin, and this has changed the outcome of countless important matches and tournaments. The green is very hard to read. It is common knowledge that it slopes down ever so slightly from the back right-hand corner. Yes, but just how much break does one allow for? In the 1970 British Open, Doug Sanders had only to sink a three-and-a-half-footer—he was just beyond the cup—to beat Nicklaus and carry off the championship. His putt slipped by the right edge of the cup. The next day, Nicklaus was faced with sinking an eight-footer from about the same angle to win their playoff. As his ball neared the hole, it started to veer to the right, but it caught a corner of the cup and fell in.

For the 1984 Open, that stimulating second nine measured 3,432 yards, the first nine 3,501 yards, and the total yardage of the Old Course 6,933 yards—a very respectable length. However, in calm weather the course, with its fast fairways, tends to play somewhat shorter than those figures suggest. This was a principal reason the thousands who gathered at St. Andrews for the 1984 Open were hoping not only for fair weather but also for a pleasant breeze, to make the course more interesting for the best players in the world.

St. Andrews is an enchanting town for a traveller to return to, I discovered again this summer. The townspeople are genuinely friendly, and their politeness bowls you over. The imminence of another British Open championship on the Old Course had put an almost tangible tingle in the air. After dinner on the evening of my arrival, it was impossible for me to restrain myself from walking over to the Old Course to see how it was looking. It was then almost half past nine, but in a latitude as northerly as St. Andrews' the light still holds in July at that late hour. I walked past the entrance of the R. & A. clubhouse and onto the course, with the eighteenth green on my left and the tee of the first hole on my right, just in front of the bay window of the Big Room. Two hundred and more St. Andreans were strolling here and there over the large grassed rectangle that serves as the fairway for both the first and the eighteenth holes. I found myself instinctively patting the grass of the eighteenth green to see if it felt as smooth and as tightly knit as the greens of the Old Course generally do. The grass felt fine, but it was a little higher than I had expected it to be. The greens evidently had not as yet been mowed to championship height. As I walked on in the gloaming toward the Swilcan Burn, I became increasingly conscious of how brightly green the eighteenth green, behind me, and the first green, across the Swilcan, were in comparison with the dun color of their joint fairway. The fairways had relatively little grass on them, and, though they are a pale brownish-green when in prime condition, they were browner and drier than I remembered ever having seen them before. On the first hole, which is 370 yards long, the green begins at the far side of the Swilcan, which is generally about a foot or so deep and is lined with walls of stone or wood on both sides. At the edge of the Swilcan, I picked up a ball-retriever that was lying there, and when I dipped the handle in the burn I found that the water was only half an inch deep. I headed back to my hotel a little concerned about the condition of the course. Clearly, this corner of Scotland had been undergoing a protracted drought. I was sure that everyone connected with the Open was praying for rain and more rain in the days remaining before the first round of the Open. I went to bed early that evening, not long after the distant lights of Carnoustie, across the Firth of Tay, had gone on.

The next day, around noon, I happened to run into Michael Bonallack, the Secretary of the R. & A., and I asked him if any chance of rain was mentioned in the weather forecast. "I hope not," he said, with his characteristic calmness. "We've been hand-watering the greens, as you can see. In this drought, that was necessary. We were fortunate to be able to do it. In many parts of Scotland, the drought, which began in April, has been so severe that water rationing has had to be invoked. But the last thing we want at St. Andrews is rain. The greens are a bit slower and not quite as firm as we would like them, and a heavy rain would only make them too slow and too spongy for the championship."

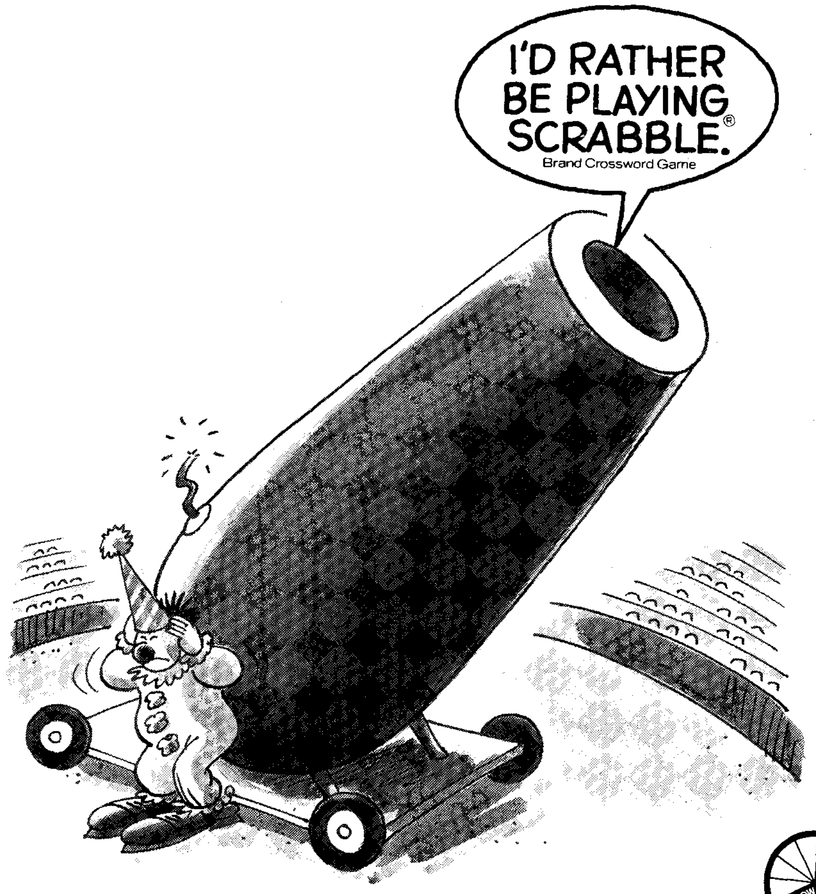


I had overlooked that critical point. Not being a long course, the Old Course depends on having greens that are extremely firm and fast, so that a golfer cannot shoot directly at the flags when he is playing his approach shots but must figure out where he should try to land the ball given the direction and force of the wind that day, the degree of firmness of the fairways and the greens, and the position of the flags. (The flags, by the way, are yellow going out and red coming in, with the exception of the flag on the home green, which is white.) As it turned out, that corner of Fife had a couple of light showers in the next two days, which didn't slow down the speed of the greens but greened up the fairways noticeably.

At ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning before the first round, a significant ceremony took place in Younger Hall—the auditorium where, twenty-six years before, Bobby Jones had been made a Freeman of the Burgh of St. Andrews. That morning, the University of St. Andrews paid a splendid tribute to Jack Nicklaus, the finest golfer of the last twenty-odd years (and, incidentally, the winner of the last two Opens held in St. Andrews, in 1970 and 1978), by awarding him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In delivering the laureation address, Stuart McDowall, senior lecturer in economics and a former Master of the United College, said, "Jack Nicklaus's contribution to the game is monumental, and it is by no means confined to his achievements as a player. He has written authoritatively and perceptively about the game. He has designed or redesigned over forty golf courses in many parts of the world. Indeed, it may well be that he would prefer to be remembered as an outstanding golf architect rather than as the game's outstanding player." McDowall went on to mention some of Nicklaus's achievements in tournament golf, and added, "Equally important has been the manner in which he has achieved success. Obviously, he tries and loves to win. Much as he prizes his victories, though, he prizes his integrity more, and he sets a shining example by his conduct in a profession where the standard of behavior is already high."

Clad in a black university gown and a scarlet-and-white cowl, Nicklaus knelt before the vice-chancellor of the university, Dr. J. Steven Watson, who, speaking in Latin, awarded Nicklaus his degree. Nicklaus then rose and responded. "My participation in higher education came through one of America's largest universities, Ohio State," he said early in his address to the packed house. "I learned many things at Ohio State, the chief among them being the great importance of institutions such as yours, not only in educating young people but in helping them to achieve complete and fruitful lives as civilized members of society." He spoke of his first visit to Scotland, in 1959, as a member of our Walker Cup team, and of his many subsequent visits. "I love the style and atmosphere of Scottish golf and the great Scottish linksland courses. I am also in constant awe of the variety and beauty of the Scottish terrain. But what has always made me love Scotland the most is the people. Nowhere on earth have I been received more warmly, more affectionately, or with greater understanding than by the people of this country. I can assure you that the memories of my times here will never fade."

In the days before this Open, as before every Open championship in Britain, there was the deep pleasure of greeting old friends and enjoying their company. On Wednesday afternoon, I was one of six or seven people who had a nice informal tea with Henry Cotton, who exactly fifty years ago had stopped the run of ten straight victories in the British Open by golfers from the United States, and had gone on to win two more British Opens and to gain the distinction of being among the world's finest strikers of the golf ball. (Earlier this summer, during Wimbledon, Fred Perry, a three-time winner of that championship, also celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of *his* first victory; each was present when the other was fêted.) That evening, I also had the good fortune to run into two valued friends from Australia, Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle. Nagle won the British Open only once—in 1960—but Thomson carried it off five times between 1954 and 1965. Thomson, who didn't fare nearly as well as most people expected in American tournaments during those years, was very amusing in recounting how in the last few years, which have seen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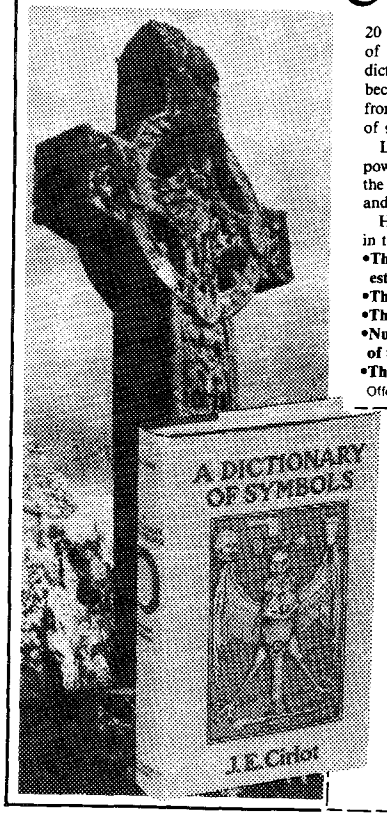

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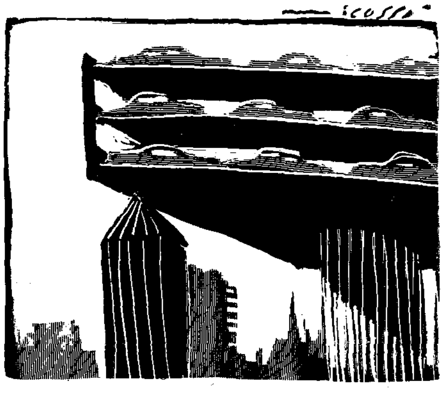
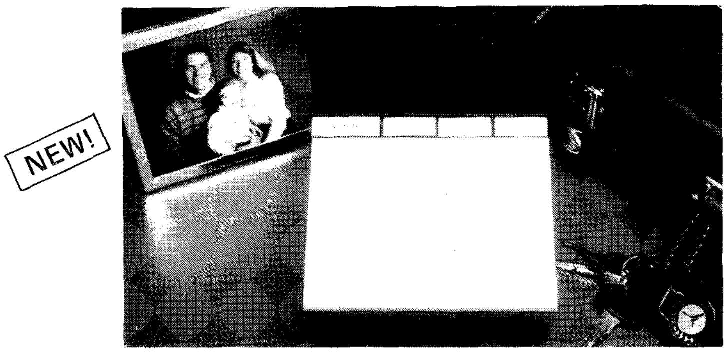
the startling expansion of the veteran golfers' tournament circuit in our country, he has become much better known and has carried off far more prize money than he did when he was at his glittering peak.

And then there were the always happy hours visiting at 3 Pilmour Links, a block from the Old Course, with Laurie Auchterlonie and his wife, Bea, who for many people epitomize the spirit and the savor of St. Andrews. Laurie, who turned eighty this summer, is the honorary professional to the R. & A. As such, he tees the ball up for the incoming club captain when he drives himself into office, and he handles other such formal duties, but the main service he renders the club is to give the members a sense of the true worth of the game. He succeeded his father, Willie, in the post in 1964. Willie Auchterlonie won the British Open in 1893—the last Scot who was still residing in Scotland at the time of his victory in the championship. Besides his skill as a player, Willie was famous worldwide for the superb handmade clubs he produced, along with his brother David, for their company, D. & W. Auchterlonie. Laurie, a very proficient player but a man for whom the life of a tournament golfer had little appeal, served a four-year apprenticeship under his father before being made a member of the firm. "I remember my father as a very kind man and a person of the highest principles," he said, in his soft Fife accent, during one of my visits. Breaking into a chuckle, he went on, "Oh, he could be stingy, though, with his compliments where clubmaking was concerned. I can remember that when I was a young lad I would show him certain hickory shafts and persimmon heads of which I was especially proud. The most I ever got from him was an offhand 'Tha's na bad' or 'It's sitting like a cocking hen'—a hen sitting on an egg." A huge man, with hands larger than Tommy Armour's, Laurie Auchterlonie became a celebrated clubmaker, and golfers from every green corner of the world beat a path to his shop—the old D. & W. Auchterlonie shop, which occupies the ground floor of the Auchterlonies' home. When, around 1930, the era of steel-shafted clubs arrived and wooden-shafted clubs were superseded, Laurie adjusted smoothly and put out handsome steel-shafted sets. He remained the Balenciaga or the Dior of the clubmaking profession. Many well-to-do golfers wanted clubs tailored to their individual specifications, and Laurie was about the only craftsman who could make clubs with the exquisite workmanship that gave such customers the feel and swingability they were after. I don't remember ever going to St. Andrews and not spending a lot of time in the Auchterlonie shop. Sometimes I would buy a lovely wooden-shafted putter, or a 7-iron shafted with a wood from the Caribbean called blue mahoo, or a new wedge that Laurie had fashioned, but my real reason was to chat with Laurie and the golf-obsessed people from here, there, and everywhere who had journeyed for thousands of miles to see him—say, a count from Denmark, the editor of an American golf weekly, the eloquent head of the French Golf Federation, a literate businessman from Johannesburg, a Canadian ice-hockey player, the retired editor of a Glasgow daily newspaper. What an unforced tang the conversations had at the Auchterlonies' this summer as they shifted, for instance, from the significance of the unusual movements of Jones' wrists at the top of his backswing to the way the old gutta-percha golf ball rested for a fraction of a second longer on the face of the club than the modern ball does, and on to how the building of the new back tees after the Second World War had given new life and pertinence to the Old Course's fabled hazards, to the restoration this year of the famous hickory- and persimmon-drying sheds in the angle of the fairway on the seventeenth, and then to the timeless book "F. G. Tait: A Record," which John L. Low wrote early in the century about the appealing young Scot who won the British Amateur in 1896 and 1898, before going off to a war from which he did not return. Laurie Auchterlonie, a warm man who expresses his thoughts with an easy clarity and is also one of the best listeners in the world, has always been in a class by himself in enlarging his friends' knowledge and love of the game of golf.



UNTIL noon on Thursday, the first day of the Open, the weather was almost too mild for golf. Then a pleasant breeze from the east—or, from time to time, from the east-southeast—started to blow across the links and made play on the incoming nine tougher. On the last seven holes, it slanted into the back of the left shoulder of a right-handed player and threatened to push him off balance. As it happened, a freshening breeze came up at about two o'clock on each afternoon of the tournament. However, all things considered—the greens were still holding the approach shots almost too well, and they tended to putt a little slower than is common in most British Opens—this was an ideal day for scoring. About a third of the field of a hundred and fifty-six either broke or matched par. Tied for the lead at 67 were Peter Jacobsen, the affable young Oregonian; Greg Norman, of Australia, who had been on a roll that saw him win the Kemper Open, lose to Fuzzy Zoeller in the playoff for the U.S. Open, beat Nicklaus by two strokes in the Canadian Open, and lose to Tom Watson in the sudden-death playoff in the Western Open; and Bill Longmuir, a sturdy Scot, whose tendency to hook the ball under pressure has prevented him from ever winning a big tournament. Alone at 68 was Ian Baker-Finch, an almost totally unknown Australian, who is the New Zealand Open champion, and who qualified for the British Open by finishing among the top six in the Australian Order of Merit. All the good P. G. Wodehouse fans, who appreciate the kind of double-barrelled name one would run into at the Drones Club, immediately announced that they would be supporting this Baker-Finch chap, and they were delighted to find that he was a tall (six-foot-three), good-looking fellow of twenty-three with a becoming naturalness and modesty. Behind him at 69 were Seve Ballesteros, Nick Faldo, and Tom Kite; Lee Trevino was at 70; Bernhard Langer and Tom Watson, a five-time winner of the British Open, were at 71. The only big name missing among the leaders was Jack Nicklaus. He had been under the weather all week with a mysterious virus and hadn't been able to prepare for the championship with his customary thoroughness. On his opening round, he bogeyed the first hole when he put his wedge pitch into the Swilcan. He birdied the third but three-putted the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh. After making the turn in a horrendous 41, he pulled himself together and played the second nine in 35, to post a 76. He looked very tired at the end of his round, but most people around golf are well aware of Nicklaus's incredible pertinacity. The consensus was that he would probably manage to play a fairly low round on Friday and that even though he now stood nine strokes behind the leaders he would somehow manage to make the thirty-six-hole cut. As for playing himself back into the tournament, that was another thing.

A record crowd of over thirty-four thousand spectators had turned out—five thousand more than had been on hand for the opening round in the 1983 Open, at Royal Birkdale. Keith Mackenzie, who preceded Michael Bonallack as the Secretary of the R. & A., had concentrated on reviving the stature and the revenue provided by the British Open. One of Mackenzie's key innovations was setting up grandstands around the various courses over which the Open was played, with the largest ones flanking the right and left sides of the eighteenth fairway and green. This year, Bonallack did a tremendous job of installing the grandstands at St. Andrews. (There is something about sitting in a grandstand which seems to encourage applauding, shouting, and other methods of letting a player know that you appreciated, say, the boldness of the iron shot he just played.) There were grandstands at all the double greens, and the finishing holes were very well handled. The seventeenth had a long, high grandstand along the right edge of the fairway and the beginning of the green area—the perfect spot for watching the action at the historic Road Hole, on which so many championships have been won and lost. Along the left side of the eighteenth fairway—which is also, of course, the right side of the first fairway—there was a long, major-league grandstand, which afforded an excellent view of all the shots on the dramatic finishing hole. There were two grandstands directly behind the eighteenth green which provided equally good vantage points. All told, the grandstands could accommodate seventeen thousand people. The news of such unprecedented spectator facilities on the Old Course spread rapidly through Scotland and was largely responsible for the record



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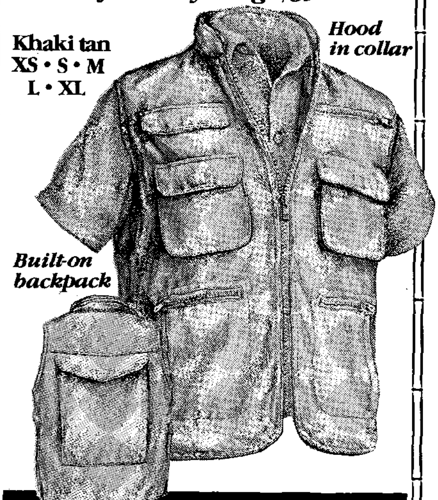

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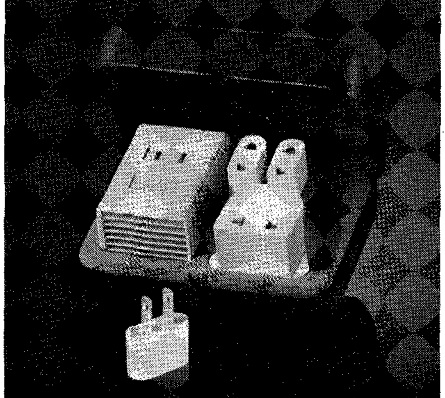

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number of season tickets sold. However challenging its playing qualities, the Old Course had long been considered one of the worst in the world for watching the action in a championship. Because of the routing of the holes, it is just one long slog out and one long slog back, with most of the spectators heavily bunched in the ambulant galleries of the most popular golfers or of the golfers seriously in contention. This is a most frustrating way of watching critical action. However, with seventeen thousand grandstand seats available, such a large percentage of the spectators was siphoned off that the golf fans trudging along on foot had a much easier time than heretofore of getting where they wanted to go and watching the shots they wanted to see played. Up to now, we haven't made much use of grandstands in our major tournaments (the Masters excepted) in this country, and perhaps we should do some thinking about it.

The weather on the day of the second round—and, for that matter, throughout the tournament—was very much the same as it had been on the opening day. The early starters, who had been the last players to go out on the first round, benefitted from the windless conditions in the morning. Then, early in the afternoon, the east wind began to sweep across the course, blowing—sometimes vigorously—against the players on the last seven holes. Nick Faldo, one of the prime British hopefuls, seemed to be out of a recent slump and very much back in the groove when he followed his opening 69 with a 68, which put him close to the lead at the halfway point. Ballesteros, the moody and exceptionally talented Spaniard who won the British Open in 1979 and has twice won the Masters tournament, also appeared to be back in top form after a dull stretch in the months before the championship. The British golf fans look upon Ballesteros as one of their own boys, and they were pleased when he scored a 68 on his second round to stand at 137, tied with Faldo and Trevino, with two rounds to go. On this second day, Tom Watson played almost errorless golf until he reached the Road Hole, where, after driving into the rough on the left, he put his 3-iron recovery into Progressing Bunker, and ended up with a 6. Watson, who has won four of his five British Opens in Scotland but has never won one at St. Andrews, finished his round in 68 despite his aberrations on the seven-

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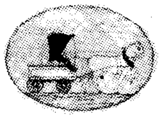

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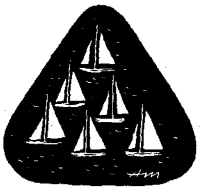
teenth. He was in the thick of things at 139 with two rounds to go, and happy to be. Tom Kite and Peter Jacobsen, two solid golfers who have done well on the American tour but have somehow never won a major championship, were in a position to do so with halfway totals of 140. The time is long overdue for a number of proficient American golfers in their late twenties and early thirties, such as Kite and Jacobsen, to break through and push their way past the aging veterans in some of the major championships. One such player they would not have to worry about that week at St. Andrews was Nicklaus. He had just managed to make the thirty-six-hole cut by adding a 72 to his opening 76, but his shots lacked their customary resolution. One other thing: Greg Norman, who had been playing such consistently good golf for two months, dropped out of the running on the second round by taking six consecutive 5s on the second nine.

What really made the second round arresting was that Ian Baker-Finch continued to play excellent stuff. If any player in the field was the logical candidate to fall apart on the second round, it was Baker-Finch—or Hyphen, as his friends call him. Not only did he not crack but he brought in the lowest round of the day, an ultra-suède 66, to lead the field at the midway mark with a total of 134. Though most touring pros these days try to develop a compact swing without any unfunctional décor, the better to be able to repeat it time after time under tournament stress, Baker-Finch uses a long, full, Sneadian swing. He gets the ball out there a good distance. On the first nine holes of his second round, he picked up five birdies on his way to the turn, and then, taking his time and setting himself up unhurriedly before each shot, he came home in 34 (seven pars and two birdies). This supple, self-collected young man had pulled off some brilliant golf shots, let me tell you. In his press conference after the second round, Baker-Finch was peppered with questions, which he fielded ably. He gave considerable credit to his fellow-Australians, Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle, for helping him to understand and adjust to St. Andrews. "I think the secret of this course is to drive your tee shot into the correct position, so that you can put your ball onto the green in the correct position," he said, and he added, "Sometimes it's better to be fifty feet from the pin with an uphill putt than to have a much shorter putt downhill." He said that he started playing golf at ten and turned professional at eighteen. He comes from the state of Queensland, and also plays tennis and cricket. He confessed that he was astonished at what he had done so far in the British Open. "The next two days, I'm going to try to stay calm and relaxed," he said. "I won't think of winning until the last nine holes, or even the last four."

Baker-Finch, by the way, was one of the few leaders to make his par 4 on the seventeenth, where he got down in two from the Road Bunker. Speaking of the seventeenth, that hole attracted extensive attention that Friday. Over the last two years, Frank Sheridan, the new owner of the Old Course Golf and Country Club, which overlooks the seventeenth fairway on the inland side, had redesigned the hotel, added some new facilities, and generally spruced things up. In the old days, the long hitter, to prevent himself from driving his tee shot across the fairway and into the rough on the left side, would try to fly his drive over the walled-off angle on the right of this left-to-right dogleg hole. Sheridan pondered what steps, if any, he should take in redoing the land in the angle of the dogleg, which belongs to the hotel. The first, and only previous, owner of the hotel had razed the buildings in the angle and covered the dangerous area with a free-style, rather Tennysonian tent of white gauze and rope to prevent anyone from being struck by an errant tee shot. In the years before the hotel was built, the land inside the angle had been occupied by a garden tended by the stationmaster of the railway that ran between St. Andrews and Leuchars, six miles away; some piles of coal used by the railway; and the drying sheds where the Auchterlonies and D. Anderson, another local golf-club company, dried their hickory and persimmon planks. When I first played St. Andrews, in 1950, "D. Anderson" was painted on one of these sheds, and the correct line for a long hitter to take in cutting the corner was over the "d" in "Anderson." In any event, Sheridan elected this year to erect some shedlike buildings in the angle of the dogleg where the old sheds had stood. They are painted a muted dark green, and on the side facing the course the words "Old Course Golf & Country Club" are painted in soft lime. The correct line to take from the tee, I was told, is over the ampersand. Some people feel that the words on the new sheds carry too commercial a tone. Perhaps they do, but the sheds make getting a par 4 on the seventeenth a lot harder than it had been since the departure of the original sheds. This year, many of the players would step up on the tee and take their line over the ampersand, and then, at the last moment—only too aware that if their drive did not carry far enough it would end up out of bounds and they would be hit with a stroke-and-distance penalty—they would flinch a little, alter their swing, and pull-hook the ball over the left corner of the sheds. That kind of drive would bound across the fairway and into the left rough. From there, it took a brilliant recovery to get the ball onto the green, or even in a good position near the green from which the golfer could get down in a chip and a putt for a par 4. In short, the restored sheds make the Road Hole play the way the Road Hole used to. The poor drives induced by the terror of the sheds also brought those historic hazards, the Road Hole Bunker and the road behind the green, more frequently into play.



Much as I admired the smooth mechanics of Baker-Finch's swing and the courage he had displayed in refusing to be overawed by the Old Course, I was fairly sure that sooner or later he would not be able to go on playing such amazing golf under the pressure of the Open. Here he was, this practically unknown young man of twenty-three, leading the championship by three strokes. Like everyone else, I hoped that when he folded it would happen almost invisibly. That was the least he deserved. Baker-Finch, it became evident, had no such palliative thoughts on his mind when he teed off with Faldo at 3:20 on Saturday afternoon—ten minutes after Ballesteros and Trevino, twenty minutes after Lanny Wadkins and Bill Longmuir, thirty minutes after Bernhard Langer and Fred Couples, and forty minutes after Tom Watson and Jaime Gonzalez. On the first green, Baker-Finch rolled in a long putt for a birdie. That gave him quite a boost. He holed a twenty-five-footer to birdie the fourth. On the 564-yard fifth, playing downwind, he was on the green with two big blows and down in two putts for another birdie. Since he had parred the

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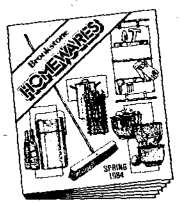

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intervening holes, he was already three under par for the round. He made routine pars on the sixth and seventh. It was then that I took up a watching post near the tenth green, and saw the leading twosomes play the loop. It was easy to keep an eye on Baker-Finch's progress on the loop holes, since he was wearing a pink sweater, and nobody else was wearing a sweater with anything like that hue. He made his par 3 on the short eighth. On the tee of the 356-yard ninth, playing into the wind, he hurried his swing for the first time that day, and pulled his drive down the left rough and into a bunker called Mrs. Kruger. About fifty yards shorter, smack in the center of the fairway, is a double bunker called Kruger. Though no one I asked knew the story behind it, the existence of Kruger surely had something to do with the reason the bunker in the rough was named Mrs. Kruger. The latter effectively discourages the guileful golfer who is out to gain maximum distance off the tee by taking the line down the short, dry rough. Through my binoculars I saw a pink-sweatered golfer play a wedge shot from Mrs. Kruger, but I couldn't see the ninth green or the tenth tee from my position. Baker-Finch must have played a rather good sand shot, because several minutes later the leader board near the tenth green showed that he had parred the ninth. (There was a well-run leader board near each green on the course.) Baker-Finch's par on the ninth put him out in 33, three under par for the round and thirteen under for the tournament—not bad at all for a nobody who everyone had expected would disappear early in the Open. Some of the players close behind him were also scoring well. Langer had set up several birdies with some deft iron shots. Ballesteros, who is an actor through and through, had on his jut-jawed, Captain Ahab scowl of determination, and was hitting the ball sharply with the slightly shorter and more dependable swing he adopted a couple of years ago. On the greens, he had his touch and was coming close on every putt under twenty feet. But the man who really had things going was Watson. Consistently driving the ball into the bunker-free areas of the fairway with that disciplined repeating swing of his, he had finished the first nine in 32, and had picked up a shot on the leader. I decided, however, not to go in with Watson's twosome or with Ballesteros' but to wait for Baker-Finch and follow

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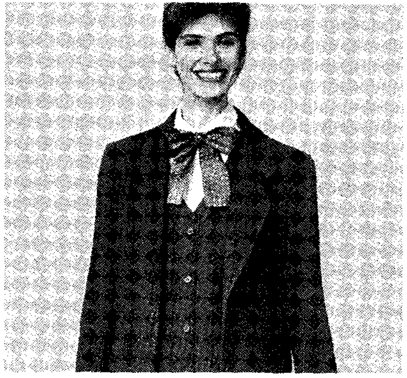

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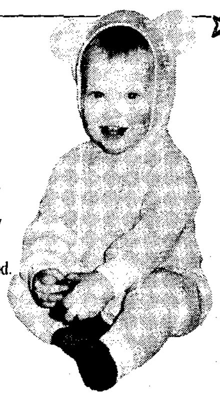

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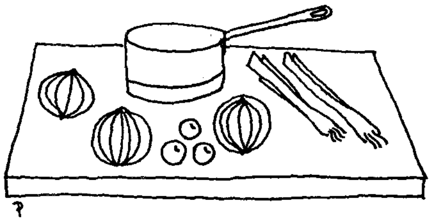
him on the in-nine. How often does an unknown golfer stay the pace in a major championship, as he was doing? The most recent case I could think of was Billy Joe Patton, who qualified for the 1954 Masters on the shoestring credential of being an alternate on the 1953 Walker Cup team, and then almost snatched the tournament away from Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. The short wait also offered an opportunity to add to my clothing, the better to suit the weather. On the walk out, I had been almost too warm wearing a Shetland sweater and a Harris-tweed jacket, but now I put on the raincoat I had been lugging along, and felt much more comfortable. Two holes later, I added a wool scarf. I believe that you can never trust the weather in Scotland, and I regularly carried an umbrella onto the links, drought or no drought.

The question still remained: How much longer could the unheralded Baker-Finch hold on? Hooking his tee shot into Mrs. Kruger showed that his timing might be beginning to unravel, but, with the wind behind him, he drove the green on the tenth, a poke of nearly 350 yards. He failed to take advantage of this: he left his slightly downhill approach putt ten feet short, and then missed from that distance. He took three putts again on the short eleventh, misplaying a sidehiller on that slanting green and missing the one coming back. On the 316-yard twelfth, though, he showed us something. His drive avoided all the fairway bunkers. Then, instead of playing a pitch-and-run shot at the pin, which was positioned on the back upper level, he punched a low pitch into the wind, and had the satisfaction of seeing it come down on the upper level and stop sixteen feet from the pin. He played an aggressive putt for the birdie and made it. Back to thirteen under par for the distance. You had to applaud the poise and courage of this young man. On the hard thirteenth, he made a copybook par, but he had a spot of trouble on the par-5 fourteenth, where the wind was blowing against him. He pulled his tee shot, and it finished in the second of the four bunkers known as the Beardies. On his recovery, he was able to advance the ball only a few yards, but he had the nerve to try to carry Hell Bunker on his third, and did it. He then played a pretty pitch dead on line for the pin on the left side of the green, but here he was unfortunate: the wind blew the ball back just far enough for it to catch a downslope, and he did well to two-putt from there for a 6. Back to twelve under par for the tournament. Regulation pars on the fifteenth and sixteenth. On the seventeenth, another spot of trouble. He drove into the rough on the left, and his second also finished in the rough. He tried to sneak a little run-up safely past the Road Bunker, but he was short with it and was semi-stymied by the left edge of the bunker. However, he played a dexterous chip to about seven feet and made the putt. He then finished a gutsy round by getting down in two putts from the Valley of Sin—a feat that few players pull off. The par on the eighteenth gave him a 71, which under the circumstances was not bad at all. His three-round total was 205, and this meant that on the fourth and final round he would be paired in the last twosome with Watson, who had the same total after a great 66. Except for misreading the length of his iron shot on the second hole, Watson had played an almost faultless round. He had hit a number of tasty little pitches next to the pin from some of those dusty Gobi Desert fairways. He had missed several holeable putts, as everyone had. The cups seemed to have no corners.

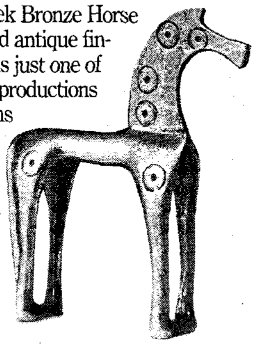
On Sunday, the day of the final round, the general feeling was that playing with a golfer as solid as Watson would not be to Baker-Finch's benefit. The only other players who seemed to be in the picture were Ballesteros and Langer; tied at 207, they were paired in the next-to-last twosome. I walked the first three holes with them. They were both hitting the ball well from tee to green, but on the third Langer missed a shortish putt for his par. Ballesteros seemed to be in an excellent frame of mind, relaxed but determined. All of Britain loves Ballesteros, because he has demonstrated that he is a winner—he can beat the Americans at home and abroad. They also think highly of Langer, a shy, straightforward West German, who is as good as anybody from tee to green but is a shaky putter. On some putts he uses the standard overlapping grip, on others he uses the reverse overlapping grip (the index finger of the left hand overlapping the little finger and the third finger of the right hand), and occasionally he holds the putter with his left hand lower on the shaft than his right.



On the fourth round, Baker-Finch finally went—and, when he went, he went quickly. His pitch on the first hole carried only a couple of feet beyond the Swilcan Burn, and the backspin on the shot drew the ball back into the hazard. He took a penalty stroke, played a chip from the back side of the hazard, and got down in 5, but this unlucky start patently bothered him. His confidence began to erode, he started to lose the rhythm of his swing—on his tee shots particularly—and he missed a couple of short putts. He amassed five bogeys on the first nine, and reached the turn in a wretched 41. His run of top-class golf was over, but what a run the young man had made! As happens so often in golf, and in many other pursuits, the gallery soon all but forgot old Hyphen and was absorbed in the duel between Ballesteros and Watson. By the sixth hole, Ballesteros had made up his deficit of two strokes, thanks to his own errorless golf and some unexpected mistakes by Watson, who had misjudged his pitches to the second and fourth greens and had three-putted the fifth. On the short eighth, 178 yards long, Ballesteros moved a stroke in front by holing from six feet for a birdie. Then, on the tenth and eleventh, a sudden shift in the battle between them took place. After driving to the edge of the green on the 342-yard tenth—the wind was behind him—Ballesteros, who had been reading the greens expertly, left his approach putt twelve feet short and missed the second. He followed this by playing the eleventh, the 172-yard par 3 with the severely banked green, with an unsureness not at all typical of him. As was to be expected, the pin was placed about fifteen feet behind the high front wall of Strath Bunker. Ballesteros' tee shot, which he played with an 8-iron, had the right line—it was a couple of yards to the left of the pin—but he had hit the shot so badly that the ball plopped down a good twenty feet short of the green. His effort to play a touchy run-up shot through the heavy grass fringing the edge of the bunker did not come off. He needed two more strokes to hole out for his bogey 4. Watson, on the other hand, birdied the tenth. He drove the green, and ran his approach putt inches from the cup. He played the eleventh equally well, hitting what looked like a 7-iron about fifteen feet from the pin and getting down in two putts. Watson, who had trailed Ballesteros by a stroke after the ninth, now led him by a stroke after the eleventh. I stayed with Watson the rest of the way, for several reasons—the best one being that it is usually wisest to stay with the leader. I also felt that Watson would probably win. He was not hitting the ball with the assurance that he had on the third round, but I thought he would be able to make his slim lead stand up down the stretch.

Before the crucial action in this two-man fight took place on the seventeenth hole, there were several brave thrusts and parries, and at least one costly error on Watson's part. In the lead again as he stood on the tee of the twelfth, that short par 4, he hooked a drive that landed high on the heathery hill well to the left of the fairway and bounced into the congregation of whins there. Unable to play the ball, Watson had no alternative but to take a penalty stroke, and to lift the ball and drop it at the edge of the whins. He put his third shot, a wedge, about twenty feet past the pin, and was down in two putts for a bogey 5. Since Watson hadn't hit a hook all day, that big hook on the twelfth may have been the result of trying to hit the ball too hard in an effort to drive the green and consolidate his lead. He made up for the bogey to some degree by birdieing the 425-yard thirteenth. Here, after driving to the left of the Coffin Bunkers and onto the sixth fairway, he whistled a 3-iron over Lion's Mouth on the upthrust fairway, and the ball finished on the green fourteen feet beyond the pin. The putt was in all the way. Only seconds after the cheers from Watson's gallery for his birdie had subsided, however, a huge roar—the kind that usually follows the sinking of a long putt—went up from the gallery with Ballesteros and Langer, a hole ahead. As we suspected then and found to be the case later, Ballesteros had holed a twenty-foot birdie putt on the long fourteenth. He had negated Watson's birdie on the thirteenth and evened their duel again: both men were now eleven under par for the championship.

On the fourteenth, the 567-yard par 5, Watson avoided all the classic bunkers by playing three fine shots. On the green, he got settled comfortably over his fourteen-foot, slightly downhill putt, but he let it slip to the left. Down the stretch, Ballesteros, completely confident and concentrating keenly, parred the fifteenth and sixteenth. Watson subsequently parred them, too—he barely missed the Principal's Nose with his drive on the sixteenth—but his approach shots were not close to the pins. On the seventeenth, 461 yards long, Ballesteros' drive finished in the rough on the left side of the fairway. On his three previous rounds, he had not made his par 4 on that hole, and he sensed that a 4 on it this day might determine the outcome of the championship. The pin was positioned in the center of the green, about fifty feet from the front edge, which meets the fairway at the top of a long, sweeping, lateral mound. Ballesteros has magnificent hand action, and here he really hit through his second shot with a 6-iron. It climbed the mound and finished about thirty feet from the pin. He then played a fine putt that shivered to a halt on the lip of the cup. Highly emotional applause greeted the putt and the tap-in for the 4. Ballesteros nailed his drive a good way up the 354-yard eighteenth and put his wedge pitch about fifteen feet below the hole. Watson knew exactly what had taken place: to tie Ballesteros the first requisite was to get a 4 on the seventeenth. Off the tee, he set up on the ampersand painted on the sheds and blasted a long drive. It had a high parabola, and as it started to come down it faded several yards to the right. Watson, uncertain whether the ball had stayed in bounds, spread out his arms, palms up, waiting for some official down the fairway to give him the word. It was in bounds, he learned. More than that, it was on the right side of the fairway. He was in the perfect spot to play the hole the way the old Scots have always recommended. With the Road Bunker filled quite high with sand, making a good recovery shot from it was not too demanding. The one hazard a golfer had to avoid at all cost was the paved road at the back of the green. The best way to do this was to play about a 4-iron from Watson's lie. If the ball bounced up the mound and onto the green, fine. If it landed and stopped on the mound or below it, fine. He would probably get down nicely with a chip and a putt. But Watson read the situation and the shot differently. Out about a hundred and eighty-five yards from the green, he felt he needed a 2-iron or a 3-iron to



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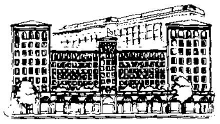

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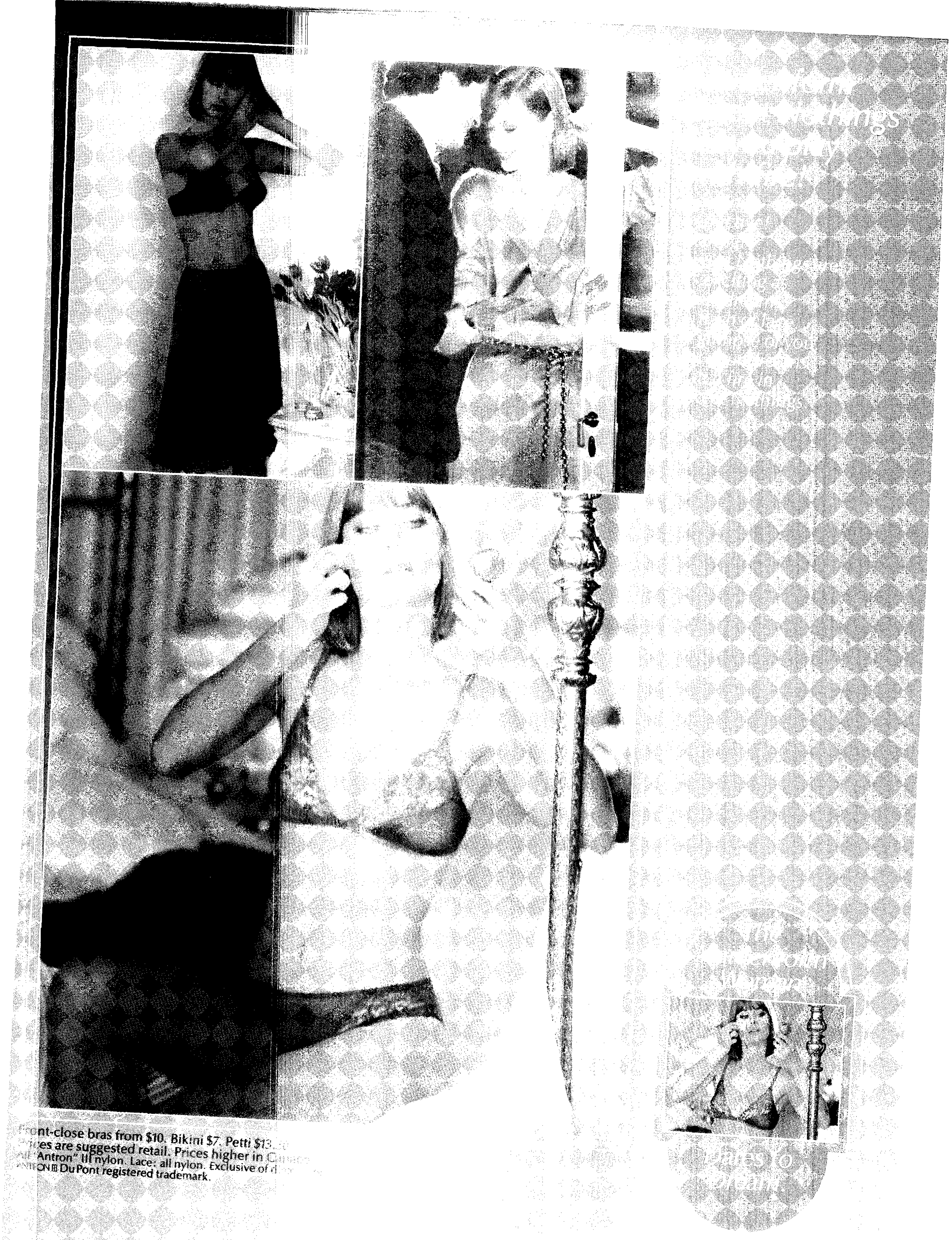
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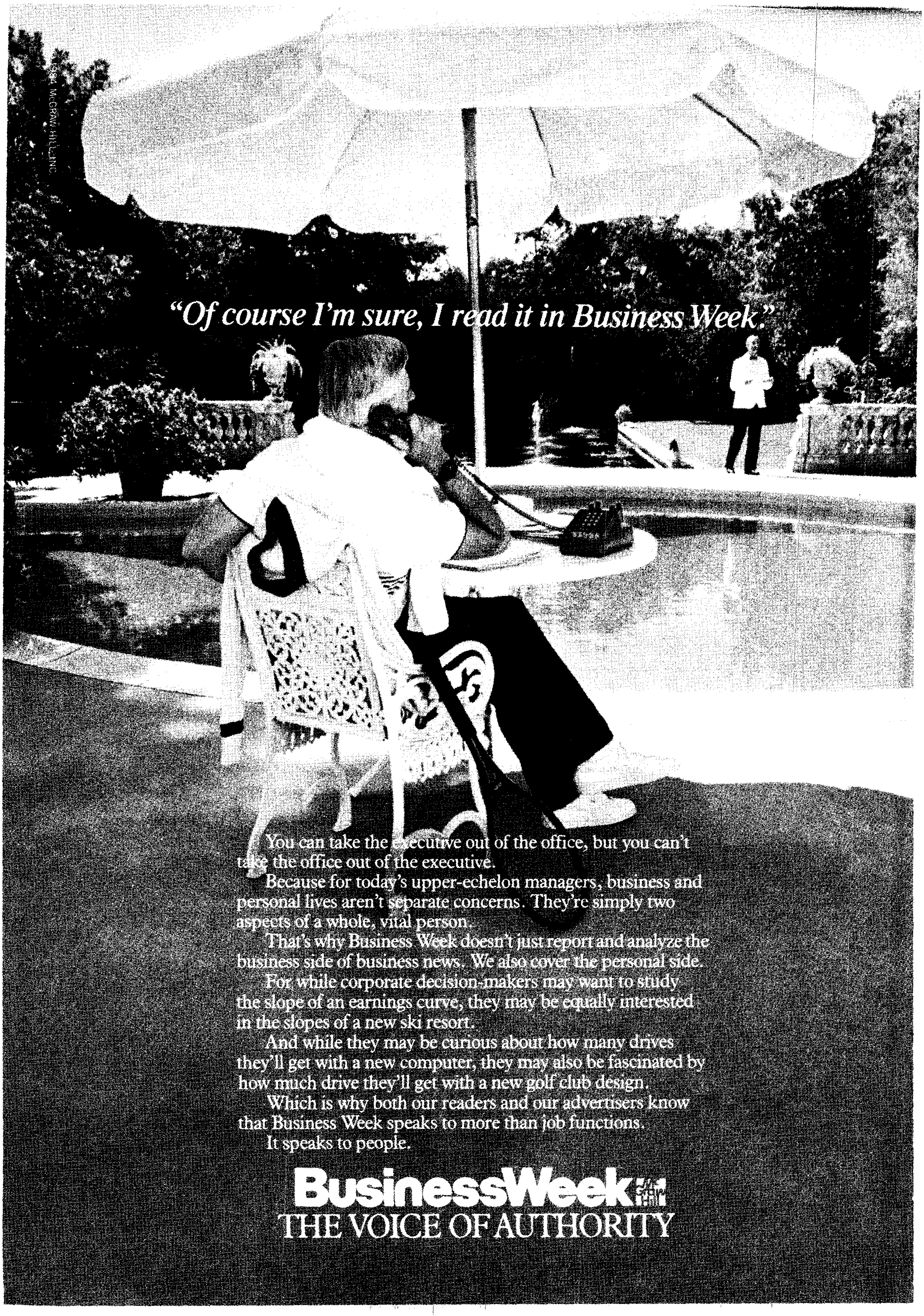

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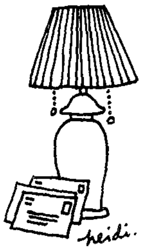
land the ball well on the green, and he planned to play a right-to-left shot into the wind, which was blowing from the left and slightly against him. As he was finding his stance at the ball, a mighty shout went up from the eighteenth hole: Ballesteros had put his pitch to the eighteenth fifteen feet below the cup. Put off by the roar, Watson walked away from his shot and waited until the cheering had subsided before exchanging a few words with his caddie and then setting up at the ball with his 2-iron. He hit it badly. He had pushed the shot, and, as the ball drifted more and more to the right, one anticipated that it would probably land on or near the road, and that anything could happen. The ball bounced onto the road and into the stone wall behind it, but instead of ricocheting back toward the green, as it might have done, it settled in a little rut in the surface of the road only two feet from the wall. Getting down in two from there would take a miraculous shot. It wasn't in Watson's bag. He went down the shaft of his 7-iron and, with a necessarily restricted backswing, flicked the ball up the narrow bank of grass before the green and watched it roll some thirty feet past the pin. At about that moment, another loud, extended roar came from the eighteenth: Ballesteros had made his birdie putt, the ball tumbling into the cup on its last rotation. When I got my binoculars on him, Ballesteros was punching the air in ecstasy time and time again. Now Watson's chance of gaining a tie rested, no question about it, on his holing his putt for a 4. He made a good bid, but the ball was never in. Another salvo from the eighteenth: Langer had holed for a birdie. That was fine but irrelevant. As Watson stepped onto the eighteenth tee, he knew that his chances of tying Ballesteros boiled down to his making a 2. He hit a long drive, and, authentic sportsman that he is, he came up the eighteenth with a cheery smile on his face as the thousands around the home hole applauded him. By his own measurement, he was ninety-three yards from the flag. He went with a pitching wedge and hit the ball well past the flag. He walked to the green with that nice, natural smile of his, and got down in two putts. He waited until his playing partner, Baker-Finch, had putted out and he had shaken his hand, and then went over and warmly congratulated Ballesteros on his great finish and wonderful victory. It is not an easy thing at all to behave as graciously as Watson did after he had lost a championship he might well have won. I especially admire him for remaining himself in front of thousands of spectators, not to mention the millions watching on television. Most of the big names in sports these days make themselves into a character that they think will go over big, and proceed to act it out. With his high personal standards, Watson is one of the few who stay themselves. He is an unusual guy. For example, after driving off the fifteenth and heading down the fairway he felt he might have ignored the two R. & A. men who were with his twosome, the referee and the official observer, so he slowed down his walk and said to them cordially, "This has sure been some tournament!" In his press session after the championship, when he was asked if the first roar for Ballesteros on the eighteenth had bothered him as he prepared to hit his second shot on the seventeenth, he said, "No. I was just trying to figure out with the caddie whether the 2-iron or the 3-iron was the right club."



A final word about Ian Baker-Finch. On the last day, after going out in 41, he added two more bogeys, along with a double bogey on the fourteenth, where he underwent the ignominy of having to take two shots to get his ball out of the fourth bunker of the Beardies. But, mind you, Baker-Finch finished his round 3,4,4,3—birdie, par, par, birdie—for a 79 and a tie for ninth. Some knowledgeable professionals I talked with think that the young Australian has the built-in timing to control his long swing and become a most successful player. He is a likable young man, and as he drove his small car away from the R. & A. clubhouse an hour or so after the end of the championship the crowd that had gathered around the entranceway gave him a loud round of applause. I hope we get to see him often.

And what about Seve Ballesteros? His moods are as changeable as a matador's or a Trollope heroine's, but when he is on his game he is very, very good. He deserved to win this championship, because of the superlative fashion in which he played the fourteenth (birdie), the fifteenth (par), the sixteenth (par), the seventeenth (a par that had the weight of a birdie), and the eighteenth (birdie). He was both

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generous and apt when he said in his television interview only moments after the end of play, "I feel great to beat the best man in the world, and at the home of golf, St. Andrews." Later, in his press interview, he said, "This game is great and very strange"—a sentiment expressed for centuries but never put better. The most dramatic way to indicate how firmly in charge of his golf Ballesteros was on the fourth round is to set down his scorecard:

444 444 424–34
444 444 443–35—69.

I can't remember ever seeing a card quite like that.

It was appropriate that so exciting an Open broke all attendance records for the championship. During the four days when the field was warming up for the big event, more than forty thousand people paid to watch the practice rounds. As for the four rounds of the championship, 34,312 people paid their way in for Thursday's round; 38,484 for Friday's round; 38,136 for Saturday's round; 35,686 for Sunday's round. The total attendance over the eight days came to 187,736, eclipsing last year's record attendance at Royal Birkdale by forty-five thousand.

One thing more. Watson, who won the British Open at Carnoustie in 1975, at Turnberry in 1977, at Muirfield in 1980, and at Troon in 1982, will have another chance to see if he can win it at St. Andrews and so complete a grand slam of victories over the five Scottish courses on which the Open has been held since 1925, when Prestwick was taken off the rota because of its insufficient length and its lack of space for spectators. There is some talk these days that Carnoustie may be taken off the rota, but, whether it is or not, in six or seven years St. Andrews should again be the venue of the championship. In 1991, say, Watson will be only forty-one, and, all things being equal, he might still have a good shot at winning on the Old Course. We shall see.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Reagan campaign strategists concluded that the best opportunity for the President to begin campaigning directly against Mondale would be the week after the Democratic convention when voter impressions from the convention should still be fresh, the sources said.

"We wanted to strike the iron while it's still hot," said one source.—*Washington Post.*

A natural phrasemaker.

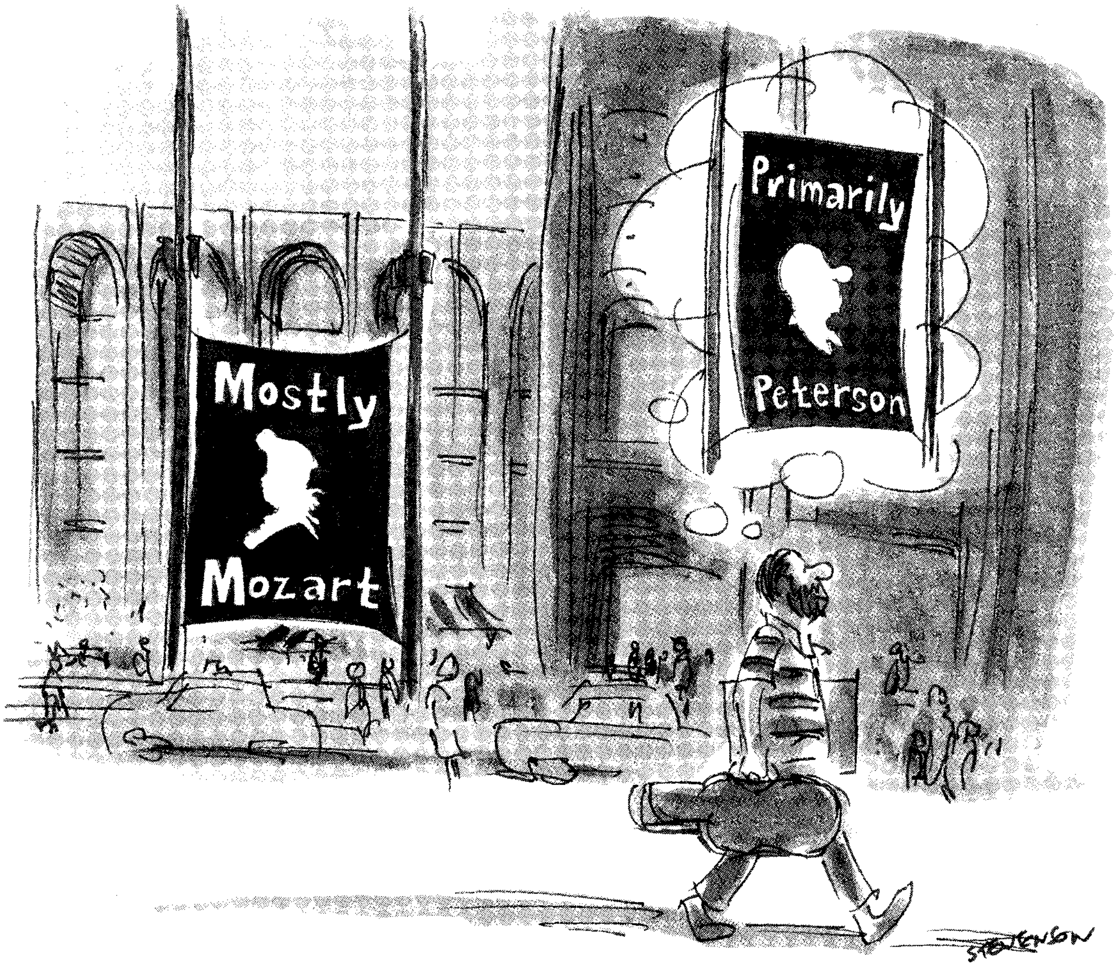
BOOKS

Metropolis

JANE JACOBS' lively and original "Cities and the Wealth of Nations: Principles of Economic Life" (Random House; $17.95) sets forth an ambitious theory of economic development and economic decline. It opens with a brisk review of assorted economic theories, dating from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, that unanimously insist that stagflation is impossible. Then Mrs. Jacobs points out that stagflation not only is possible but has always been common—it is the normal condition of underdeveloped economies, where high unemployment and high prices go hand in hand. One reason that this nearly self-evident truth has escaped economists, Mrs. Jacobs maintains, is that they regard as economic units what are really collections of disparate economies. The genuine operating economic unit, she holds, is not a nation but a city, and a particular kind of city—not a capital, market, or garrison (though it may also be any of these) but an "import-replacing" city, which repeatedly develops new manufactures to replace its earlier purchases abroad. An example is Venice, which started as a tiny, dank refuge with little to sell in the markets of Constantinople except salt and timber from the hinterland. Venetians brought back Byzantine luxury goods, which they peddled to European cities more backward than their own, and presently they began manufacturing copies of these imported wares. Venice's activity sparked its backward trading partners. They began copying Venice's copies while Venice went on to make other things, and the import-replacing process recurred in cities all across medieval Europe. As a twentieth-century example of the import-replacing process Mrs. Jacobs offers Tokyo's bicycle-manufacturing industry, which developed from shops that repaired imported bicycles. Import-replacing cities not only stimulate each other but create flourishing regions around themselves, which "pack a lot of economic life" into small areas and "produce amply and diversely for their own people . . . as well as for others." City-regions, she adds, "are the only kinds of regional economies that do."

Mrs. Jacobs believes that prosperity and economic development depend upon import-replacing cities, and reminds us that aid intended to promote economic development has been wasted wherever such cities do not exist. Her examples of wasted foreign aid are numerous, but none is as disturbing—to American readers, anyhow—as a domestic instance: the area served by the Tennessee Valley Authority, whose residents remain about as poor today as they were before the dams were built. The trouble, Mrs. Jacobs thinks, is that Knoxville never became an import-replacing city. She finds large dams, as a rule, useless for development, and she finds transplants—factories or military installations set down in stagnant or backward areas—rarely more helpful than dams. Economic development, she asserts, is not equipment that can be bought but a small-scale do-it-yourself process of change—of activities that increase versatility and create networks among small manufacturers which help innovation. Her star example of such a network is a cluster of small industrial cities between Bologna and Venice where small manufacturers have proliferated. In 1982, an American observer—Charles F. Sabel, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—wrote of his enchantment with this area: with the ceaseless inventiveness, adaptability, and cost efficiency of what Mrs. Jacobs calls the "symbiotic collections of little enterprises" characteristic of import-replacing cities.

Although Mrs. Jacobs regards cities and their regions as the movers of economic development, their effect on "supply regions," which produce raw materials, can be destructive unless the supply regions develop their own import-replacing cities. Uruguay, an example of a nation without such a city, prospered by exporting meat, wool, and leather until the early nineteen-



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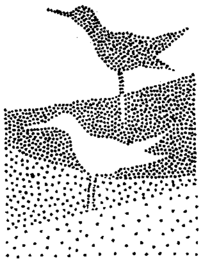
fifties, when competition from other food producers and new substitutes for wool and leather cut the demand for its products. Then its economy collapsed. A virtue of import-replacing cities—their creativity—can be harmful to supply regions, as when American bag manufacturers substituted artificial fibres for sisal (Tanzania), jute (Bangladesh), and hemp (the Philippines). Import-replacing cities can also unbalance relations with farm areas by exporting too much of their own ingenuity. Most inventions or discoveries that increase productivity on the land come from urban centers and show landowners how to use less labor, but cities cannot always create enough jobs for unemployed farm workers. The Green Revolution has increased food production in several underdeveloped countries, but it has also increased unemployment—just as after Southern agriculture in the United States became more efficient many of the South's discharged farm workers became the unemployed of the North's cities.

Despite the damage that import-replacing cities can do, they remain, in Mrs. Jacobs' view, more often victims than villains, forced to carry impossible financial burdens by nations and empires, which drain cities to pay for welfare and warfare, and misinform cities about their economic performance by combining all transactions in a giant stew—the national currency. Nations and empires force the cities into what Mrs. Jacobs calls "transactions of decline," which she places under three headings: prolonged military spending; prolonged subsidies to poor regions and poor people; and too much trade with underdeveloped nations or colonies. All too often, the national purpose is destructive of a city-region's economy. In 1979 and 1980, for instance, the British pound rose, both because of North Sea oil production and because the British government kept interest rates high to attract foreign investment. Unfortunately, this triumph for the national currency threw the Midlands into a slump by pricing English pottery and china out of foreign and, later, domestic markets.



Mrs. Jacobs' ideal—the independent import-replacing city and its region, with its own currency and its own tariff policy—has been a feature of great periods of development such as classical Greece and medieval Europe. And Singapore thrives today. Most such cities, however, have been incorporated into nations or empires, and empires are peculiarly associated with economic decline. Mrs. Jacobs is painfully graphic in recalling historic instances of economic decline—periods when the trading links between overburdened cities snapped, and the cities and their regions stagnated and many of their supply regions were bypassed by the trickle of trade that survived. She suggests that many of today's "bypassed subsistence economies" are not undeveloped but have declined after losing their connections to developing economies. Ethiopia, in modern times, has been a land whose population lives close to starvation and sometimes starves, but it was once a highly developed empire, whose cities traded with the rich cities of Egypt. Mrs. Jacobs' most telling account of regression toward a subsistence economy comes from modern America. She describes in detail a North Carolina hamlet she calls Henry, which she observed when she visited an aunt who had been sent there by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. Henry had been almost entirely bypassed by city economies, and its inhabitants had lost many of the skills of their ancestors and were losing the rest, because each loss of skill had increased the difficulty of every remaining task, and so only the most urgent were done. Thus, although many people still knew how to make candles few had the time to do so—the first step toward the next generation's not learning how. The most frightening aspect of her memories of Henry is the villagers' helplessness as, year by year, their lives contracted. Mrs. Jacobs points out that so far the stagnation of some cities has been offset by the rise of others—"while Addis Ababa was dying, Rome was rising"—so the world's economy as a whole has never fallen into stagnation. Her nightmare scenario is that cities in too many places may stagnate at once or in quick succession, and the world may become a global Ethiopia, with no part of it able to send a Presbyterian aunt to rescue any other.

Mrs. Jacobs' purpose is not to panic her readers. Nor is it to offer a practical program, since she knows that no country is likely to divide itself into sovereign city-states. Her most immediate recommendation—that underdeveloped cities trade more with each other and less with developed countries—is not easy to implement. Is her book, then, a charming but idle exercise? I think not. I think it is probably more important and more profound than we—or I—can grasp, because the author is working toward a new sensibility, which demands a change not only in how we think but in how we feel and what we value. That sensibility speaks for the empirical, asks us to respect the unexpected, and upsets the intellectual hierarchy in which the abstract takes precedence over the concrete, the head over the hand. It insists that handiness is brainwork. This new sensibility is beginning to peep out in many fields. I glimpsed it in an article in last January's *Natural History* in which a noted historian of science, the late Derek deSolla Price, rejected the "standard view . . . that the scientist creates hypotheses and sends them out to be tested," and that there is a regular progression from "basic science to applied science and then to development of new technology." He emphasized that ever since the seventeenth century basic science has depended on technology—on the work of craftsmen, artisans, and mechanics, including nineteenth-century laboratory assistants who whipped up contraptions that produced strange effects whose causes scientists (sometimes accidentally) discovered.

Mrs. Jacobs' notion is that economic life develops from just such free, chancy, or unpredictable collisions and coöperations, and though her affection for cities leads her to overstate their inherently irenic nature (most of the city-states we know of made war as busily as modern nation-states and empires), she is probably right in contrasting the "military art" with economics, and in suggesting that "many assumptions, intuitions and virtues that work very well in the one serve badly in the other." The improvisation that she believes economic health depends on—the opportunistic (or insightful) ability to see the possibilities of even petty novelties (plastics, she reminds us, first appeared in toys and kitchen gadgets)—is totally at odds with the military kind of thinking that devises "industrial strategies" to meet "targets," and relies upon formal structures and will instead of ingenuity and spontaneity. We must recognize, though, that her opposition to soldierly economics runs counter to mankind's traditional values, which honor force above money: we raise

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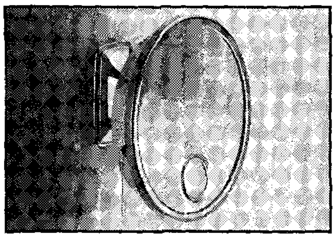

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more statues to generals than to bankers. And while she praises smallness and agility our species continues to feel that bigger is better: we value symphonies more highly than string quartets, the heavyweight championship more than any other boxing title, and though English-speakers learn "Ozymandias" in school most of them still admire the Pyramids more than they do durable, workable vernacular architecture, such as Cape Cod cottages.

Mrs. Jacobs' values—variety and versatility—are exceedingly humane, as in her objection to the ideal that sees efficiency in specialization, including the one-crop specialization of supply regions: "An economy that contains few different sorts of niches for people's differing skills, interests, and imaginations is not efficient." Yet her humaneness also asks that we relinquish certain human longings, among them the yearning for certainty, for systems, plans, and creeds; her own ideas, for example, cannot be placed in those familiar pigeonholes "left" and "right." It is true that in favoring what she calls the "open-ended" rather than the "goal-oriented" approach to economic life her sensibility is considerably more cheerful, or playful, than our usual do-or-die approach to the economy. On the other hand, human beings may find it difficult to renounce the goal, or the ideal, of attaining Eden or Utopia and to accept instead the ideal of an economy that is an unending process of surprise, discovery, and change. Such renunciation and such acceptance entail disappointment—the abandonment of a dream—but they may well be more realistic than the visions and the isms contending for our allegiance nowadays.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

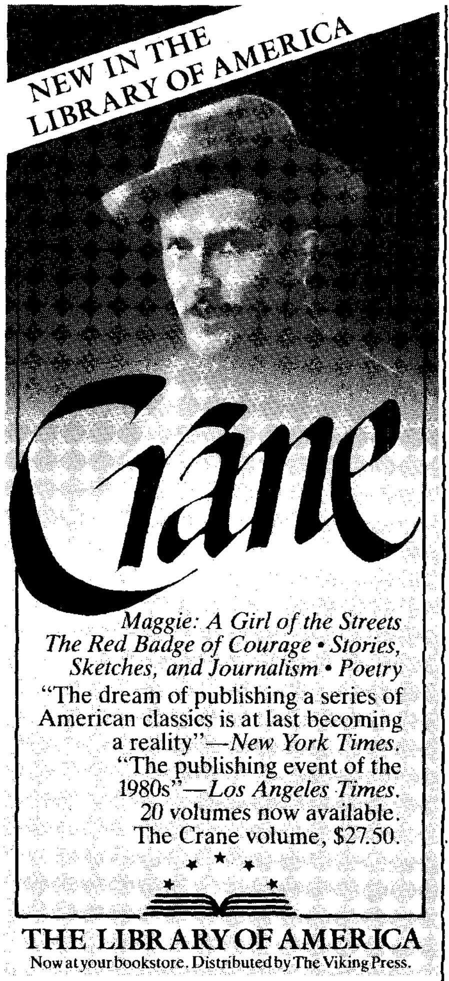
FICTION

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY, by Susan Kenney (Viking; $13.95). Six interlocking stories, beginning with the narrator's young father's sudden death, when she is twelve, and ending with her young husband's slow dying—no less of a shock—almost thirty years later. In the middle are her widowed mother's many bouts with depression—between staring at walls and sawing holes in them she hears birds singing "stupid, stu-pid." At the end is a blackly funny episode featuring a sixteen-year-old mutt that seems to have nine lives. While the narrator, saddled with a "rescuer complex," is an authority on "near-misses and close calls" involving her children as well as her pets, Susan Kenney is careful to sidestep melodrama as she traces the transformation of the frightened child who rashly promises not to cry at the funeral home, and then looks into her father's casket, into the woman who calmly promises her frightened husband something miraculous, having to do with memory and immortality, that both of them need to hear.

THURSDAY'S CHILDREN, by Rumer Godden (Viking; $15.95). A sort of distant cousin of "The Ugly Duckling," this novel opens with the hero, a pupil at Her Majesty's Junior Ballet School, waiting in the wings and costumed as a cygnet during a ballet called "Leda and the Swan." What follows is a flashback: the story of his determination to become a classical dancer in spite of a jealous older sister—a talented dancer herself, but no child prodigy—and a mother who dotes on her. Rumer Godden "trained as a teacher of dancing in London," according to the dust jacket, "and later conducted a ballet school in Calcutta," and she has written books for children as well as for adults. This story aims at both audiences and misses. With the narrative abridged and with some illustrations added, it could be read to a child. As it stands, anyone older than a child may feel condescended to. One need not be a child, or even a balletomane, however, to enjoy visiting, along with the hero, an exhibition of famous ballet costumes, including a toad's jewelled leotard; and one need not be sibling-ridden to enjoy hearing of the hero's rendition of a frog (better than his sister's of Sleeping Beauty) that will soon, no doubt, become a prince.

GENERAL

THE VICTORIAN ART WORLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS, by Jeremy Maas (Universe; $35). An engrossing album of portraits, chosen mainly from a collection of photographs gathered over the years by the author, a London art dealer. Here are Whistler, Landseer, Sargent, Lord Leighton, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, Degas, Manet, and even Sarah Bernhardt, who was an accomplished sculptor. Also included are likenesses of engravers, and the artists' wives, mistresses,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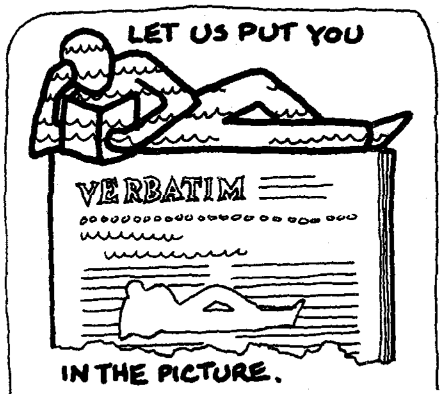
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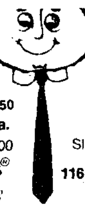
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models, and friends, and of dealers and patrons—four hundred and twenty-five pictures in all. Accompanying most of the portraits are comments by contemporaries, telling what kind of person the artist was. Henry James, for instance, in discussing the conversation of Holman Hunt, an original member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, was forced up into capital letters to pronounce it "DULL."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE JUDAS CODE, by Derek Lambert (Stein & Day; $15.95). We return once again to the Second World War and to a cast of characters that includes, as is the custom these days, in speaking (and thinking) roles such performers as Churchill, Hitler, Stalin, Admiral Canaris, and Kim Philby, "an urbane-looking man wearing a white tuxedo." Mr. Lambert's story also has as fictional performers a hitherto unknown son of Stalin working as a double Soviet-British agent, a Jewish girl also working for Britain, and a full-blooded English spymaster. It purports to tell how Churchill tricked Hitler into attacking Russia. There is plenty of action here, but also some unintentional humor: "Taft, the man who drove us here, took it out of the pocket of your assassin's raincoat pocket," and "Viktor mounted his bicycle, which he had chained to a lamppost, and headed for the Praça do Comércio."

THE QUIET ROAD TO DEATH, by Sheila Radley (Scribners; $11.95). To say that this, the latest "Inspector Quantrill mystery," features a decapitated cat and is solved by a dying squirrel is to credit minor characters with roles that really belong to a decapitated woman and a mutually suspicious pair of Suffolk detectives, and to make the whole case out to be somewhat more entertaining than it is.

●

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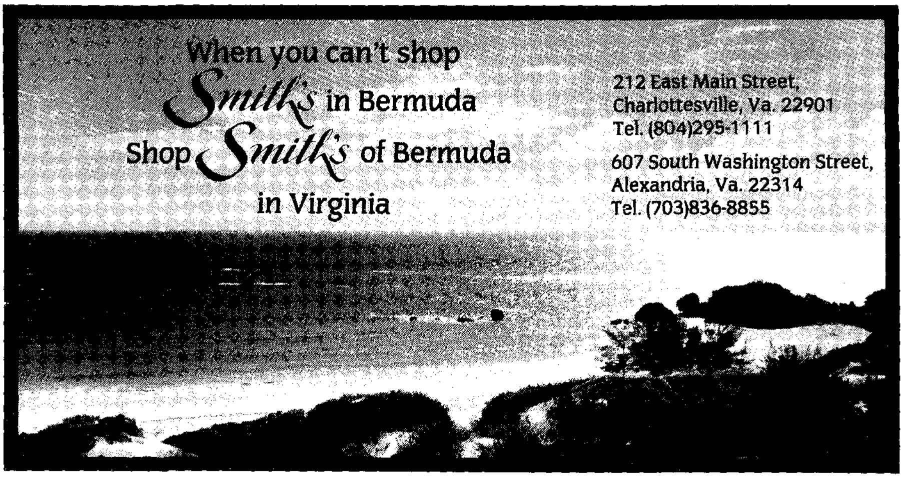

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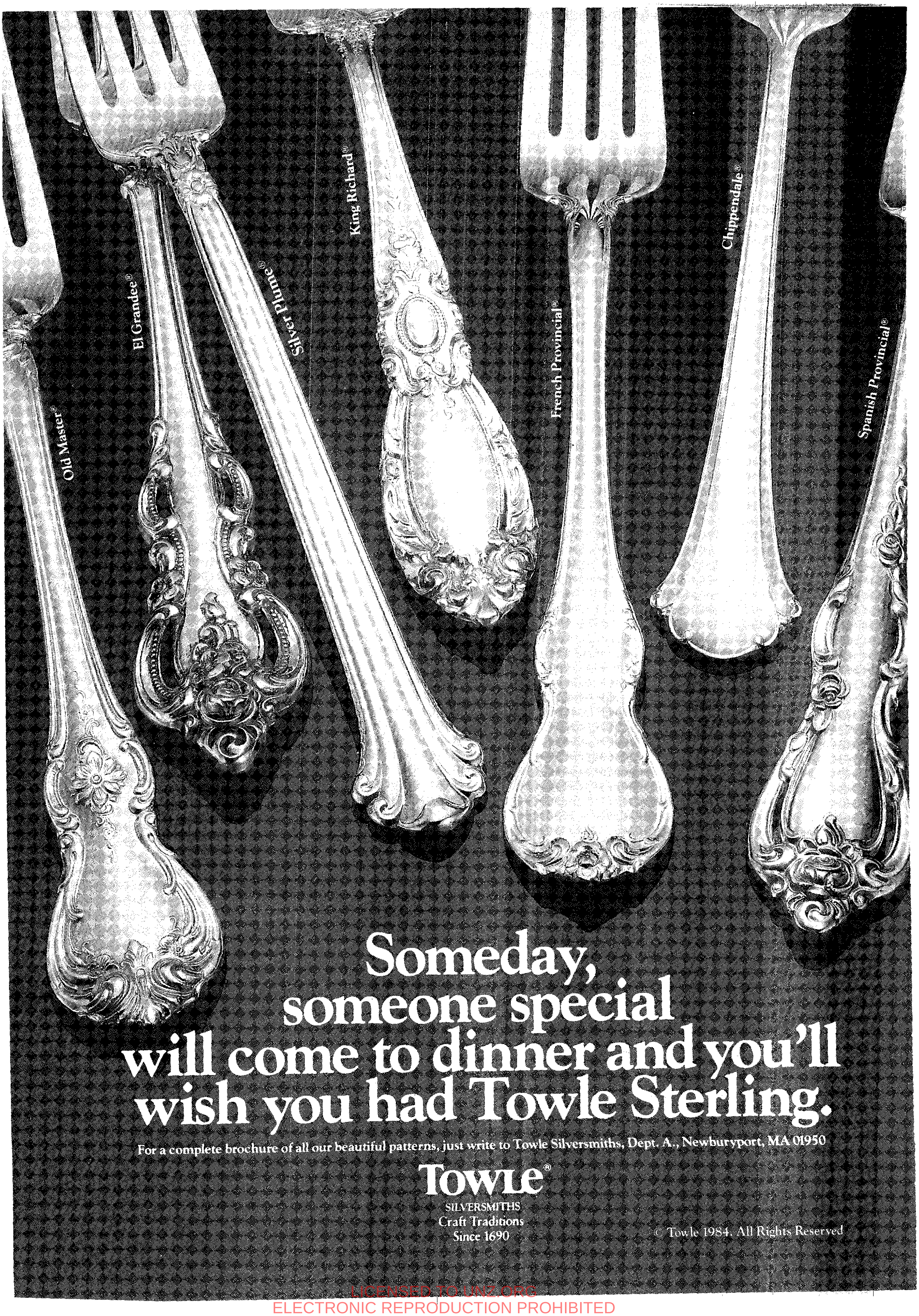
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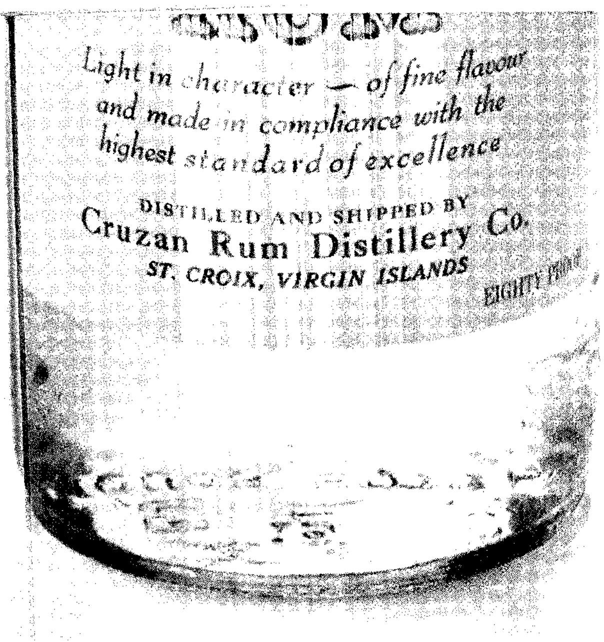
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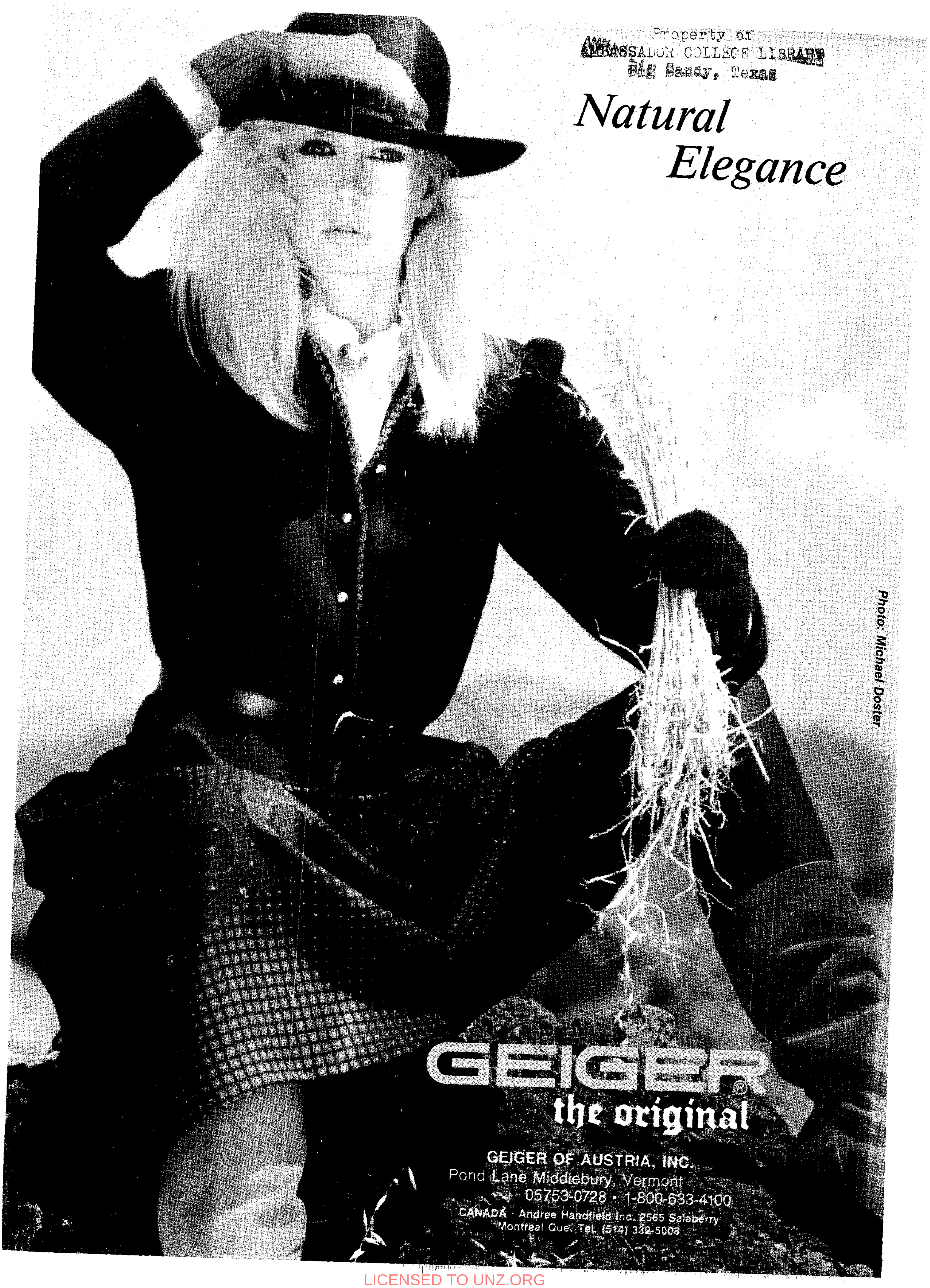
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